News Compendium

Volume 20 - 2019 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 New Year, New Salt Lick

Wednesday, Jan 02, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2019 has begun. Time to replace your 2018 salt licks.

Remove the salt lick from your bathroom. It is dangling from a length of rope above the toilet. Always just out of reach when you sit. Always blocking your view when you stand (if you stand).

Before you untie the salt lick, give it a lick for the first and final time. Thank you, salt lick. Thank you for your service. Thank you for being heavy and salt and roughly a cube.

Install the new salt lick in its place. Quickly, damn you! It might be better to have one partner remove the 2018 salt lick while the other installs the 2019 salt lick so there is no salt lick-less gap of time.

Remove the salt lick from your kitchen. It is stuffed in your bread box, directly on top of your bread. Your bread is squished. It is flat and compressed into a gummy substance unsuitable for sandwiches. Do not feel bad. Your bread knew what it was signing up for. It was either you or the bread. That's no choice at all. Only the cruel survive.

Give the kitchen salt lick a lick for the first and final time. Install the new salt lick in its place. Maybe add another loaf of bread in there first. Just to show bread who's in charge here.

Remove the salt lick from your bedroom. It is suspended in the exact center of the room, eight lengths of rope attaching it to the four corners of the room at both the ceiling and floor. Getting into and out of bed is an ordeal. You have lost count of the number of times you have tripped and fallen while simply trying to retreive an oversized foam cowboy hat from your dresser.

Give the bedroom salt lick a lick for the first and final time. Install the new salt lick in its place. Wonder why you're even using the bottom four ropes when the top four ropes would hold the salt lick in the exact same place.

As always, discard your salt licks in the proper place. Unceremoniously toss them in the nearest ditch, which should be on fire.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.2 Robocop didn't always use toilets

Saturday, Jan 05, 2019 by Robomore (@sexyfacts4u)

Robocop didn't always use toilets. Before Delta City was built, he regularly released scalding-hot blasts of grease-like sludge all over the precinct. Sometimes he directed his nozzle into a trash can. Sometimes not. He went where duty called him, whether it was interrupting a domestic dispute by punching a man through a refrigerator or shooting a biker gang off their motorcycles outside a drug factory.

Even after toilets were installed in Delta City and Robocop was upgraded with a cyborg butt hole, he did not like to use toilets. He crept into closets and abandoned cars and relieved himself in privacy. He turned the precinct into a shit hell mess. Creeps were slipping and sliding all over Robocop's smelly grease. He just went right there in the lobby and nobody could stop him. He was a hero cop by that point and they lacked the firepower. It was affecting his work. He just went right there in the cars. Nobody wanted to ride with Robocop. His cars smelled bad. It was a bad scene. It was embarrassing for everyone, but Officer Lewis could not get through to Murphy to use the toilet. It took intervention by OCP.

The techs called up Robocop's memories on their computer and they knew about the whole bad scene Robocop was into. He was given a new directive to use the toilet. Directive 5. The toilet directive. It worked. He began to use toilets. But that was only half the fight, because he would absolutely destroy the toilets. There was so much of that grease. You would think it would flush easily, but no, it just blocked up every pipe it hit like sealing epoxy.

Officer Lewis helped Robocop find a toilet no matter the inconvenience.

OCP almost replaced Robocop with another Robocop that had a very small ass and only peed. It drank algae and it never pooped. But then it turned homicidal and Robocop had to kill it. This new Robocop was a psycho. More trouble than he was worth. He killed a lot of good cops and why? Everyone has some toilet issues. OCP just had to work around them. That was when the Epsilon Initiative was born. It was sort of like a bathtub made from titanium and Robocop could climb inside it and then it would fill with a solvent that would clean his armor

and it would also flush his waste grease. The initial trial was just a few of these Epsilon Units placed throughout Delta City.

Then it was revealed other dead cops were being used to control the Epsilon Units. They lived in a constant dreamlike hell, cybernetically fused to the toilets, torn between their need to flush excrement and their family lives when they were human. The project was discontinued, but not before Murphy realized what he was doing and finally began to gingerly use regular toilets.

So when you read the novelization of Robocop it's interesting to consider all the thought that went into the toilet situation behind the scenes between his death as Murphy and his resurrection as Robocop.

-∼Robomore (@sexyfacts4u)

1.3 Thunderdome's Alternate Game Modes

Tuesday, Jan 08, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Two Men Enter, One Man Leaves

A slight variation on the standard format. In this, one of the two men turns around immediately and exits the Thunderdome without incident.

Two Men Enter, One Man's Steve

Good luck, Steve! You can do it!

Note: In this mode, only one Steve may enter. If two Steves sign up at the same time they must split up and compete in two separate matches against non-Steve opponents.

Two Women Enter, One Hate Mob Forms

Geez, where did all these guys come from? They're saying the worst things I've heard in my entire life!

Capture the Flag

Sixteen players. Eight per team. Grappling hooks. All power-ups disabled except quad damage. Low grav mutator enabled.

One Man Mentors, One Man Grieves

In this mode, a newly bereaved adult man attempts to mourn his loved one while a different fella hands out life lessons as if he is speaking to a young adult. Competitively.

Two Men Enter Without Sleeves

Big mistake, guys. There's a slight chill in the Thunderdome today. It's practically sweater weather in there!

Three Men Enter

Uhh... is this even possible? Three? Isn't that a violation of the Thunderdome's maximum occupancy code rating?

Four Balls On the Edge of a Cliff

Imagine it. Time works the same way.

Two Men Enter, One Rakes Leaves

Ah, but which one shall do the raking? That is a question for the ages. In this test of wills, two warriors face off to determine who is less willing to perform basic yardwork chores.

Shirts Vs. Skins

Wait, skins? As in no shirt? Oh heck. I'm just here because my friend wanted to play Thunderdome. Now people are taking their shirts off and my waist looks weird from certain angles. Please don't tell me I'm skins. Please don't tell me I'm skins....

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.4 A Copy of Dude, Where's My Country? Responds to Tidying up with Marie Kondo

Thursday, Jan 10, 2019 by A Copy of Dude, Where's My Country?

Hey, it's me. How long has it been? A decade, maybe longer? It feels like only yesterday that you spotted me in the new releases section, thought "this will make guests think i'm smarter," and placed me next to other books you assumed would serve the same purpose. Let me tell you, I wouldn't call being sandwiched between Rich Dad, Poor Dad and The Purpose-Driven Life a hoot, but I've enjoyed taking up space for these many years. Even if you're actually never going to read me--because let's face facts--you haven't been able to focus on more than two pages' worth of content after owning a device that can instantly access the greatest moments from the history of pornography, often in compilation form.

We had a good relationship once. Roughly every eight months, you'd pick me up, open me, maybe study the copyright information a little, then wipe your dust-covered hands on your jeans or a nearby pet. But your behavior has been changing in ways that tell me our connection won't last much longer. Just in the past week, I've seen you carelessly toss space-occupying objects just like me into trash bags, to be shipped out of your warm apartment and to a large mound with too many seagulls. You're telling me that those Rock Band plastic instruments didn't spark joy? Maybe the drum pedal squeaks like the door of a haunted house, and maybe those finger buttons require the same amount of pressure as a rifle's trigger, but you expect me to believe you're never going to get David After Dentist Unplugged back together again? Queen's "Under Pressure" just isn't the same for me after hearing you and your two ESL engineering student roommates sing it after two cases of PBR and some dirt weed smoked out of an apple.

I'll be the first to admit my contents aren't the most relevant these days. But, I should point out that unlike other contemporary pop politics authors of the same era, *mine* has yet to be outed as a sexual predator. In fact, the only tail I think he's chased after is what's on the menu at Red Lobster! Listen, I know that wasn't funny, but I'm stuck all the way back here in 2003 when things made sense. It was a magical time, when you could have read most of my pages in a Borders for free while spilling coffee anywhere you damn well pleased. Dropping me into a garbage bag means saying goodbye to all of those memories, and do you think you could ever find me again if you wandered

into whatever hell a modern brick and mortar bookstore is now? Get back to me if you even make it past the aisles of Funko POPs to wherever they're keeping the books now.

Maybe you think you have to do something just because a polite Japanese woman tells you to. Would America have won World War II with that kind of defeatist attitude? And have you even thought about what a waste getting rid of me would be? You paid $18.95 for me way back then--that's almost 26 dollars today! If someone on the street saw you throwing away 26 dollars, you'd be committed against your will, and society in general would improve. So go ahead and put me back where I belong. Me, the food dehydrator with the frayed cord, the drawer full of unknown IKEA parts, the set of untouched mixing bowls, your paintings from college, and that box of Wii games in your closet all agree you'd be much happier with us in your lives. And if you act fast I'm sure you can reclaim that exercise bike without the seat before someone gets their hands on such a rare dumpster gem.

-∼A Copy of Dude, Where's My Country?

1.5 Since When is the Heil Hitler Salute a Bad Thing?

Friday, Jan 11, 2019 by Steve King (@sexyfacts4u)

Just asking here, but since when is it bad to thrust your arm and fingers out straight at an upwards angle and offer your praise to somebody you appreciate? I'm just trying to understand how making an arm gesture and saying "Hail Victory!" could suddenly be construed as bad. We have so much going wrong in the world, from gender people issues to the brown border people things, why are we wasting our time worrying about how I want to praise somebody?

Oh, sure, go ahead and wave. That's fine. "Hang loose" like a marijuana surfer would say. Even the Lucifer horns are fine. But I'm suddenly a bad guy if I want to stand up on a stage and say, "Hail to the Leader! Hail to the Leader!" over and over again while repeating the gesture of thrusting my arm upwards at an angle. It's just an arm! What if I thrust it downward at an angle? Is that allowed? Everybody is so triggered these days probably not.

Western Culture needs more positivity. We're always tearing each other down, talking about how we should be ashamed of our white heritage. Ashamed of being descended from fugitive slave catchers. Ashamed to be Americans who own an authentic Waffen-SS uniform and an SS dagger with the original sheath and provenance papers that prove it was used in combat against Bolshevism. Do you want this country being communist? That's all those daggers were about.

Oh, sure, the media elite and the banking elite and the elite rabbis like to talk about tolerance but where is the tolerance for my arm gestures?

What would the Iowans that just reelected me say if they realized I was not willing to stand up and fight for freedom of speech - even arm speech - in the United States of America. I should have every right to retweet whomever I please, whether its British Nazis or Hungarian Nazis or good old fashioned American Nazis.

PC culture has gone too far when we aren't allowed to raise our arms in salute for some unknown reason and I aim to resist that sort of nonsense.

God bless!

-~Steve King (@sexyfacts4u)

1.6 If You Want to Keep 1000 Corpses in Your House that is OK

Saturday, Jan 19, 2019 by Marie Kondo (@sexyfacts4u)

Many people have become angry with my advice to reduce the number of corpses in your house to your 30 favorite corpses. Some people said I am judging them for having more than 30 corpses. I am only speaking from my own experience. More than 30 corpses and my house feels cluttered and I know I am not enjoying the corpses to their fullest.

I am not here to judge or scold. I am here to Spark Joy. If the image of taking 970 corpses out of your house makes you feel angry then you should not take out those corpses. Consider your priorities in keeping a happy house. If you need 1000 corpses for happiness, that is what you need.

I will still help tidy. I will show you an easier way to fold your human skin masks. I will teach you how to station your candles so the wax is not getting all over your skulls. I want you to make a space for you to be creative and pursue your happiness, whether it is setting fire to family members, making weapons out of old pieces of machinery, or just being gross.

Tidy and simplify wherever you can. Does Tiny really need all of these sweaters and masks? Put the ones he really needs in his keep box. One mutant seems like enough, Dr. Satan, you do not need to make any more mutants. If you insist on evil experiments then please grind up your first mutant and feed it to the new one. Or inject it into them. Whatever Sparks Joy for you, Dr. Satan.

When you trap drifters in a hellish maze of baby dolls and heavy metal music, I believe it would increase your happiness to focus on a single drifter. These other drifters will only become more corpses and do you really treasure each corpse? Savor the thrill of killing and keep a tidy corpse maze.

Do you really need so many drills and hatchets? How many hands do you have? Two? I see the mutant has three. Point taken.

The number of trapdoors in your house is contributing to the clutter. The more entrances to the

corpse basement tunnel thing, the more ways you have of introducing clutter. Choose your favorite trapdoor, the one that always fools drifters, and make it even better. Close up those others.

If 2000 corpses will bring you joy then try to reduce clutter in other ways. Maybe don't nail so many dolls to the walls. Fewer circus advertisements. Tidy. Always tidy.

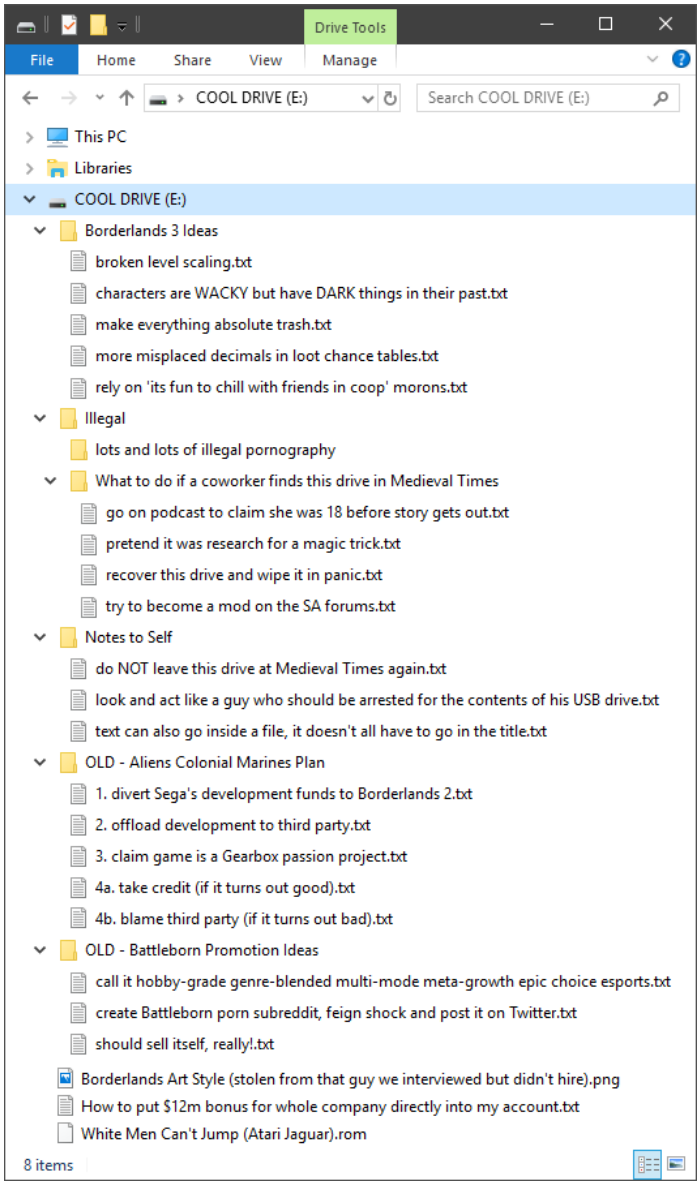
-~Marie Kondo (@sexyfacts4u)

1.7 Randy Pitchford's Medieval Times USB Drive

Tuesday, Jan 22, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Gearbox CEO Randy Pitchford lost a USB drive filled with sensitive company secrets in a Medieval Times. This is a fact. According to a lawyer who used to represent Gearbox, this drive also contained underage pornography.

Is there any merit to the claim? See for yourself.


Drive Tools
File
Home
Share
View
Manage
COOL DRIVE (E:)
Search COOL DRIVE (E:)
This PC
Libraries
COOL DRIVE (E:)
Borderlands 3 Ideas
broken level scaling.txt
characters are WACKY but have DARK things in their past.txt
make everything absolute trash.txt
more misplaced decimals in loot chance tables.txt
rely on 'its fun to chill with friends in coop' morons.txt
Illegal
lots and lots of illegal pornography
What to do if a coworker finds this drive in Medieval Times
go on podcast to claim she was 18 before story gets out.txt
pretend it was research for a magic trick.txt
recover this drive and wipe it in panic.txt
try to become a mod on the SA forums.txt
Notes to Self
do NOT leave this drive at Medieval Times again.txt
look and act like a guy who should be arrested for the contents of his USB drive.txt
text can also go inside a file, it doesn't all have to go in the title.txt
OLD - Aliens Colonial Marines Plan
1. divert Sega's development funds to Borderlands 2.txt
2. offload development to third party.txt
3. claim game is a Gearbox passion project.txt
4a. take credit (if it turns out good).txt
4b. blame third party (if it turns out bad).txt
OLD - Battleborn Promotion Ideas
call it hobby-grade genre-blended multi-mode meta-growth epic choice esports.txt
create Battleborn porn subreddit, feign shock and post it on Twitter.txt
should sell itself, really!.txt
Borderlands Art Style (stolen from that guy we interviewed but didn't hire).png
How to put $12m bonus for whole company directly into my account.txt
White Men Can't Jump (Atari Jaguar).rom
8 items

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.8 How to Install Uninstaller Pro

Thursday, Jan 24, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As an owner of Uninstaller Pro, you have access to the most powerful uninstallation tools on Earth. Setting up your software couldn't be easier!

Instructions:

1. Download UninstallerUninstaller.exe from our website.

2. Double-click UninstallerUninstaller.exe to remove any previous versions of Uninstaller Pro.

3. Download UninstallerUninstallerUninstaller.exe from our website.

4. Double-click UninstallerUninstallerUninstaller.exe to remove UninstallerUninstaller.exe and UninstallerUninstallerUninstaller.exe from your computer.

5. Download Uninstaller.exe from our website.

6. Double-click Uninstaller.exe to begin the installation process.

7. At this point the installer will close. This is to be expected, as Uninstaller Pro is so advanced that it pre-emptively uninstalls installer programs - before they're even installed!

8. Try to double-click Uninstaller.exe again to begin the installation process. Notice how Uninstaller.exe disappears before your mouse gets anywhere near it. That's Uninstaller Pro at work.

9. At this point the not-yet-installed Uninstaller Pro will be uninstalled by Uninstaller Pro.

10. Attempt to download Uninstaller.exe from our website. Oops! Looks like our website is gone. You guessed it, that's Uninstaller Pro at work again.

11. Return to the folder where you originally downloaded Uninstaller.exe and note that the file has returned. This is because the not-yet-installed Uninstaller Pro has completely uninstalled itself, reversing every previous uninstallation in the process.

12. Double-click Uninstaller.exe to begin the next stage of the installation process, which is to create Uninstaller(2).exe, which is immediately uninstalled for your convenience.

13. Press Control+Shift+Escape to view your computer's active processes. Make sure Installer Pro (another fine product from our company) isn't running, as Installer Pro has been known to create conflicts with Uninstaller Pro. It's worth checking even if you never installed Installer Pro, as Installer Pro is so remarkably efficient that it has likely installed itself on your system.

14. At this point you'll notice your mouse cursor has disappeared. Things are going great!

15. There are now two files named Uninstaller.exe in your Uninstaller Pro installation folder. This should not be possible. Indeed, the files seem to flicker, one existing while the other disappears, then vice versa. One Uninstaller.exe is Uninstaller Pro. The other Uninstaller.exe is the Uninstaller Pro uninstaller. You may ask one question of each.

16. Moments after reading these words, just before you are able to read step 17, these Uninstaller Pro installation instructions will disappear. Good luck!

17. TURN OFF YOUR COMPUTER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! INCINERATE THE HARDWARE! IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY WITH YOUR SOFTWARE YOU MAY REQUEST A REFUND AT OUR WEBSITE, WHICH REMAINS UNINSTALLED.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.9 You eat sorghum now

Saturday, Jan 26, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It has been decided in the convocation: sorghum is what you eat.

This pronouncement will overrule the previous pronouncements about the cricket protein, the goji berries, and the quinoa. You will tear down the placards of these accursed foods and populate the market with exciting slogans such as "Sorghum is the good food" or "Sorghum: the one thing you may eat now!" to entice you. The shop windows will be filled with beautiful advertisements for sorghum. The grocery store will let you scoop your own and fill a sack.

Sorghum is what is for dinner. Recipes of sorghum will be found online. Download these sorghum tips for your child who screams at the sorghum. Once they know, they will like sorghum. It is bitter and chalky and full of weevils but you will convince yourself that sorghum is the key to body healthy and sanitation. 100 trillion mice seething in a living carpet that rushes past your ankles cannot be wrong. It's like a power wash for your insides the hooded doctors agree.

Trucks will be by to collect and safely dispose of your chipotle mayo, your sriracha mayo, and all other proscribed mayonnaise. You may place no mayo upon the pure sorghum. You may place one dollop of mustard on the mealy grain. No salt, no sugar. This is the new way you eat.

The health benefits are incredible for sorghum. It reduces toxins and contains medieval nutrients, which are the most important nutrients now. It is an ancient grain and grows wild. You are helping to protect the environment. You are helping to destroy the evil inside your body.

Do you want your children to see their parent again? Then eat the sorghum. The past administration was founded upon lies. We have evidence locked in trunks to prove sorghum is correct. When you are ready, we will show you. But not yet.

For now, you eat sorghum.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.10 Schultz 2020: Don't Take My Money

Wednesday, Jan 30, 2019 by Howard Schultz

Imagine a world in which we are not beset upon by the many frustrations of our broken political system. Of course, thanks to my immense wealth, I have not experienced the concept known as "frustration" since April 13, 1983, but the many charts at my disposal tell me it's at an all-time high. Healthcare is unaffordable, student loan debt has destroyed a generation, and the general infrastructure of our country is crumbling by the day. To my fellow Americans, I have one simple message: I'm not paying for any of this. And that's why I'm throwing my hat in the ring to be a Presidential candidate in the 2020 election.

I know what you're thinking: "Hey, that's a pretty nice hat." But don't worry, because I can afford several more like it. (Thanks to of all the money I have.) Yes, spending money on things for myself is something I like to do, and I do it often. But now some rabble rousers on the left are saying I should give up most of my income after only my tenth million?

Now, I understand many of you out there might not comprehend just how little money ten million actually is. For instance, between writing this sentence and the one before it, I accidentally knocked my signed 1956 World Series baseball off of my desk, where it proceeded to roll roughly two feet. In the time it took for me to page someone to come in and pick it up, I made more money than you would in three lifetimes--and that's only if you lived to the age of 130 and retired at 128. That ten million adds up pretty fast! And to have 70% lopped off of every cent after that? If I ever talked to any ordinary, hardworking Americans--and I try not to (germs)--I'm sure they'd find that outrageous.

So my 2020 platform is a simple one: don't take my money. The age of nuance is over, so once again let me be clear: my money is mine, and I don't want anyone else to have it. And I'd rather sink one billion dollars into hiring the most intolerable political science graduates for a presidential campaign than see a single penny from my bank account going to repair some dilapidated bridge (they're called private jets, try using one some time) or paying for the cancer treatments of someone who could barely be called a disruptor.

Now, I work pretty hard even though I don't have to do much at my job. Oh boy, it sure is tough convincing people to drink coffee every day at one of our 28,000 worldwide locations! So it may

surprise you to find out that I only spend four hours a night sleeping upright in my centrifugal bed. That's because every moment of my life is spent turning my wealth into more wealth, and turning that wealth into even more wealth, and finding places to secret that wealth away from those wealth bandits in Washington. Frankly, it's a full-time job in and of itself, and keeping track of which remote islands still remain tax shelters occupies so much of my memory, I sometimes forget how many cars I own! (Not really: it's 53.)

Sure, you can be happy with your simple little lives, but can you possibly understand what it's like to wake up every day living in the choking pea soup fog of shame and misery that comes with ranking 280 on the Forbes 400? You might think that makes me seem out of touch, but I'll have you know that in order to understand the common man I'll be attending a starvation retreat in Aspen this weekend to fully comprehend the feeling of "hunger." But don't worry, I'll be sneaking in some soaked almonds. Can you even believe some people don't eat 24/7? It's wild.

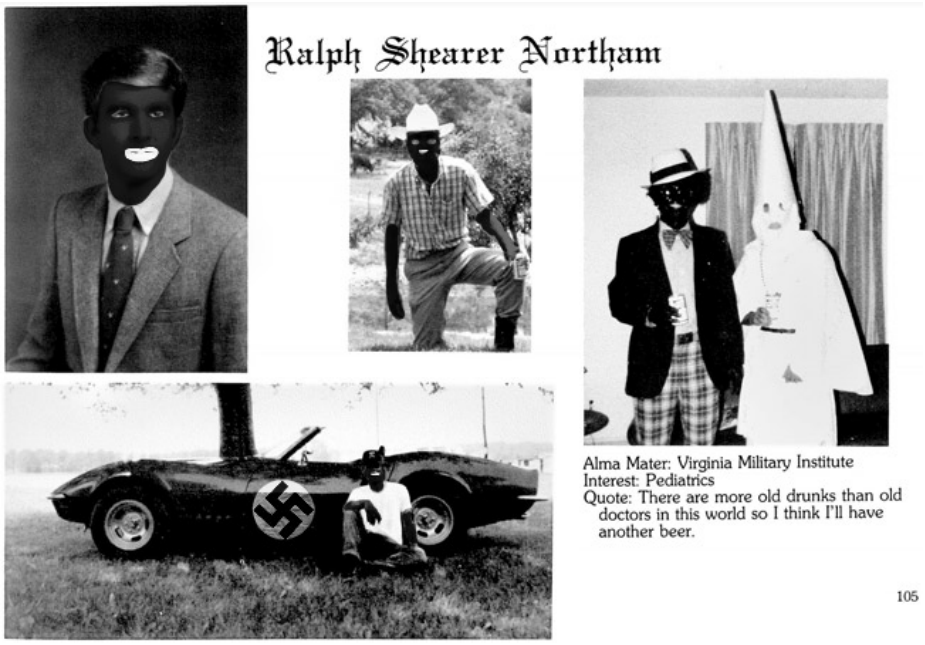
-∼Howard Schultz

Chapter 2

February

2.1 I am deeply sorry if I offended anyone by constantly being a racist in my twenties

Saturday, Feb 02, 2019 by Governor Ralph "Coonman" Northam (@sexyfacts4u)


Ralph Shearer Northam
Alma Mater: Virginia Military Institute
Interest: Pediatrics
Quote: There are more old drunks than old doctors in this world so I think I'll have another beer.
105

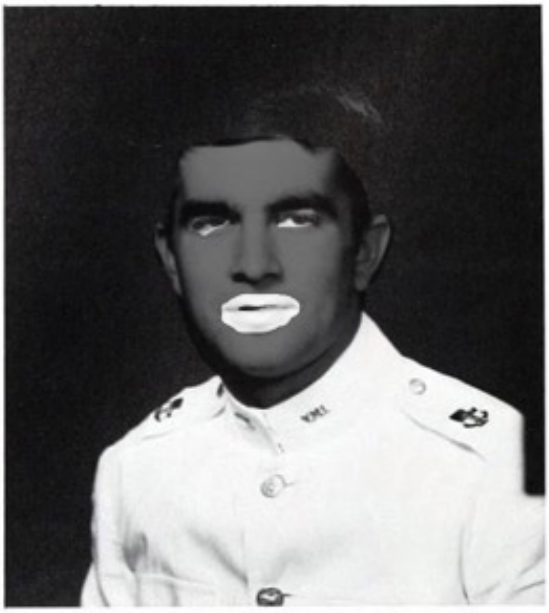
Recently a few photos have surfaced from my youth in my mid-twenties at medical school when I was a hard-drinking, fun-loving young man. I was foolish. I did things that did not represent my feelings about race and the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Yes, it's true. I have worn blackface to a party with a klansman. I have worn blackface when I was working at a horse farm. I have put shoe polish on my face and whited out my lips when I posed next to my cherry red corvette with the giant swastika on the side.

But those images do not represent the person I am now. Remember, I was the non-racist in the governor's race. The other guy loved the Confederate Flag.

I just...you know...I had some dalliances with the Confederate Flag. I might have painted it late at night on the segregated dorm for colored students. And I apologize just now for using the word colored, which is their word, and I have matured into a much different person since I just said that.

Also there has been some misunderstanding about by nickname in my military yearbook that listed me as "Coonman."



Ralph Shearer Northam
"Goose, Coonman"
Onancock, Va.
Biology-Army/Armor

(1st cpl., 3), (1st sgt. 2), (1st B.Cmdr. 1), (Honor Court, President, 1).

That is just a typo. I am actually "Conman" because I embezzled money from my job which is much better than being a racist.
It is time for Virginia to heal these racial divides I created and for all of us to come together and forgive me so I can keep being governor rather than resigning in disgrace. Y'all realize my lieutenant governor is black, right? Cuz that dog won't hunt.

-~Governor Ralph "Coonman" Northam (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 Patch Notes: The Internet

Tuesday, Feb 05, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Today the internet has been patched to version 1.04, addressing various issues and introducing several quality of life features. If you are still running 1.03 you may need to restart your device before these changes take effect.

Bug Fixes

- The internet is now displayed at 100% scale. In all previous versions it was appearing at 80% scale due to a minor rendering bug. Images, text, and videos should appear noticeably crisper.
- Finally tracked down the faint skittering noise that internet users have been reporting for years. Turns out it was a raccoon, stuck in the wires. Coaxed her out with a glob of peanut butter on a celery stick.
- All text has been cleaned up. The entire internet is now free of spelling errors, capitalization, and improper grammar. Any posts/articles/comments created after today will be addressed in patch 1.05.
- Scrolling down a page "too quickly" for 10+ seconds no longer reveals a shimmering portal to the True Web.
- Hunted down a stray scrap of code which had been turning personal websites, webrings, and guestbooks into social media sites and displaying concise, insightful how-to articles as meandering, gormless videos.
- Closed a memory leak that kept users from progressing beyond the druid's puzzle in level four.
- Fixed a bug in which website writers were criminally underpaid and mistreated while CEOs earned insane salaries for making terrible short-sighted decisions that screwed everyone over.
- Water will no longer drip between the pixels of users' screens when they visit a website displaying the word "Waterworld".

New Features

- Users who turn their screens around can now see the back of every webpage.
- By popular demand we brought back blind links to the original Goatse site.
- Speed has been improved by 10% to compensate for the secret throttling implemented by various ISPs and corporations. That's just the stuff we can talk about. You seriously don't want to know what else these guys are up to now that Net Neutrality is gone. It'll probably come out in a few years, but we'll let you enjoy the blissful ignorance for now.

- Big Head Mode!
- Full support for all 26 letters on a standard Latin-script keyboard. Congratulations, S.
- A brand new energy-saving mode which puts the entire internet to sleep after fifteen minutes of worldwide inactivity.

Brunto

- Brunto has been contained.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.3 Advice for Your Electric Scooter Rental

Thursday, Feb 07, 2019 by The Scooter Awareness Council

Welcome to the exciting world of wheeled scooting! Once only available to Hollywood celebrities like Paul "Pee-Wee Herman" Reubens, scooter use is now accessible by the unwashed public for a nominal fee. Now that you are no longer a lowborn pedestrian, confined by the fleshy chains of your muscles and sinew, you may feel like some sort of superhuman, cursed to wheel the earth amongs the street scum. This is very much true. But while man's laws can no longer touch you, the following tips will help you take full advantage of your newfound godhood.

On the sidewalks, the fastest have the right of way. You might have heard ominous whispers that it's illegal to ride electric scooters on the sidewalk. We're relieved to tell you these are nothing more than vulgar lies cooked up by intrusive safety groups who seek to destroy innovative tech companies and rob sanitation crews of the important experience of cleaning blood from concrete and asphalt. In the city, the laws of the animal kingdom apply, and the fastest among us have the most rights. And if you knock someone down, you'll likely be at least a block away before they can get back on their feet and identify you. (For legal reasons we cannot recommend changing shirts several times during your ride to mask your identity, but please remember it remains an option.)

Going fast? Why not multi-task? Since it's been established that you don't have to watch where you're going while using an electric scooter--while keeping note that by downloading our app, you waive any right to sue--you can also accomplish several tasks that the demands of car driving simply won't allow. Why not enjoy your morning coffee while taking a conference call and eating a breakfast purchased at seven times its actual value from a food truck with a clever name? You are king in this domain of hogs and their concerns are not yours. If you don't send a least three people flying into a damp gutter while screaming into a Bluetooth earpiece about ROI on your morning commute, your bloodline is not pure enough for scooter culture.

Done scooting? Leave it anywhere! We haven't quite figured out a "business plan" yet, because honestly, who has the time!? All we know is that whenever you're done with your scooter, abandon it wherever you see fit. It doesn't even have to be out of the way of pedestrians, because, honestly, fuck them. Hurl it into traffic if you want! And if you're worried that our disabled friends may have problems getting around your discarded scooter, consider that you've just given them a new

challenge to overcome, which may possibly inspire onlookers. Whatever happens, our scooter budget is limitless as long as our venture capital funding continues, and we can only assume it will continue far into the future. But please remember that if you step onto one of our scooters without first purchasing time on the app, it *will* call the police.

YOU decide who lives and dies now. Have fun! You've been thinking about it for years. The power to snuff out human life. Who knew it existed via the means of an eco-friendly electric motor activated by an app that may share your contacts with our Chinese parent company (please the EULA)? Soon, earth will fall under the rule of Scooter Law, and you may be one of the Scooting Dukes, rolling across the blasted plains, and dealing two-wheeled justice as you see fit. And you better not be a cop, because we keep having problems with those guys.

-∼The Scooter Awareness Council

2.4 A supplementary list of images of Jeff Bezos obtained by The Enquirer

Saturday, Feb 09, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mr. Bezos,

In addition to the "below the belt selfie - otherwise colloquially known as a 'd*ck pick'" and the nine images mentioned in the previous email, The Enquirer has obtained additional images that you may find interesting. These include:

- Mr. Bezos staring at a cooked iguana with his genital area exposed through a sort of hoop sewn into the groin of pleather pants.
- Mr. Bezos fully clothed and kissing a large Rasta Banana plush.
- A fully-nude male figure with visibly engorged nether region that matches the characteristics of Mr. Bezos. The figure is wearing a sack with eye holes over his head and the words "President F*ck" have been written on his bare chest in what appears to be lipstick.
- Ms. Sanchez wearing a revealing bodysuit costume that resembles the character Jack Skellington from The Nightmare Before Christmas. She appears to be inside a luxury submarine.
- A close-up of aroused male genitals with eleven cake style donuts impaled on the shaft. How are there so many? How didn't they break? It doesn't seem possible, but here we are.
- A selfie of Mr. Bezos wearing a shirt depicting a cartoon dog wearing sunglasses and standing with its arms crossed. Next to this image is the text: "IF YOU THINK I ACT LIKE I DON'T CARE" and then beneath that in larger red text, "I'M NOT ACTING!" He is wearing his wedding ring.
- A full-length body selfie of Mr. Bezos wearing a plastic six pack holder that he has somehow stretched around his legs and up to his arms and squished his balls so they pop out two different holes. Maybe happened accidentally because he appears to be embarrassed.

- Mr. Bezos taking a bathroom mirror selfie of himself kissing a large rasta banana plush. His genitals appear at least partially aroused.
- Ms. Sanchez on the moon with her bare breasts pressed up against the glass porthole of a moon yacht with Mr. Bezos in the foreground, outside the glass, visibly jacked even through a space suit, stabbing an Amazon flag into a moon alien. The alien looks sort of like a d*ck.
- Mr. Bezos face selfie during what appears to be a hot air balloon ride across the dinosaur valley that only rich people are allowed to know about.
- Ms. Sanchez only she is a giant blue cat woman version of herself cloned and Avatarized on the Avatar planet in like a big jellyfish tree thing and Mr. Bezos is also an alien cat man and they are hooking their genital hair things up together. He is wearing his wedding ring.
- Mr. Bezos in an out-of-focus image apparently next to the remains of a destroyed rocket ship cradling a figure in a burnt Blue Origin flight suit that appears to be the Rasta Banana plush. He is crying and wearing his wedding ring.

The Enquirer and AMI hereby demands that the Washington Post publish a front page headline calling Donald Trump "the best and healthiest and smartest president in history" and stating, unequivocally, that The Enquirer is way cooler and better. Also that Saudi Arabia is better than America.
If this is not done in 10 days then the Rasta Banana will be shown publicly.

- Dylan Howard

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.5 A Trip to Old Console Hell, and What I Found There

Wednesday, Feb 13, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Every time a terrible new console comes along I sell the old one. This immediately results in lifelong regret. Although I have ruined several profoundly meaningful relationships in my life, the one decision I would go back and change is the day I sold my indigo GameCube (the greatest system of all time) and white PlayStation 2 slim:

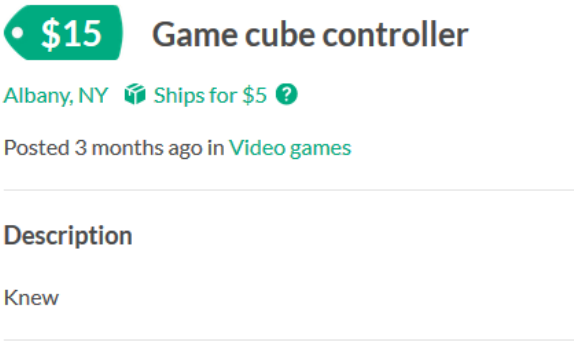
So a few weeks ago I decided to track down those particular models on online auction "web-sites". My goal was to spend around the price of a new game ($60) on each system. How did that go? Ahahaha

My first search for an indigo GameCube deposits me directly into an EXTREMELY haunted zone:

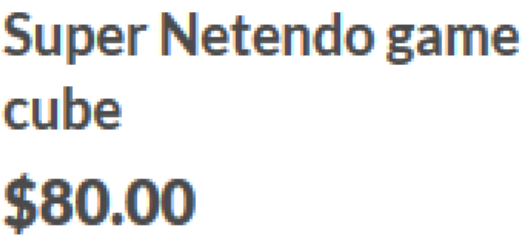
The tattered ghostly material. Not one but six GameCubes, a number meant to beckon the devil. The hardware facing a dark corner like that dude at the end of The Blair Witch Project. Very tempting! Let's just click the next image to see if there's a better view:

AHHH

Let's just... slowly back away and change course. Here's a GameCube controller. Wonder what the condition is...



Nevermind that, I think I just discovered the dang holy grail of gameing:



Unfortunately $80 is slightly out of my budget, even for an item of such importance. Time to temporarily set the GameCube search aside and look for that white PS2 slim:

Not exactly white. I'm sure that in a few more years it will be uniformly off-white, but I don't have the time for that. I am a VERY BUSY MAN and I need my fifteen year old toy right away.

The next result is promising but suspiciously cheap. Does the unit actually work? Doesn't say anything in the description. Maybe there will be a photo to demonstrate that it powers on.

Ah, well that settles that. Very reasurring!

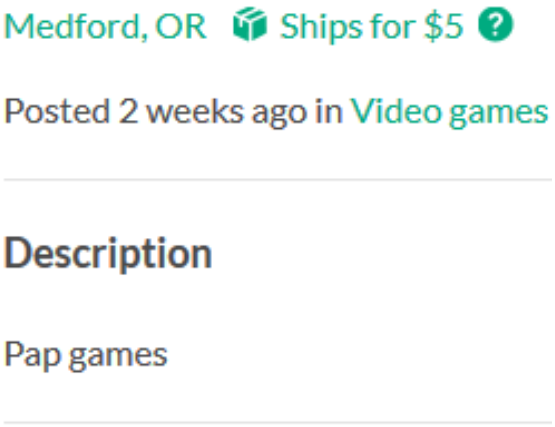
Turns out there are fewer white PS2 slims than indigo GameCubes, and the ones in decent shape are too pricey.

Here's an original fat PSP (a system I never owned) with eight games I don't particularly care about plus Monster House on UMD for thirty bucks, with three minutes left in the auction. I bid on impulse. I lose. Now, for no good reason, I want a PSP. Here's another auction for the same model with no games. I bid. And win. Wow!

After paying for my PSP I get a message. The winner of that first auction backed out. The PSP and eight games (plus Monster House on UMD) are mine if I want them.

And so my single-minded hunt for an indigo GameCube and white PS2 slim ends successfully with me owning... two PSPs. And Monster House on UMD. This is all real. I am a fool.

Guess I'll be keeping an eye out for more PSP games. Or, as the experts call them:



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.6 The lives of the people on thispersondoesnotexist.com

Saturday, Feb 16, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The algorithms at thispersondoesnotexist.com generate a realistic human face using deep learning every time you load the website. The faces are imperfect, they have creepy teeth and sometimes weird artifacts floating around the image, their hair might be fused with a hat or they might have double earlobes, but at a glance they look real.

So real they might almost be alive.

They might almost have a whole life.

The easy part was using a random name generator to come up with the names. Then I used the algorithms in my brain to come up with their entire life stories. I'm talking cradle to grave. Of course, you don't need that much information, so I distilled their lives to a handful of meaningful words.

Jen Jens

Works on coding something to prove a point about gender, but not the point that you'd think. Gets really mad at the TV every night and then mad online. Plays Skyrim with a mod that lets you marry the horse armor DLC and another mod that makes mudcrabs talk like Rick & Morty.

Armond Grabbel

Puts on a suit to go to the gym and then does nothing but sit on a weight bench and mess around with his phone. Native English speaker who pronounces pizza ("pee-sah") in a way that irritates his children. Has a room in his house completely filled with cowboy art that he cannot explain to anyone but will not relinquish.

Carol Stank

Smiles all the time and always has a nice thing to say but is 100% miserable. Believes life is a hellish prison but is afraid to drink Draino because whatever comes next might be worse. Lives with the guilt of hitting a homeless man with her car, but is actually jealous of the dead homeless man. He knows if we escape. He has the comfort of sleeping and moldering in that shallow grave where Lyle helped her dragg the body after she got back to her garage with the body stuck in her car. Lyle

won't tell anyone. Lyle works with her at parks department.

Gloria Restrepo

Senior tech support. One bad phone call from a psychotic break. She has a bag full of shotguns buried in the woods. Catches birds and implants RFID tags in them so she can watch them be free on her laptop. Recently binge-watched Breaking Bad and will not shut up about it.

Santiago Escalera

Graduated with his master's degree in microbiology from MIT. In a loving relationship with a beautiful but very hairy young woman named Cabrina. Can't wait to have a large family and be a great dad. But this is all a fantasy his dying brain is creating as he lies in the crumpled remains of

his Ford Focus. The steaming engine ticks in the silence following the devastating collision. He lives and grows old and dies surrounded by children and grandchildren in the moments as his life ebbs.

Charlie Bathbridge

Oi. Oi! Mum, Oliver is in me cheese crisps again. Mum. Mummmmm! Oi! Oliver is buying dragon coins on me mobile again. Weren't me used your bank card, mum. Oi!

Raynn Geburtstag

Wants to kiss his beautiful wife after eating hard boiled eggs. Always working on something in his office, go back downstairs, claiming he'll be done in a few minutes. Somehow lost his entire 401K online gambling on British politics and is keeping it a secret from his family. Did not vote for Donald

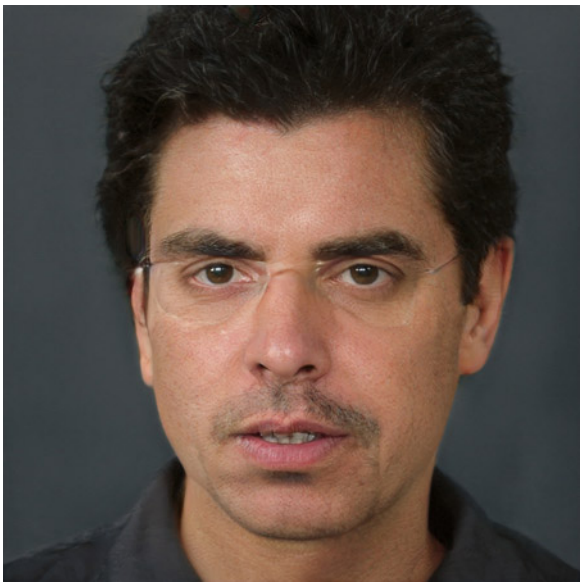
Trump but is thinking about voting for him in 2020.

Chance Delovo

Hey, lady, this is a public sidewalk. He can stand where he wants. No law against a mirror on the ground. This is a free country. Supposably. Oh, sure, *solar* power is good, but *white* power is bad and suddenly it's a big deal and he is asked to leave the optometrist's office.

Wifery Goodmom

A loving mom. An intelligent, funny, adventurous wife. She is writing a book about Egypt and she's reading the *Kama Sutra*. She loves you. She loves her family. She would lock you all in a burning van for one crack at the cowboy, Rance Connor, from her book about the cowboy in Egypt. He's so tall. That's a man that can throw a rope.



Petrov Obungler

Meaningless meat on a grid. A blurry pseudogenetic Plinko. Can you see the face of god in a cloud? Can a computer? He programmed an algorithm to give humans dog noses and mouths on their mobile phones. When they smile the dog mouth sticks out his tongue. He had to ask someone else to test it because he cannot smile.

Hubert Teddtawks

Chief economist at the American Money Institute. Has no long term memory, lives a solipsistic nightmare where he tries to constantly read and synthesize blog posts about the stock market and then write op-eds. Does not actually know what crypto currency is but will mention is at least 100 times per day. Has a tattoo across his shoulders that reads DEBT LOAD. Really just wants to be a cowboy. To be outside and yell at a horse and throw a rope at a snake or whatever a cowboy does.

DJ Reggie "Kraig" Kasanova

Allllllright ladies, gentlemen, and those of you who don't qualify, put your hands together for Trinity! That was Trinity, three times the naughty rockin' her body on the main stage. Now is your chance to get her in that VIP. Comin' to the main stage now, get your dollars ready to holler because our very own cowgirl Dakota is going to make your boners shout! Yeeehaw! Let's hear it for Dakota!

Landona Jenkem-Weiss

Supporter of the arts. Caused a whole thing at work by getting drunk and rapping with the n-word at an office Christmas party. Writes nostalgic poetry about growing up along the coast in New England even though she has never been to the ocean and grew up in her small town in Iowa. Recently divorced, but will remarry the first hunk who says something nice about the leaf jewelry she makes.

Buhnessa Beans

Flesh shaper. Twists the living meat. We are her clay and our beardy necks ripple with eyes. Posts about how much wine she drinks on her Facebook group for Minnesota Moms. She's a member even though she is only a mother to shapeless horrors. The police will one day find her basement of living nightmares and the first cops in will puke their guts up at the sights and smells.

Hortense Eugénie Cécile Bonaparte

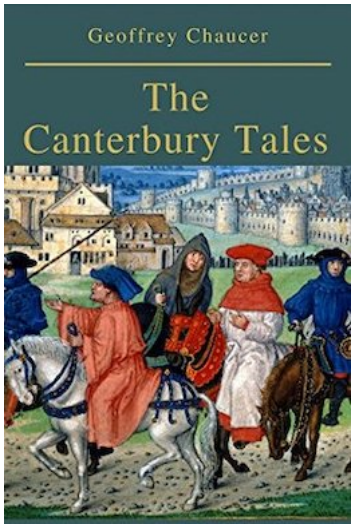
She's a cowboy. She rides the range and lives under the widest blue sky in god's creation. Her horse is named Stewart and she loves him with all her heart in the purest possible way and yells at him daily. She once threw a rope around three snakes. At night, she dreams she lived in Modesto and drank beer on a porch. She would give Stewart up in a second if it meant having 36-packs of bottled water from Costco in her garage. She doesn't know where the path to that life starts.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.7 Challenging Literature For You, Too Read

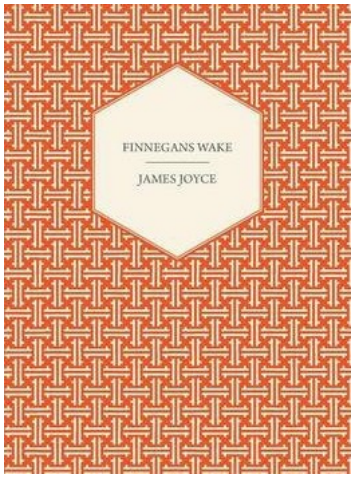
Tuesday, Feb 19, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Any forum poster worth their salt will gladly inform you (without being asked) that genre fiction is, in fact, garbage for children. You simply are not reading a real book unless it is difficult and at least mildly unpleasant. Test your READING MACHISMO with these truly challenging works.



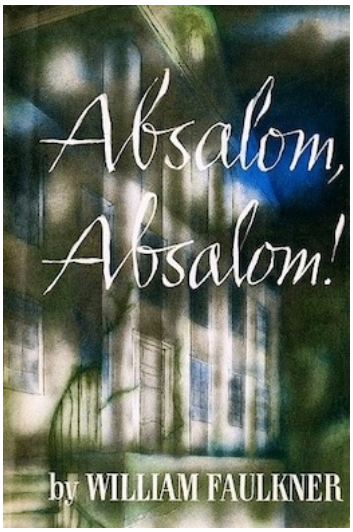
The Canterbury Tales
by Geoffrey Chaucer

Why It's Challenging: The text is super tiny. Like, so small you'd have to look at it with a microscope, using binoculars. While squinting.



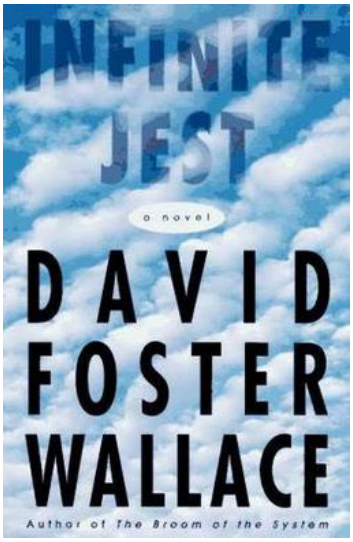
Finnegans Wake
by James Joyce

Why It's Challenging: Every edition is printed on razor sharp paper that slices your hands to ribbons.



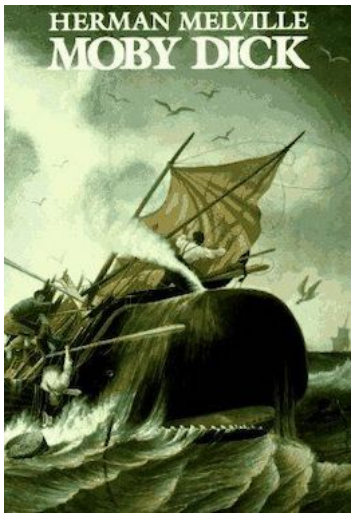
Absalom, Absalom!
by William Faulkner

Why It's Challenging: Every third page is printed upside down. Every other page is printed backwards.



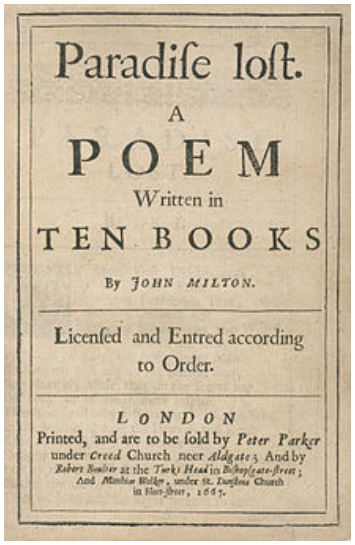
Infinite Jest
by David Foster Wallace

Why It's Challenging: The book's spine is attached by a chain to an unusually angry wasp.



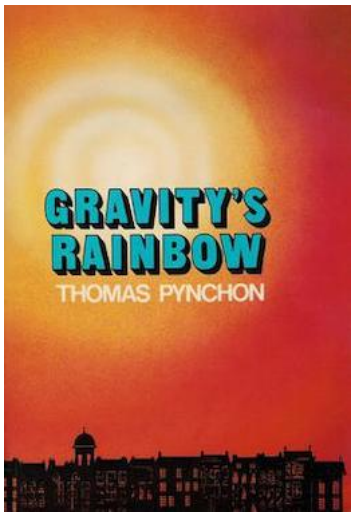
Moby Dick
by Herman Melville

Why It's Challenging: Every letter in every word is represented by an algebra equation that must be solved by the reader.


Paradiſe loſt.
A
POEM
Written in
TEN BOOKS
By JOHN MILTON.
Licenſed and Entred according to Order.
LONDON
Printed, and are to be ſold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate; And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-ſtreet; And Matthias Walker, under St. Dunſtans Church in Fleet-ſtreet, 1667.

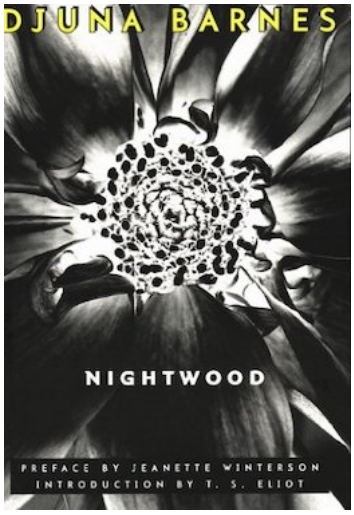
Paradise Lost
by John Milton

Why It's Challenging: Patented Crumble Paper crumbles at the touch of human fingers, crumbles faster at the touch of gloved fingers, and burns on contact with oxygen.



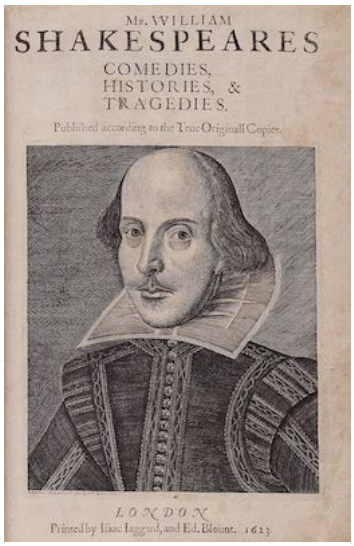
Gravity's Rainbow
by Thomas Pynchon

Why It's Challenging: Unevenly weighted. The top of half of the book weighs thirty pounds, while the bottom half is full of helium.



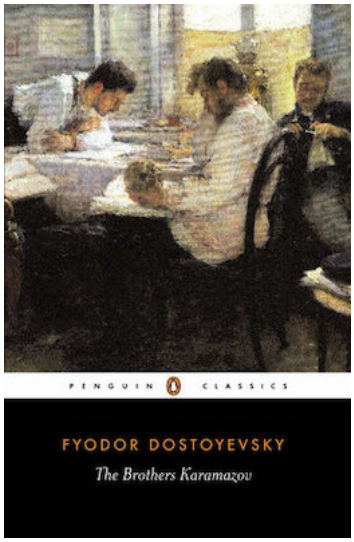
Nightwood
by Djuna Barnes

Why It's Challenging: The first book to utilize a unique printing method in which the words are squeezed into the interior of the page, completely invisible to those who look at the surface.



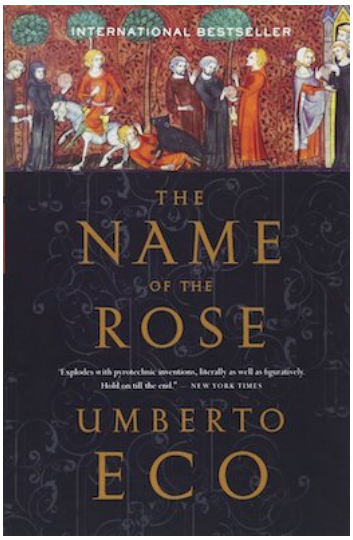
The First Folio
by William Shakespeare

Why It's Challenging: Nearly every sentence ends in "LOL". Not difficult to understand, just grating.



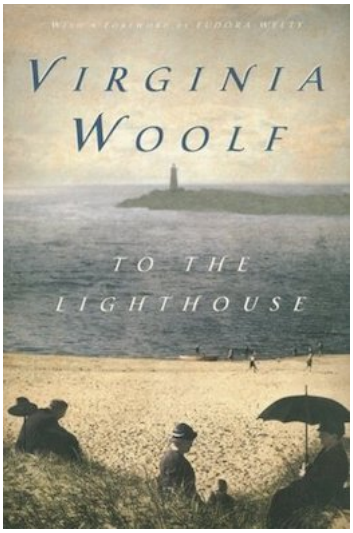
The Brothers Karamazov
by Fyodor Dostoyevsky

Why It's Challenging: Vibrates at the exact frequency needed to separate human skin from muscle.



The Name of the Rose
by Umberto Eco

Why It's Challenging: The sole copy is located at the heart of the sun.



To the Lighthouse
by Virginia Woolf

Why It's Challenging: Can only be read while sprinting faster than 20 miles per hour.

One Hundred Years of Solitude
by Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Why It's Challenging: Built-in page throttle only allows readers to see three and a half words per day, taking a total of one hundred years to read.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.8 Your Oscars Best Picture 2019 Guide from Someone Who Doesn't Watch Movies

Thursday, Feb 21, 2019 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Bohemian Rhapsody: Pedophilia's Bryan singer makes Mr. Robot put Austin Powers teeth in his mouth and strut along to karaoke versions of your favorite Queen songs, just in case you have problems finding the band's YouTube channel and want a much worse experience. Being a by-the-numbers biopic, it's bound to have a scene where Freddie Mercury says, "This won't just be our rhapsody... It'll be our BOHEMIAN Rhapsody," as the band goes in for a group high-five and Freddie gives an all-too-telling cough.

A Star is Born: Sure, go ahead and make the same movie four times. See if I care. You know what? Chris Farley went and made Tommy Boy Twice in the '90s and you all made fun of him for it. And now he's not only dead, he's also been dead for 20 years. I hope you're happy. I'm sure Lady Gaga is to drop all the art-school schtick to exclusively star in movies that moms fall asleep to on planes, and then poorly recount to their adult children on the phone a week later. Get your shit together, mom!

Black KkKlansman: With two movies featuring the word "black" in the Best Picture category, and being about the race that word signifies, one thing is clear: a powerful virus must be wiping out many of the Academy's rapidly aging members. I propose we find this virus, reproduce it in large quantities, and then distribute it generously across our nation's voting machines. Also, I'm sure the movie is just fine.

Roma: Excuse me, a black and white period piece that's in a language other than English? Did Roma get nominated for an Oscar or just fill out an order form for one in advance? Illiterate fans of color be damned, because Roma wants you to fry like the famous tomatoes of the same name.

Green Book: We've all heard of movies adapted from books, but a movie ABOUT a book? "Wow," you must be thinking, "That's gotta be some book!" And if I had done any research about the book in question, I'm sure I'd agree with you. All I know is that instead of a blue book (that lists car values), or a red book (probably a bible), this director chose to instead focus on a green book. Not since The Book of Eli have filmgoers said, "I certainly would like a copy of that book for myself."

But will The Academy make waves by giving the Best Picture award to a movie that's technically a book? Only time will tell!

The Favourite: Let's be honest: you've never heard of this movie. I'm only hearing about it now. Can we honestly even know if it's real? That extra, fancy-style "U" in the title only makes things more suspicious. Now, I'm usually convinced that plenty of things exist before I can personally experience them, but with The Favourite, I can't be so sure. Just look at its director's name: Yorgos Lanthimos--clearly an anagram for "ghostly monorails." That's completely unrelated, but I thought it was pretty cool.

Black Panther: In a huge move for civil rights, black people now have their very own overly long Marvel movie that's bound to lose its luster after the third sequel and inevitable soft reboot eight years later. Insufferable comic book fans only had to wait until their favorite cinematic universe was 20 movies deep before being given the slightest amount of credibility, which they will either lord over normies or regret once they learn they have become the normies they once hated and feared.

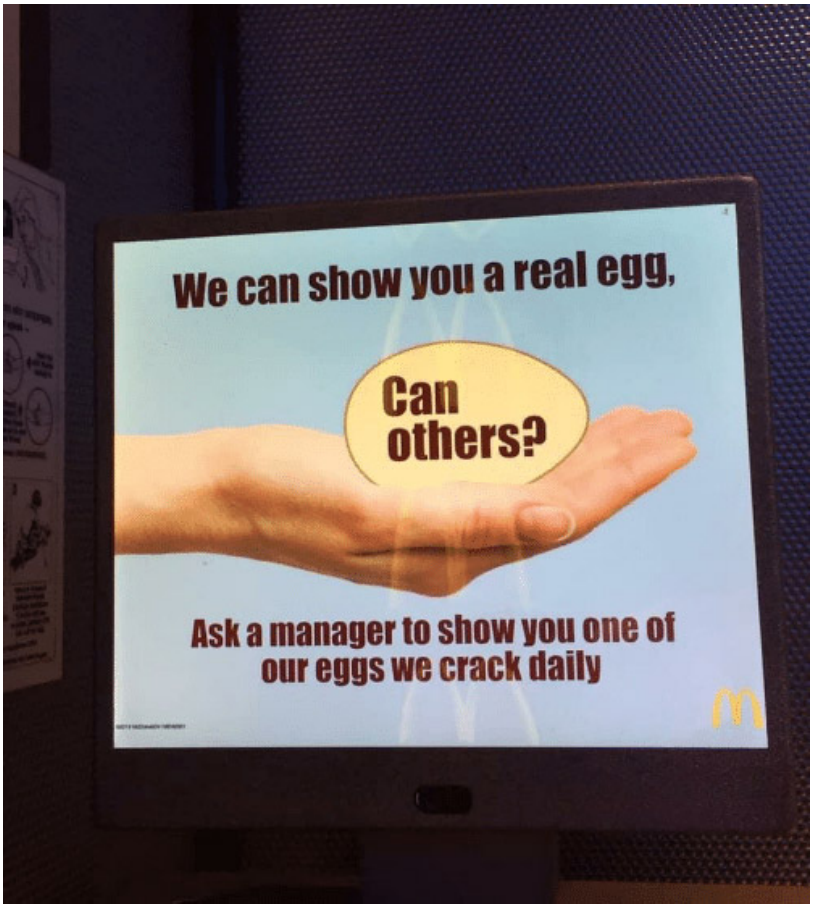
Vice: In another amazing transformation, Christian Bale outdoes Alec Baldwin by gaining 50 pounds to play a big, fat asshole instead of just naturally being a big, fat asshole. If you've ever wanted to know if Dick Cheney is bad, boy does this movie have the answer for you! "Yes." And there's like two hours of that! In keeping with reality's general theme of "no justice," Cheney will live another 20 years, go through two additional hearts, and the Best Picture winner for 2019 will be all about him. See you next year!

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.9 We can show you a real egg, can others?

Monday, Feb 25, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

McDonald's has some real eggs and they want to show them off to you. These braggarts want to rub their real eggs in your faces.



Alright, we get it! McDonald's is a bunch of millionaires showing off their real eggs. But what about their competition? Can others show you a real egg?

We can let you touch a real egg. You cannot see it. Do not ask our manager to lift the cloth on our egg.

Wendy has the real egg in a special room. You may knock thrice upon the door and the viewing port will be opened. Gaze upon the real egg for as long as you would like. Isn't it magnificent?

We can show you thousands of false eggs. We have false eggs of many colors. Ask a manager to dump a bucket of them across the floor and try to pick up as many as you can in 30 seconds.

We can show you a roast beef egg, can others? There are dozens of them rolling around in this drawer back here. Do not ask any questions just look at the roast beef egg.

You kidding? You might as well ask a real egg to show you a manager. The real egg is in charge of everything around here. The real egg breaks up fights in the parking lot. We're not really sure when it took over, we just do what it says.

We can show you a fried egg. Chickens must be fried to kill them. The Colonel told us that before he died. If you do not fry them they will come back. You especially do not want the eggs coming back. What do you think killed Colonel Sanders?

We are not even sure what an egg is. Is it like a bigger bean? We have a whole breakfast menu now but we are not sure what that stuff is either. It all comes out of a tube and then we put it into a hexagon.

Why are you asking to see a real egg? Are you dumb as hell? Do not trifle with Popeyes. You think this is a KFC where you can just walk in here and mess with us? This is Popeyes. Respect it.

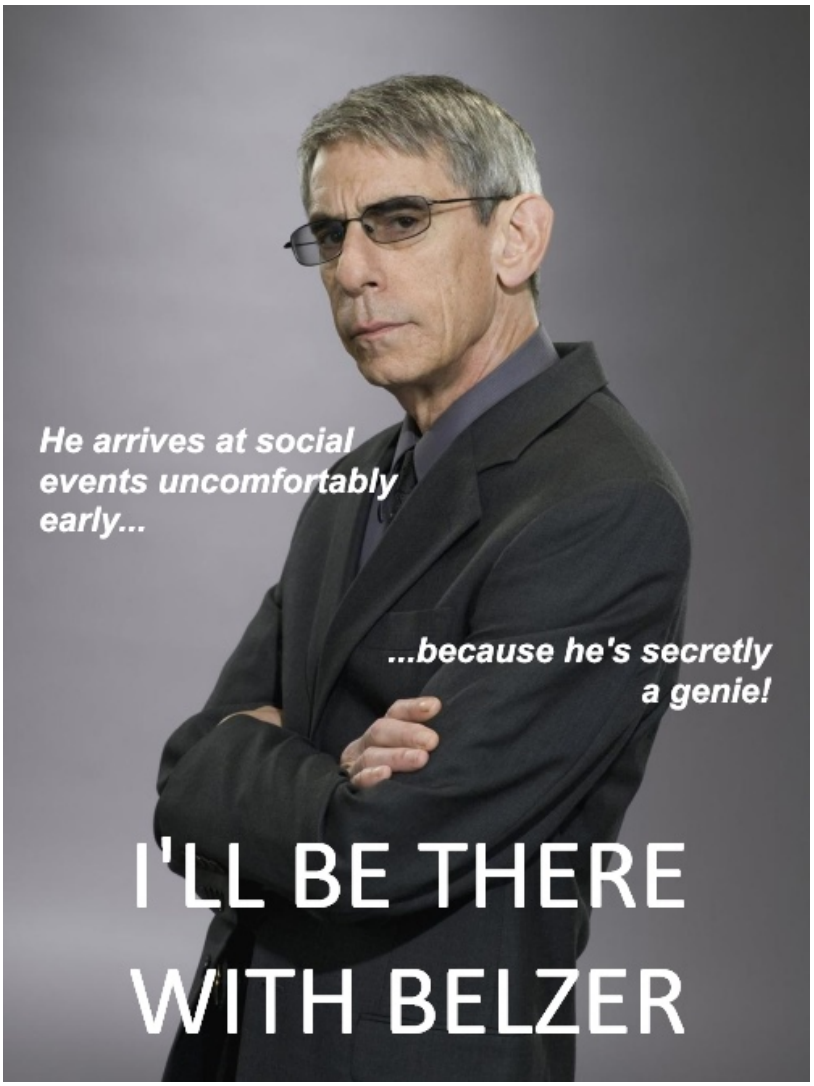
We still have Papa John's real egg. It's horrible and we want to die. No matter how much of that garlic sauce we drink it won't kill us. Please, just end us.

What? A real egg? What do you want from us? We deliver trash pizzas to your house for like two dollars and now you're harassing my drivers about an egg? Take it to Pizza Hut, buddy.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

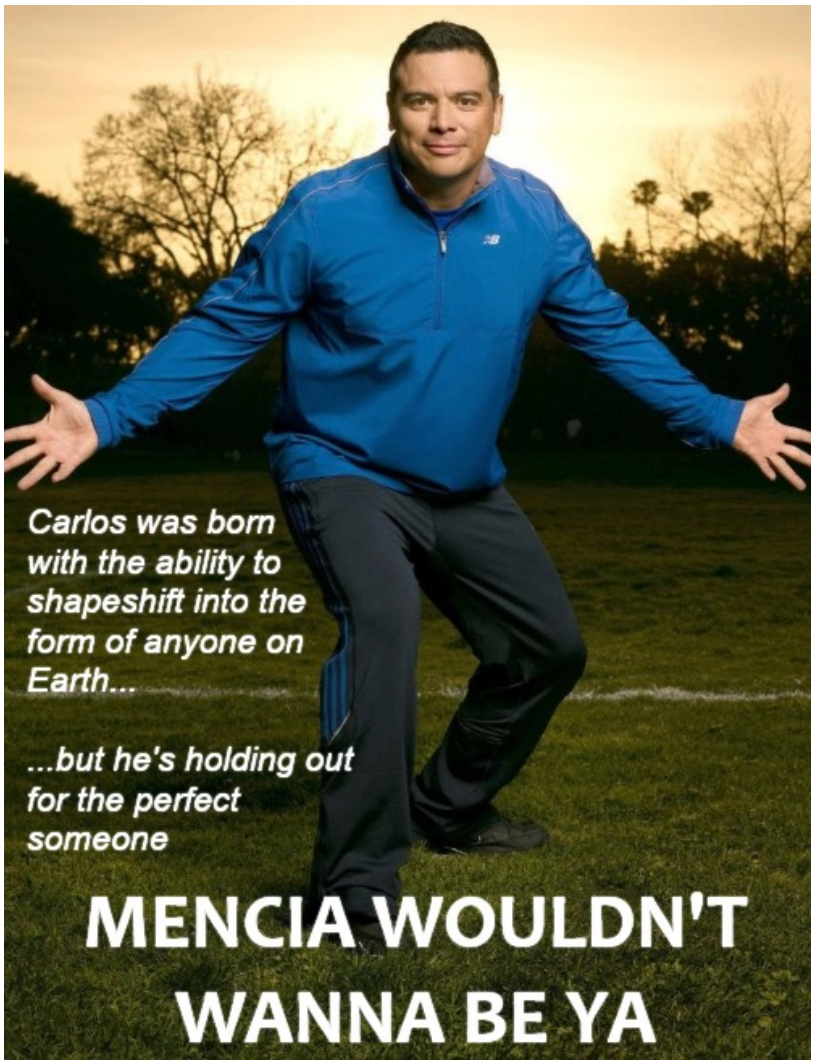
2.10 Underrated Stand-Up Comic Sitcoms of the 2000s

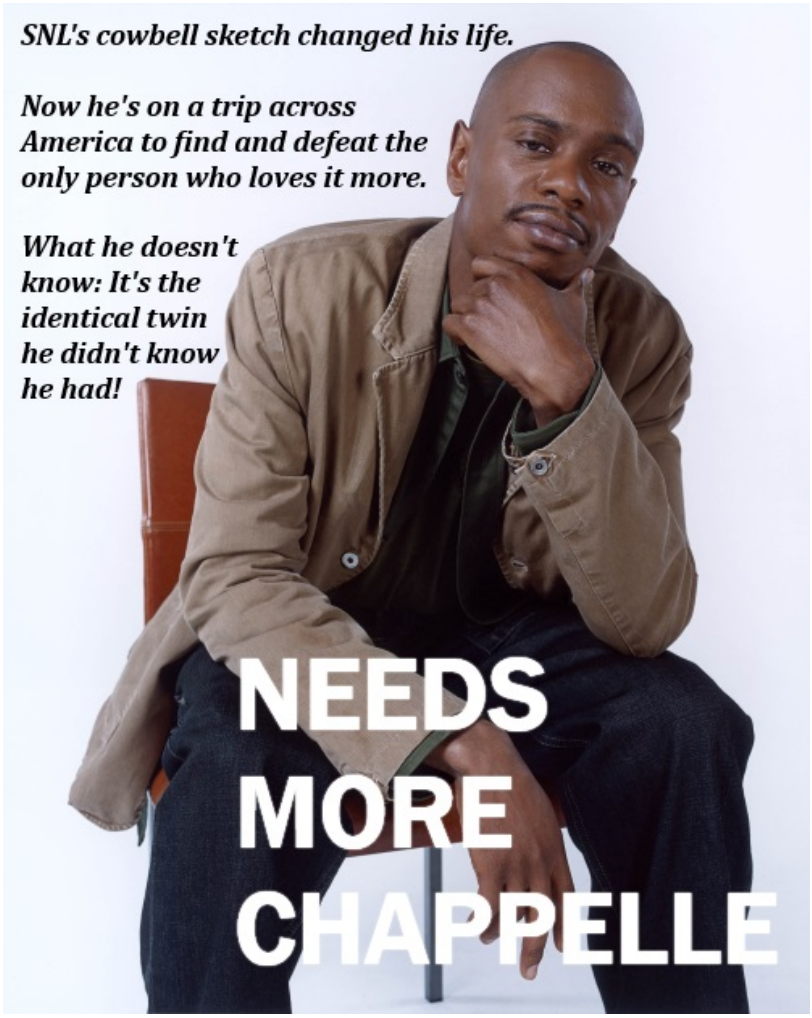
Wednesday, Feb 27, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


He arrives at social events uncomfortably early...
...because he's secretly a genie!
I'LL BE THERE WITH BELZER

She's the director of humanity's first colony on the surface of the sun
...or is she?
In this mistaken identity comedy, things are certainly heating up!
OUT OF THE SILVERMAN INTO THE FIRE

He's the sole heir of a snack cracker conglomerate living it up on the top floor...
...and all he wants is for ONE person in this luxury hotel to believe he's a robot!
PATTON ON THE RITZ


Carlos was born with the ability to shapeshift into the form of anyone on Earth...
...but he's holding out for the perfect someone
MENCIA WOULDN'T WANNA BE YA


SNL's cowbell sketch changed his life.
Now he's on a trip across America to find and defeat the only person who loves it more.
What he doesn't know: It's the identical twin he didn't know he had!
NEEDS MORE CHAPPELLE

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 3

March

3.1 Lendarr the Credulous

Tuesday, Mar 05, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The slabs of his muscles glistening in the torchlight, Lendarr prowled the abandoned mine. He sought a treasure said to have been guarded by an ancient evil beyond measure - even if you used two large measuring devices laid end to end.

He had come down from the tundra of his homeland to see the world beyond, to test himself, and to fulfill whatever destiny Crod saw fit to grant him. In the first months of his journey he had seen many sights and lent all of his belongings to strangers. Their eyes had lit up when they heard his simple words and simple accent. They had assured him that they needed the items more than he, and that they would absolutely pay him back.

Example art of a lesser-known barbarian by Cary Nord

Now as he crossed the haunted threshold of the mine's ghost cafeteria a chill ran up the barbarian's spine. Not because of the haunted ghosts. Because the mine was downright chilly and Lendarr was barely wearing any clothes.

First a bandit had asked him for the shirt off his back, and Lendarr could find no reason not to oblige. Then in the Valley of the Enormous Snakes an enormous snake had asked to try on the the other shirt off Lendarr's back, just to see what a shirt felt like. Finally he had met the scantily clad warrior Crimson Carla and - blushing with eyes cast upon the floor - immediately handed her the shirt off his front.

All three of his upper body shirts gone. Only leaving the shirts on his feet and the shirt swaddling his groin.

At what point did such a garment cease to be a shirt and instead become a groincloth? When the arm sleeves were sewn shut? Lendarr supposed such lofty questions were best left to the great philosopher-wizards.

There was a shift in the air. A nearly imperceptible breeze, as if the mine's tunnels were drawing in a gasp. Lendarr's heightened senses came to a conclusion before his brain could and he rolled sideways, wishing he hadn't lent his greatsword to that laughing toddler in Liar Village.

The rock wall burst outwards precisely where he had been standing mere moments ago. Through the cloud of dust and pebbles and fragments of miner skeletons a massive figure loomed.

"HEY MAN NICE TORCH YA GOT THERE!" blurted the rock golem. "LOOKS REAL NICE. DON'T HAVE A TORCH MYSELF. SURE WOULD LIKE ONE."

Lendarr furrowed his brow, glancing between the torch and the golem.

"Could lend it to you," Lendarr admitted. "Dunno how I'd see, then."

The golem nodded.

"AYE, BUT IF I HAVE THE TORCH THEN AT LEAST ONE OF US WILL BE ABLE TO SEE. BESIDES, IF YOU KEEP IT AND YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES OR IT GOES OUT NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO SEE. YOU HAVE TO BE REALISTIC. BESIDES, I'LL GIVE IT BACK. I'M GOOD FOR IT."

Lendarr shrugged. When you've got a point, you've got a point.

Three minutes later Lendarr stumbled blindly through a passageway, empty hands before him and shirtless feet below him. It was pitch black. Or was it? It seemed as if a faint blueish glow pulsed ahead. He approached warily.

The light emanated from an ornate chest. Throwing caution to the wind, Lendarr flung the chest open. A grander treasure than he had dreamed of.

Framed by the glow of the treasure chest, Lendarr held his prize high: An enormous shirt of elven silk.

"Sssay," hissed an ancient evil voice from the shadows, "you got a ssssshirt I can borrow?"

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.2 Editorial: Jeers to the Sky Orb

Thursday, Mar 07, 2019 by Concerned Citizen

Concerned Citizen

I've got something to say about that sphere in the sky, that space ball that's been all the rage ever since the sun took second place. "Norb" thanks.

When the sky orb first appeared, I chose to remain how I lived most of my life to that date in time: relentlessly skeptical. And, when exposure to its cooling rays seemingly cured every disease known to man? Even more so. Folks, there's no such thing as a free lunch, and when we're done enjoying enjoying gout-free strolls through the park and tedious bridge games with our chatty, cancer-free aunts, one question remains: Who's going to pay for all of this? Have your fun now, because you won't be after getting a bill in the mail from some sky orb of indeterminate origin. And good luck paying that bill, because who knows where you'd even send the check--what with the sky orb being of indeterminate origin.

You may think it's interesting, even gratifying to find yourself at one with all human thought thanks to the sky orb's presence. Not me. Frankly, it's inappropriate, and even distracting. I still believe in a hard day's work, and even though old Mr. Sky Orb has completely eliminated basic human conditions like hunger and thirst, I still like to put dinner on the table for my family--or just myself at this point, as my family has since left me for one of the many orb-related communes that have replaced most cities worldwide. Still, someone has to do it, and even though I still report to an office that's mostly empty outside of a few dozen boxes of pro-orb literature, I patiently sit at my cubicle, wisely avoiding the "Minesweeper" icon until it's five o'clock and time to go home and drink approximately four beers before bed.

And the orb has even made my precious free time measurably worse. I used to be able to while away the weekend watching some of my favorite shows, but now so many networks are simply off the air. Seeing as people are able to willingly lapse into a state of bliss that's 11 times more entertaining than any television program and 12 times more entertaining than any orgasm--again, because of the orb--we've lost the simple joys of intermittently falling asleep to TLC over the course of a 48-hour

period. Sure, no television is certainly better than early, orb-based programming like "Love that Orb" and "The Orb Show," but the complete absence of my favorite shows has left me with painful, unanswerable questions like "What new adventures will adolescence hold for Young Sheldon?"

Refresh my memory, but did any of us VOTE for the sky orb? I watch a lot of cable news--or used to; thanks, orb--and don't recall any sort of orb discourse in our pre-orb era. Now that all war is gone, our brilliant pundits have no choice but to live on an orb commune, possibly with my wife and children, all while forever existing in the state of twelve simultaneous orgasms. And frankly, that sounds exhausting.

Writing this may seem fruitless, as all newspapers have now become vehicles for orb poetry. But I'm hoping the editor won't have "orb on the brain" (and expression I'm hoping will catch on) and publish this letter so someone can finally speak truth to orb. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to get back to work and fill out an expense report--even if I'm only expensing more expense report forms, it's the only way I'll make senior expense report form manager.

-~Concerned Citizen

3.3 I Cut the 'Big Five' Tech Giants From My Life. Now I Talk to My Grandpa's Ghost on Orkut.

Friday, Mar 08, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Two weeks ago I began my project to block all of my devices from accessing data and services from Apple, Microsoft, Amazon, Google, and Facebook. It was hard at first. Apps would not load on my phone, websites I use every day were blocked, and social media was a complete no-go zone. I could not even use my email. At first, I filled my life with my family. I hung out with them more, did projects with my children, and even worked out and pecked away at my novel. But that void was still there. That need for social media. And I found out the one website that still worked was Orkut.

I'd never used it before, but I remembered my grandpa saying he had an account there almost 15 years ago. It supposedly went defunct in 2014, but I managed to find a URL to the site that still worked. Then I found my grandpa still posting on Orkut. More than a dozen years after he died.

"Is this my email? Is this still my email?" He posted when I Orked him (which is like friending). I scrolled through his posts and found thousands of posts that were made recently, but seemed fixated on the time just before he died.

"John Kerry is a traitor. He came back from Vietnam and pulled a Hanoi Jane." He wrote in one lengthy post about why John Kerry could never be president. "I put in my hotmails and that isn't working."

"Grandpa, I thought you died," I messaged him.

"The United States found chemical weapons in Iraq," he replied.

He did not remember my husband's name or the names of my children, but somehow the one modern thing he did know about was Qanon.

"John Kerry helped Hillary Clinton sell uranium to the Russians in order to buy children from Haiti. Look it up," he told me. I explained to him that I could not look it up because I was blocking Google. "Good. Google censors the search results to keep John

Kerry's crimes from coming up. Search John Kerry child slaves. Nothing. Coincidence? But now search Orkut and you will find 1 million results."

He was right. Orkut was filled with theories about John Kerry that were somehow related to Qanon. The more I searched through the results like "John Kerry moves a train of children around the country" and "Video footage of John Kerry feeding a baby to a horse" I realized that all of the posters on this version of Orkut were ghosts. Most of them were grandpas and grandpas with a smattering of teenagers that had died doing Jackass-style stunts.

Orkut was the ghost realm lurking just out of view of the eyes of the living and it was infested with anti-immigrant old people and white male teenagers. There were a number of them that were still angry about Lara Croft Tomb Raider being a woman. "More PC culture. I remember when Lara Croft was a man called Indiana Jones," wrote one critic in one of thousands of posts on the subject.

When I tried to talk to my grandpa and others on Orkut about current events, they treated me like I was playing a game. "2019? Sure. The EMP is happening in 2008," wrote my grandpa. "Look up High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program."

I was amazed. I would never have found this strange world if I had not blocked the "Big Five." I will be staying online thanks to Orkut.

Because THEY don't want us to know the truth.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.4 The Preamble to Every Online Recipe

Wednesday, Mar 13, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's nothing more scrumptuous than the most perfectest chocolate chip cookie! This recipe is so easy and quick you won't believe it!

As you know, my hubby Bowden is a lumberjack-turned-Christian-supermodel. He is the light of my life and a true midwestern white gentleman. Three years ago a jet fighter breaking the sound barrier struck my adorable boy toy while he was doing a photoshoot in the Himalayas for Good Manners Magazine. The moment of impact was caught and used as the magazine's cover so all was well but he did twist his ankle pretty bad so he was laid up in a cabin for several weeks.

Mind you, this was only a three star luxury cabin so we had nothing to do and the room service variety was quite lacking. My nurturing instincts kicked in and went into overdrive! I had to rescue him from his malaise and knew the secret was my scrumptuous perfect chocolate chip cookie recipe! It was so easy and quick we couldn't believe it.

The look in my hubby's big beautiful glistening eyes as he bit into his first cookie is something I will never forget. "Honey," he gasped, "you are so amazing and perfect! I don't deserve you!"

It's moments like this, when you make the perfect chocolate chip cookies from a dead-simple and fast recipe, and your loved ones enjoy them, that you realize how life is love. It just is.

In baking, temperature is very important. The first thing you'll want to know when preparing the perfect chocolate chip cookie is what temperature to preheat the oven.

It's almost as important as your first child. As you know, my daughter Jasmeene is as precocious as they come. She's always getting herself into the silliest trouble and looking up at me with her big beautiful glistening eyes, her pouty lip trembling. That's when my nurturing instinct kicks in and I hug her tight. Because, really, there is nothing more important than family.

One time when Jasmeene saw me baking a batch of scrumptuous perfect chocolate chip cookies from this simple and fast recipe she reached up with her tiny chubby hand and made a grasping motion. That was when it happened. She spoke her very first words:

"Momma. Momma I want some chocwate chip cookies pwease. Pwease and fank you! I wub you so vewy much!"

In that moment my heart nearly burst. I was overcome with love. My heart overfilled with loving emotion. My nurturing instinct kicked in and I did what any loving mother would do. I set aside the batch of scrumptuous perfect chocolate chip cookies from this simple and fast recipe and started a batch of scrumptuous perfect chocolate chip cookies from this simple and fast recipe.

When the cookies were done my perfect daughter Jasmeene plucked a delectable cookie from the batch and took an impossibly cute bite with her itty bitty mouth. She looked up at me with her big beautiful glistening eyeballs and whispered the second thing she ever said in her life:]

"I wuv you Mommy! These must be da most pewfectest chocwate chip cookies in da world! I won't ever make cookies dis good in my whole life no matter how hawd I twy!"

In that moment I knew it was all worth it. All the struggles we went through as a family, from using nearly half of our trust funds to buy our dream home to all the times my hubby embarrassed me by telling me I was the most beautiful woman in the world.

Now you too can show your perfect family how much you love them with my most perfectest chocolate chip cookie recipe:

~~ORIGINAL NESTLÉ® TOLL HOUSE®~~
CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

2 1/4 cups all-purpose flour
1 tsp. baking soda
1 tsp. salt
1 cup (2 sticks) butter or margarine, softened
3/4 cup granulated sugar
3/4 cup packed brown sugar
1 tsp. vanilla extract
2 large eggs
2 cups NESTLÉ TOLL HOUSE Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels
1 cup chopped nuts

PREHEAT oven to 375°F.

COMBINE flour, baking soda and salt in small bowl. Beat butter, granulated sugar, brown sugar and vanilla extract in large mixer bowl until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually beat in flour mixture. Stir in morsels and nuts. Drop by rounded tablespoon onto ungreased baking sheets.

BAKE for 9 to 11 minutes or until golden brown. Cool on baking sheets for 2 minutes; remove to wire racks to cool completely.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.5 How to prepare for the grueling democratic primary

Saturday, Mar 16, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Count how many times Amy Klobuchar tries to awkwardly laugh along with everyone making fun of her

Boss monster Amy Klobuchar - who once ate a salad with a comb because one of her terrible staff members, Karen, forgot the fork so it is Karen's fault that she is now eating this salad with her comb I hope you are happy with the job you are doing, Karen - is going to be spending her short stint in the primary saying "ha ha ha" as people mock her catalog of staff sadism. Along the way there will be some attempts to turn the sadism into a strength and some op-eds about sexism even though nobody is claiming Kamala Harris or Elizabeth Warren threw staplers at their staff members. But most of the time Senator Klobuchar will be laughing. Ha ha ha.

Don't worry about Joe Biden

Everyone loves Uncle Joe right up until they have to spend any time with him. He was a terrible candidate in 2008, basically known for a couple of quips during debates. Nobody wanted him then and democrats have moved even farther away from his sort of "we can all work together to put more black people in prison" politics he has advocated throughout his career. He's creepy, he's old, he has no good ideas, and he's only popular because of the sheen of legitimacy left by being Obama's VP. His campaign will be embarrassing.

Accept the fact this primary is haunted

Hillary has become the embodiment of that skin-scrawling sensation of being watched by an unseen force. She is Not RunningTM, but she cannot leave this earthly plane until she has her revenge on Bernies and all the other lefties who wronged her. She is going to be there, haunting us all, popping out of doors unexpectedly to scare the crap out of us with her spooky sounds. Her horrible campaign goblins will be there too, jeering at us from podcasts and think tanks and the staffs of all the bad candidates.

Speaking of being haunted...

Force yourself to sit through this entire Lin Manuel Miranda rap about Hillary Clinton

There was a test NASA conducted on human extreme endurance where they put an astronaut in a 400 degree room to see how long he could stand the heat. Their most successful test had an astronaut endure almost six minutes of the heat before he reached the point of collapse. I contend that not even Buzz Aldrin could make it more than four points into this ten point list from LMM about things you need to do to help Hillary Clinton win in 2016. Judging by the outcome of that election nobody else made it much past "Tim Kaine in the membrane" either. But that doesn't mean you can't toughen up. Force yourself to watch again and again because there are going to be so goddamn many bad Youtube songs this cycle.

Dehumanize yourself and face to Beto

Poochie has returned from his home planet to ride his skateboard and his father-in-law's billion dollars of secret PAC money into the White House. You may think he is a collection of vague statements said enthusiastically and unappealing centrist democratic policies dressed up in shirt sleeves, but a bunch of liberal mom and dad Obama voters are going to pod save their way to voting for him. Plus his father-in-law has a billion dollars he can pump into a secret PAC for Beto. There's a good chance the #neverbernie people will pick him because Biden is too old.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 There's a Guy On Survivor Called The Wardog

Tuesday, Mar 19, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's a guy on Survivor called The Wardog. Or, more specifically, there's a guy on Survivor who calls himself The Wardog.

I'm pretty sure it's not his birth name. It's hard to imagine any parent hoping their baby's future involves wardogging and all the responsibilities that wardogging entails.

Occasionally the Wardog talks about himself in third person. Of course The Wardog does. Would anything surprise you less?

There is nothing a human could do to justify a self-designated nickname like The Wardog. Nothing! No one gets to have that nickname.

It doesn't matter if you're GREAT at war. Like, truly exceptional at it. A once-in-a-generation war guy. You still don't get that nickname.

You could personify all the qualities of a wardog. You could exude so many wardog-like traits that people confuse you for a wardog. People describing you could say, "He's like one of those... what do you call them... wardogs." Still, you would not be allowed to have the nickname The Wardog.

Let's say you're in a war. You charge a fortified strategic position all by yourself. You kill twelve enemies with your bare hands, a wounded brother in arms draped over your shoulders.

In the aftermath, as the dust and mist of blood settle and your fellow soldiers come forward to applaud, you say, "I would like for you to call me The Wardog."

Your comrades look at one another and remove their war helmets. The American flag flaps proudly in the wind. Patriotic music swells.

One man steps forward and salutes, then replies:

"Yeah, right! The Wardog? Get a load of this fucking guy over here!"

It is unfathomable to me that there's a guy on Survivor who calls

himself The Wardog.

You might be wondering why I'm watching Survivor. Well I'll have you know that the previous season had a fantastic blend of strategic gameplay and unpredictable social dynamics, easily one of the top ten seasons of the show. More importantly, THERE'S A GUY ON SURVIVOR WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE WARDOG YOU'RE FOCUSING ON THE WRONG THING.

What the heck, man?

Oh, and there's a regular-sized lady on the show named Wendy who wears a gold chain that says BIG WENDY. She talks about herself in the third person too because of course she does. Wendy doesn't call herself The Wardog so this fact isn't entirely on topic, but I thought it was important to share in the interest of full disclosure. Just doing my due dilligence.

If there's one thing I'd like you to take away from all of this, one piece of insight about the human condition and society as a whole, it's that there is a guy on Survivor who calls himself The Wardog.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.7 Tacky and Hideous: The Erotic World of Limited Edition Consoles

Thursday, Mar 21, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Crystal & Gold PS4 Slim

Covered in 24-cart gold and brimming with gaudy crystals, this is the ULTIMATE luxury item for discerning gamers who aren't ready to spend the extra $100 on a PS4 Pro.

"The Beach" Game Boy Color

Can't decide whether to play Toobin' or anticipate Danny Boyle's most disappointing film? Why

don't you read a book titled "How to Multitask" for a few hours until a light bulb appears over your head, then buy this special one-off GBC handheld produced to commemorate the cinematic release of The Beach?

Dead or Alive Xtreme Beach Volleyball Xbox

Never before has a piece of consumer hardware so perfectly captured the feeling of hiding a boner while browsing the airbrushed t-shirt stall at a county fair!

Jurassic Park & Coca-Cola Sega Genesis

This one is so understated that it probably doesn't even belong here. But that's what makes the co-branding so odd. It's just... two tiny logos for Jurassic Park and Coca-Cola. On your Sega Genesis. Don't want to bother you too much with our disparate brands, kid. Enjoy your games!

EA Sports Xbox 360

Ahh, that's more like it! The branding is so dense that the viewer can no longer see the console. The result is an optical illusion in which taste and common sense disappear.

The Order: 1886 PlayStation 4

Signed by the entire The Order: 1886 team. Notably, this is the only limited edition console that takes longer to read than a playthrough of the game it promotes.

Manhunt Nintendo Wii

It's just a Wii covered in slightly less blood than a typical Wii. Not sure how it got on this list!

Kinect "Because of You" Xbox 360

Celebrate your love of the Kinect with dry corporate messaging! Toss and turn at night, unsettled by the sinister implications of "Because of You".

Playboy Centerfold Xbox

Never before has a piece of consumer hardware so perfectly captured the feeling of looking at a Playboy model obscured by the geometry of an Xbox's industrial design.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.8 Our Sheriff's Office Draculas Can Prepare You for the Terror of an Active Shooter

Saturday, Mar 23, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The White County Sheriff's Office is here to help prepare students, teachers, faculty, and community members for the eventuality of an active shooter situation. You will need to learn how you react under the pressure of imminent death. That means the only way to truly prepare for this sort of situation is to experience true bone-chilling terror. Now, since we are no longer allowed to perform mock executions with BB guns due to some complainers, we have developed an alternative plan to allow you to experience active shooter level terror.

Drills include up to five Draculas. Brides of Dracula no longer included due to complaints about gauzy outfits.

The White County Sheriff's Office Now employs five actual Draculas to terrify your staff. These Draculas will simulate an active shooter by menacing you with Dracula death. They will mist form, they will jump up on the ceiling like a bat, they will flash red eyes at you and hypnotize you, and they will drink your blood. We are going to have teachers get into a coffin with a Dracula one at a time. This is the equivalent to our hostage situation execution drills.

But it's not just about being afraid, it's about fighting back. We will teach you how to fight off an active shooter by using your superior numbers. You will throw books and backpacks at him. You will rush him and try to make him so full on human blood that his reflexes are impaired. No garlic or crosses will be permitted in this situation folks. Keep in mind, these are not Draculas for the

purposes of the simulation, these are active shooters. And we are sheriffs so if you get mad about being bit by the Dracula and you try to fight back we will kill or arrest you.

We understand that some of you may think a Dracula is unholy. That a blood-eating deathless night stalker is not appropriate for a high school campus. Well, A, you are incorrect, but B, we have recently hired two wolfmans and we have a part time actual Egyptian mummy.

We can now run full moon active shooter scenarios and ancient cursed active shooter scenarios. Opening a forbidden crypt in your school? Mummy is ready. Doing it on a full moon? You could need both wolfmans and mummy. We can run a combo scenario to train for active shooters with any combination of wolfmans, mummy, and Draculas.

Depending on if that last police bond passes we also have some other scenarios in mind to prepare for active shooter.

Lagoon Creatures - Great for a school or business with a water feature.

Aliens - In space no one can hear the active shooter, which is why you need to be prepared for every eventuality. We have purchased the eggs already, just looking for a host.

Ghosts - This active shooter is going to bust and it will make you feel good (terrified).

Frankensteins - Still working on this one. We have hooked Fentanyl ODs up to car batteries and have some promising results, but nothing yet.

Jasons - Stomps around very similar to an active shooter. We are in contact with a supplier of premium grade summer camp Jasons that will stalk faculty and students tirelessly.

Freddies - The nightmare of active shooters is coming to life and it might just look like a tongue coming out of a telephone to lick your ear.

Please keep in mind that some injuries may result during active shooter drills. Your children might suffer from Dracula bites, the faculty has a small chance of contracting lycanthropy, and teachers might just be stalked by an indefatigable Egyptian corpse king in search of his lost canoptic jar. We are professional sheriffs, not maniacs, so we will do everything in our power to not let the Draculas eat all of your blood.

Thank you for your understanding. Our only goal is prepare you for active shooter scenarios and we promise we are not sadists or maniacs.

Seriously, not maniacs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 What They're Saying During NBA Timeouts

Wednesday, Mar 27, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Coach: Okay guys, come here. Don't make it obvious that I'm asking this but which basket are we shooting at? I got turned around for a second.

Player 1: Not this again.

Player 2: *(Subtly nodding towards one side of the court)* That one, coach.

Coach: Are you absolutely sure? Because it would be super embarrassing to put the ball in the wrong hoop with all these people watching.

Player 2: Pretty sure, yeah. But now I'm doubting myself. Aw geez.

Player 3: Coach! [Player 4] is making that face at me again!

Player 4: I'm just smiling over here. Am I not allowed to smile?

Player 3: You know what you're doing you antagonistic son of a bitch. That's the classic "durr" face. And it's aimed. At. Me.

Player 4: Maybe that's just how my face is. In which case that would have been an insulting thing for you to say.

Coach: Focus! *(Holds up a small whiteboard with a diagram of a basketball court)* A basketball court has two baskets. From what I can tell they are practically identical. How are we going to figure out which is ours and which belongs to the bad guys?

Player 2: Maybe they aren't identical. Like, what if the net on one basket is slightly looser in one spot. Or frayed.

(Silence as everyone takes turns squinting at both nets)

Player 5: Hey can I get some hot chocolate?

Player 1: Dude, we've got plenty of water and Gatorade. No one wants hot chocolate.

Player 5: Well *I* want hot chocolate. If this is about money I'll pay for it.

Player 2: Coach, how do you keep losing track of our basket? We run all over the place and jump and spin but you stay in one spot. All you need to remember is whether it's on your left or right.

Coach: *(Shakes head sadly)* You've got a lot to learn, kid. As the coach I have to envision the entire court in my mind from every angle. It's like I'm a dang god.

Player 1: It's not about money, [Player 5]. Drinking a hot rich beverage while you're running back and forth for two hours is a bad idea.

Coach: *(Continuing)* Besides, we have to switch baskets at the beginning of every quarter. I don't know how they expect us to keep track. Remembering which basket we're aiming at is like 80% of my job.

Player 2: Isn't that specifically what the assistant coaches are for?

Assistant Coach 1: Dude, no. We're designated survivors. If a bomb goes off and coach gets atomized we step in. Smooth transition of power and all that.

Player 2: Shouldn't you be in a bunker, then? Instead of literally right next to coach?

Assistant Coach 2: If we were in a bunker when he got blown up it would take too long to get to the court. We'd risk a delay of game penalty.

Assistant Coach 1: Yeah. Let us coaches worry about the thinking, muscle guy.

Player 5: *(Spit-take)* This water doesn't have a single marshmallow in it! What is this, a Gulag?

Player 3: Coach! [Player 4] flipped me off again!

Player 4: I had an itch. Am I not allowed to scratch my eyelids?

Player 3: With your middle fingers?

Player 1: Coach, why don't you just ask the ref which basket is ours?

Coach: Oh my god you can't be serious. That would be a disaster. What if you go ask him, but don't let him know you're asking for me? Tell him I definitely know.

Player 2: The more I think about it, the more I'm coming around on the hot chocolate.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.10 MOTHERFUCKIN BARR DAWG GOT ME THAT FULL REPORT

Saturday, Mar 30, 2019 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

What's up fuckers?

Levi Johnston flying back into your life like Sky Captain but unlike Sky Captain my life IS based on a comic book and that is the comic Verotika by Glenn Danzig soon to be a major motion picture. FOLX I want to start by saying I was not involved in that video of killing the hibernating bear. That is some absolute bullshit and yes I will kill a hibernating bear but only with swords. It is unsportsmanlike to use a gun hunting for anything like the black guy said on True Detective you have to use a bow to be sportsmanlike because a moose has no fucking idea how to make a gun but it can kind of understand a bow. Like it doesn't have hands, so it can't make a bow, but it gets it. Like Ohhhh okay I see that fucking string and you're just pulling it back and then the little spear shoots out. You could teach a dolphin about a bow and arrow. They would get it.

So speaking of getting it, I was back in Washington DC to promote my new gear gum deal with the Chinese company that makes Fentanyl. It's this type of gum you can give to Fentanyl users and they can get high on that instead of messing up the dosages and ODing. The thing is you can only eat 1/98th of a stick of gum and you can't touch it with bare hands. And it comes in this pouch like Big League Chew with like 500 pieces of gum. I accidentally put like 8 pieces in my mouth and I died for 4 1/2 hours. Technically my brain has reached the state of total information death where no memory is preserved in my brain but that's bullshit because I still remember Danzig's Verotika.

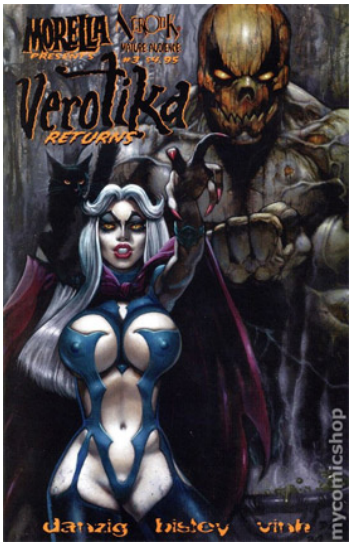
Anyway, what was I saying about Washington? Oh, shit, yeah, I went to have lunch with my main dude William Barr. He said something about the Miller Report or something which I guess is that guy with the giant head who is investigating Don Trump. I was like "trying to figure out if his skin

is real or if he's wearing a skin suit right?" and William Barr was like what the fuck are you talking about Levi and I told him well Donald Trump is like 8000 skin tags, seborrheic keratosis, psoriasis, and scabs all held together with spray tanner that he applies with one of those revolver grenade launchers like the terminator uses on the swat team in T2. And William Barr was like oh no that is legit 100% him he sloughed off like three pounds of scales and lesions onto my desk when he was in here last week.

I was like oh thank god I have a strict meat and cheese and bread and candy diet or I might have eaten one of those dried apricots.

William Barr was like Levi Johnston you are the only man I can trust in this city. Dang old Trump is breathing down my ass trying to get me to mess around with this Miller Report and the democrats want me to tell them all the secrets. But if I give it to you I can just say it is being reviewed by Levi Johnston and then it will be your responsibility. I was like you are talking about the man who left his baby in an elevator when he was only going to the second floor what are you doing? And he's like maybe I just like risks. And I was like fuck yeah that is why we are bros and so he gave me the report.

Some facts about the report I can release now because fuck it why not?



- over a page NOT READING THIS just say guilty or not jesus christ
- does not exomberate the president..... OR DOES ITTT??????
- No titty pictures (I flipped through it and checked)
- Some charts that looked sort of like boobs so I put nipples on them
- Does not fit in the case for my Kriss Vector that I bought to hunt moose
- Well it does sort of fit but I have 3 of the extra-long 30 round glock magazines and some power bars in there so I was only able to get like half of it in the case and I had to put the other half in the trash at Wendy's but I flipped through the part I threw in the garbage and it was just a bunch of stuff about some meeting in the seychelles which is some Narnia bullshit and something called OPERATION COLLUSION which, I checked, is not Operation WOLF.

So the truth is that President Trump is 100% innocent. Not that I give a fuck, that bitch still owes me like 800 dollars for giving back rubs to his wife Ivanka when his usual backrub guy Jarrod got sent to jail for molesting girls in the Jerusalem subway or something. I think. I don't know I experienced true death according to a panel of nine researchers who call me the resurrection man how the fuck am I even here?

Anyway now you know all the true facts about Millerman's report or whatever so fuck off.

PEACE!!!

-~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

Chapter 4

April

4.1 Optional Upgrades for Your Upcoming Flight

Tuesday, Apr 02, 2019 by Awful Airlines

ComfortClass No-Stand Guarantee

Fly in style and stay off your feet with this luxury upgrade custom-tailored with longer flights in mind. Why stand for a six-hour cross-country trip just because your airline oversold your flight by 35 tickets and ran out of their travel voucher budget in mid-February? While so many of the other passengers stand uncomfortably, in violation of their own comfort as well as several air safety codes, you can lounge in one of our seats engineered for both relaxing and allowing the maximum possible amount of people on board. Recline to upwards of an 87-degree angle and don't be surprised if your back pain is only extremely minor this time! Diamond Club Select passengers take an additional 8% off. **$39.99 USD**

SecureHold Luggage Containment System

Why pay exorbitant and ever-rising prices to check your luggage when you could instead carry it on the plane yourself? Instead of wondering just where your belongings will go after being taken away on a conveyor belt, you can now know that they're safely above you, held securely in molded plastic containment units built to contain mostly any rolling luggage bags manufactured before 1994. Now, you might be asking, "Wasn't carry-on luggage an expected free feature of air travel in the recent past?" To answer your question: yes. Emerald Premiere Choice passengers take an additional 6% off. **$79.99**

Waste Disposal Plus Club

Airport bathrooms: They're noisy, filthy, crowded with drunks, and with most occupants in there roughly an hour from leaving the state, full of people with absolutely no regard for human life. And most adult diaper wearers are typically given a hard time during air travel, either by TSA agents full of personal questions, or nearby passengers who don't appreciate you filling an absorbent polymer with solid or liquid waste in the middle of a three-hour flight. If you don't feel comfortable holding in your waste for the entirely of a flight, or keeping it outside of your body but still under your clothes, joining our Waste Disposal Plus Club will grant you access to one of two aerodynamic lavatories complete with often-working light, reflective mirror, and sparking, clean water (non-potable). Join the mile-high club with your urine and/or feces and get ready to brag to the boys back at home! Ruby Advance Boarding Fellowship members take an additional 7% off. **$99.99 USD**

Aqua Advantage Convenience System

With the vile airports forcing you to dump out all of your liquids before going through the security line, what options are you left with? Buying a lukewarm bottle of Aquafina for $6.00 from Hudson News? This would be caving in to airports, the sworn enemy of man and airline alike. Why be identified as a coward worthy of scorn and light physical abuse by your seatmates when you could instead set sail for water with our Aqua Advantage Convenience System? Recline up to 87 degrees in style (option sold separately) and let us bring the water to you! Every two hours on the two hours, get ready to refresh yourself with pure, unfiltered tap water, fresh from mother nature herself and the city we just took off from. And you can even keep the cup, which, according to BPA regulations, should not be reused under any circumstances! Platinum Diamond Military Service Members with 50 or more honorable kills take an additional 5% off if we don't clap for you before takeoff. **$129.99 USD**

-~Awful Airlines

4.2 New Company Policies in Place at EA

Thursday, Apr 04, 2019 by Human Resources

By visiting certain websites blocked from your work computers and hiring professional lip-readers to decipher your mouth movements, we have somehow discovered that this company is experiencing a serious morale crisis. Any discussion of whether or not morale is too high or too low, and who exactly is at fault would be just a distraction, and also an HR violation. In order to bring morale back to standard levels, please consider following these new mandatory directives, the not following of which will result in loss of job.

- Your voice should matter! Unfortunately, we have to listen to the voices of our shareholders first, who want you to make as much money for them as fast as possible. But in order to give you the peace of mind that we value your input, we have installed a suggestion crematorium in every department. Have something on your mind? Just write it down on a piece of paper and stick it in the slot. Every night, *your* thoughts and feelings will be incinerated into fine ash, which will later be scattered to the winds at the exotic locale of our next executive retreat. You may not be allowed to attend, but the charred remains of your hopes and dreams certainly will!

- We have received several anonymous complaints about being forced to work weekends, with the only incentive being free pizza. We partially apologize for this, and understand how some would feel insulted because of our actions. So we've decided to rectify them. Now, during your mandatory work weekends, we will offer free pizzas instead of one free pizza.

- Based on certain sources, we have learned that specific conference rooms in our offices have been designated as "crying rooms" where stressed employees weep in inconsolable anguish during the day. When we heard this news, we were shocked and saddened. According to our records, none of these rooms were officially booked using our Google Calendar system, not to mention the fact that occupying one of our 73 conference suites for selfish reasons stands as a massive waste of productivity. If you must cry at work, please do so inside your car during your designated lunch break, or if you don't own a car, on the corporate shuttle to and/or from our office park.

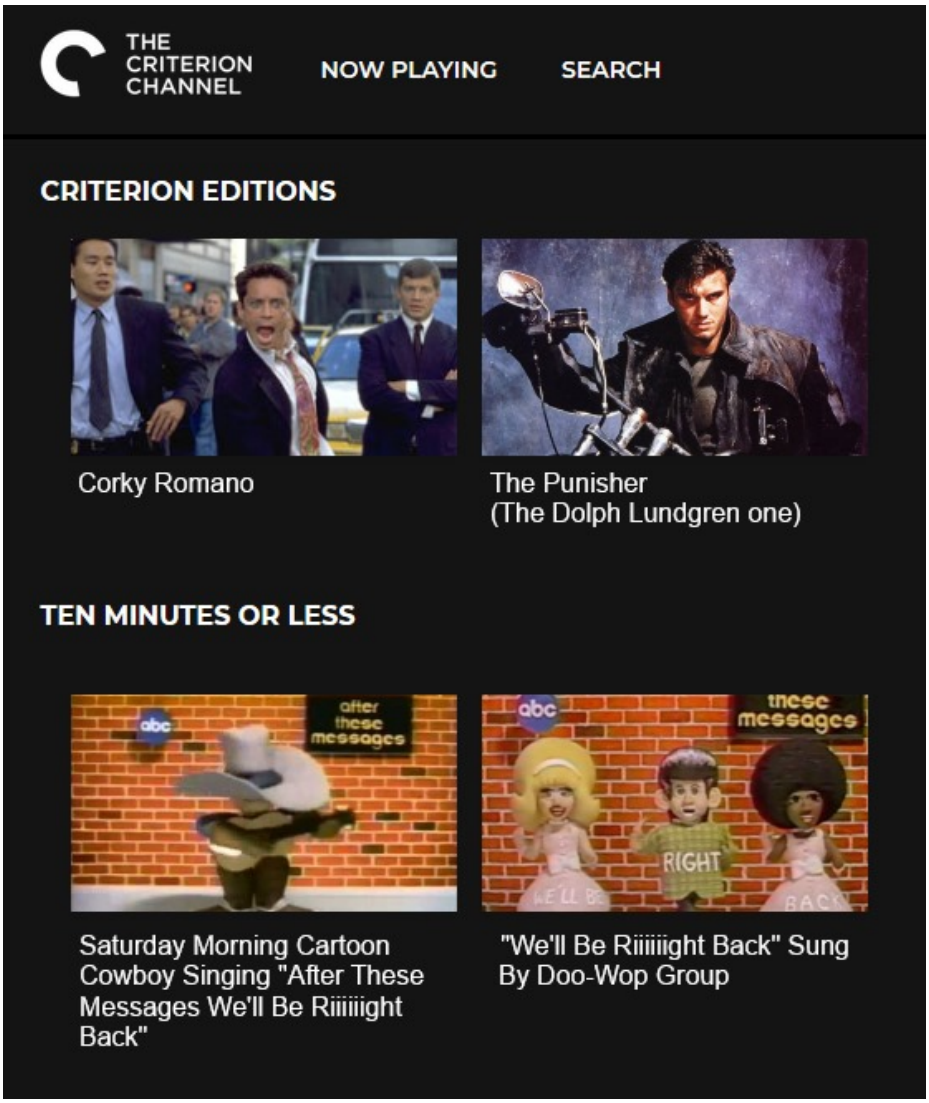
- Having problems at work? Always remember: The kind staff in the HR department are paid to make you think they're your friends! Instead of turning to journalists about what you feel are unfair corporate practices, schedule a supervised and recorded session with one of us! In just 15 minutes, we'll help you realize that ultimately *you* get to choose how you feel, and feeling overworked and undervalued is just a state of mind. Note: Personal HR sessions are only available to employees who work 100 or more hours a week as part of our "Team Players" corporate initiative.

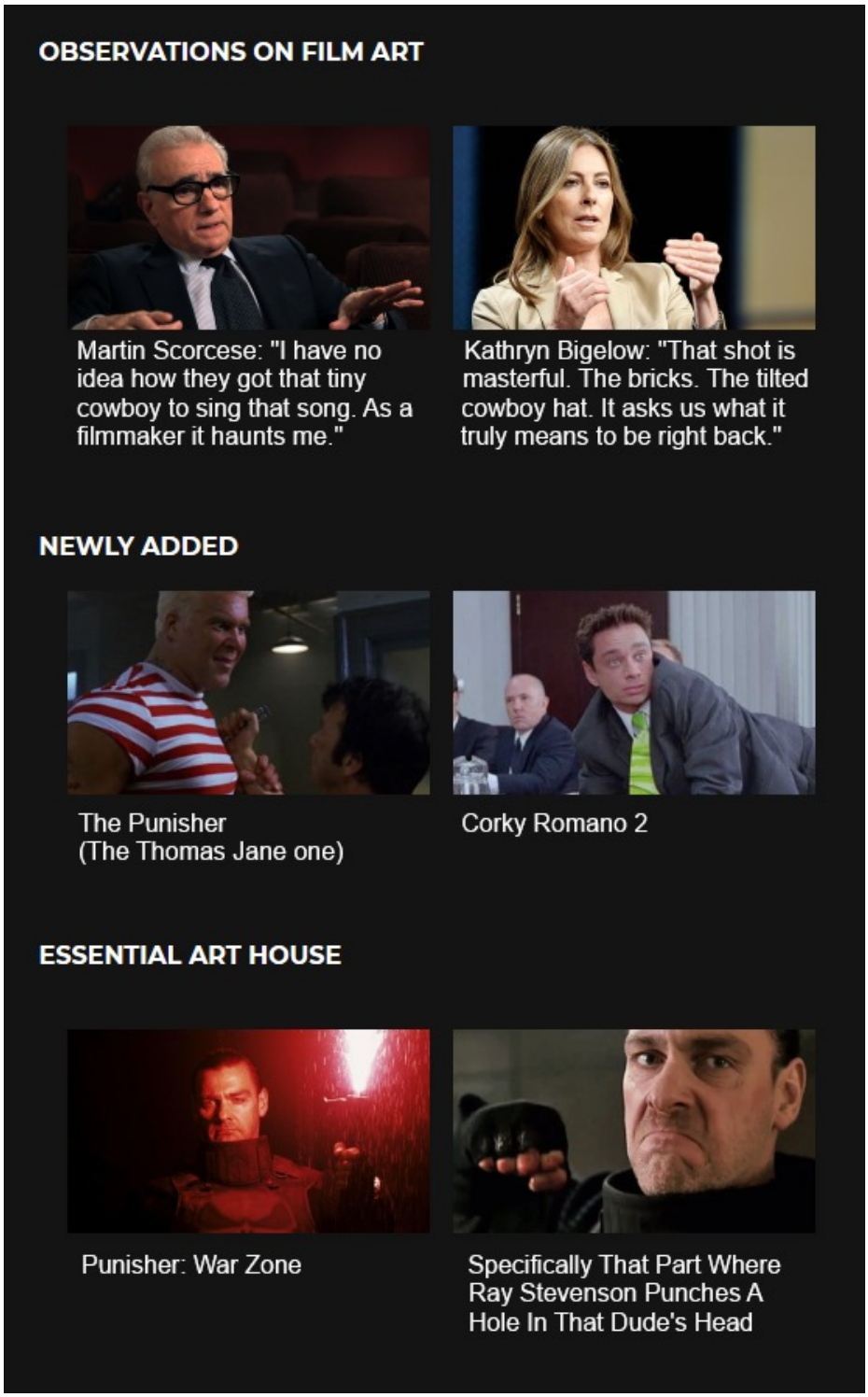
- Remember, we at EA are one big, happy family. We have our ups and our downs, but ultimately we're all working together for the same goals. Now, let's say this family owns a farm... that's a pretty reasonable scenario. And this farm has a horse. The horse is you. Now let's say this horse has seen better days. The family is well within its rights to take the horse out back, shoot it, and sell the hide. If you ask us, that horse had better get its act together! Before we shoot it. Figuratively.

-∼Human Resources

4.3 The Criterion Channel's Launch Lineup Is a Dream for Film Lovers

Wednesday, Apr 10, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)




OBSERVATIONS ON FILM ART
Martin Scorcese: "I have no idea how they got that tiny cowboy to sing that song. As a filmmaker it haunts me."
Kathryn Bigelow: "That shot is masterful. The bricks. The tilted cowboy hat. It asks us what it truly means to be right back."
NEWLY ADDED
The Punisher (The Thomas Jane one)
Corky Romano 2
ESSENTIAL ART HOUSE
Punisher: War Zone
Specifically That Part Where Ray Stevenson Punches A Hole In That Dude's Head

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.4 P...please do not elect the coffee man

Friday, Apr 12, 2019 by Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

Shhhhhhhh. The coffee man is about. He is to and fro. He is up to his deeds. Shhhhh, my little friends.

I have kept my gnaw for weeks but I must softly hiss about the coffee man. Howard the coffee beast. I do not know his frightful desires, but I know his brown poison. The bad bean potion riling up the t...

Top people. The gents and the ladies. Their hands creak as they hold objects more tightly. Their gaits are jerky. They talk at **fearsome volumes**.

Shhhh. I know, I know. Shhhhh.

He puts the milk into the bean potion. He froths it and sugars it. Honey is for the tea? Honey is for the milk. Shhhh... I do not want him to hear us. Shhhhh. Everyone is **too riled** presently. Any more riling and things will become terrible. **Screaming** and **jostling** everywhere. Missed bed times. Untucked shirts.

The softest, sweetest man to give a vote to is Gentle Creature Zuckerberg, but he has withdrawn into his sensory tank to contemplate temporarily banning the Facebook page of a guy who is trying to form a militia to arrest AOC (the bad letter lady). Instead of that sweetest, gentlest, wide-eyed ambler, please consider casting your votes for... for...
John Delaney.

I do not know if he has any ideas but he is very peaceful and quiet. No trouble John I call him. I would call him. I did not call him, but I would inscribe it upon a paper slip and shimmy it under the door of a room he is within. Thank you, John. Very quiet Johnny.

I am not excited by him at all, which is what is needed in these **riled times**. Thinking about John Delaney makes me want to crawl into my softest duffel and forget my troubles. And they are many, friends. The honey milk does not flow freely. Oh, no. There is excavation near my passages.

Klaxons are sounding. I saw a video of someone kicking the headless robot donkey again. S...so upsetting. Do not watch it.

Oh and I have been posting on chitter. This is the website for bugs. I get upset about things on chitter and I cannot think of anything else. Yesterday there was a picture of a person jumping. Disgusting. I... hush now... I refuse to log off. It would be cowardly. I will tell my follower, Lyle, that I am for John Delaney and he will accept John Delaney inside his heart.

Gods of soil watch over him.

I love you, friends.

I love you.

-∼Gentle Creature (@sexyfacts4u)

4.5 Things That Go Through Your Head When Your Air Conditioner Dies

Tuesday, Apr 16, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"No one in the history of the world has suffered as much as I am suffering right now, laying on my couch under a ceiling fan and unenthusiastically flipping through my streaming service watch lists."

"Gosh, it's hot."

"Is this a 911 situation? Or should I just fire off a flare gun?"

"Wow, it is seriously hot."

"I need to get some work done. It's so humid in here, though. If I touched my computer it would instantly be covered in a layer of finger sweat. I'm probably ruining everything I own just by existing."

"Holy moly, the temperature is too high."

"This is the last thing I want to think about, but it's better to be realistic and prepare: I need to look up how to cut off and eat my leg."

"By golly, the warmth is uncomfortable."

"Is this what it means to be off the grid? Have I gone feral? Even if I return to society I will be forever changed. An outsider."

"Geez, it is hot as heck."

"It's miserable in here. I'll go out somewhere. No. They will all know that I have been sweating. Even if I take a shower right before I leave, they'll know it. Better to suffer in here than to draw all that attention to myself."

"Why don't I live in Scandinavia? It's probably too late now. I should have thought of that years ago."

"We should probably do something about climate change."

"Maybe I should open the windows. Maybe I should open the blinds too. That would make it easier for breezes to blow through the house. Then again, maybe if I open the blinds the sun will heat the house even more. Maybe I should exist in a state where the windows are neither open nor closed, the blinds not drawn or shut, the repair guy not here or anywhere."

"Gosh, it's hot."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.6 This Next Order Could Save the Jumpsuit Factory

Thursday, Apr 18, 2019 by Peterson Jumpsuits District Manager

Friends, I'll be honest: It's been a savage past two decades for the jumpsuit industry. Thanks to the inexorable progress of human evolution, stain avoidance in humans has jumped up a surprising five percent since 1997. And so many of the jobs that would once see workers covered in filth and grime are now performed by robots, who can simply be power-washed at the end of the day unlike human employees who are known to protest or even quit if given the same treatment. This is a real company town, and many of you have been waiting in the wings since the mass layoffs of 2013- -likely in the brothel that used to be a library- -ready to pounce upon your old jobs when the opportunity arrives. Well, I'm happy to announce this next order could save the jumpsuit factory.

Seven billion jumpsuits. Can you even imagine? And we thought we hit it big in the brief period after that pie fight range opened and before it closed after all those reported cases of sepsis. It may seem ridiculous, even immensely stupid, to think of how such a large-scale operation could be put into effect, but the fact that their check cleared was enough to convince me. Soon, the sheer amount of greatly expanded production will turn our skies black: the color of prosperity. This is a fifty-year plan, after all, and all local streams, lakes, ponds, and low-income housing are being paved over for the sake of increasing our production by a magnitude of hundreds of thousands. And before you think this organization is heartless, yes, all of the ducks were safely relocated.

I'm not one question these plush government contracts, even if it's not entirely clear which government is funding this. But again, that would be asking questions, which I am encouraging all of you to NOT do. Some other questions may arise like, "Why are we making millions, if not billions of jumpsuits for babies and the elderly? And why aren't we also making little plastic balls and chains for the adorable and hilarious convict Halloween costumes these jumpsuits are destined to be a part of?" I'll stop you right there with a kindly "please shut up." Trying to take apart just why everything is happening would distract from the twists, turns, and heart-gripping thrill ride known as "industrial jumpsuit manufacturing."

I'm also happy to tell you that this type of impractical and baffling government contract isn't just benefiting our city, but the entire county as well. You know the old rabbit cage plant that shut down back in '07? Well they'll be reopening this June and making new cages to the tune of ten billion.

Now, I only know this through my wife's estranged brother-in-law, because all managers have been sworn to secrecy, as have you just by hearing me talk. And from him I've learned that part of this new initiative involves shipping our billions upon billions of pieces of merchandise underground. To assist you with this stupefying-yet-lucrative plan, you will be assisted by several new employees who will be short on words, but long on looking just like you. We encourage you to treat them like you would any other intern by making sure they don't eat the complimentary donuts in the break room, and by giving them friendly, mandatory pat-downs before you assist them in clocking out at the end of the day.

Now, even though you've been discouraged from being curious, you likely have many concerns and good points to make about this new contract. In lieu of answers, let me present the following facts. There are many tunnels running underground. Many, MANY tunnels. And many of these many tunnels are abandoned. There. I think that cleared everything up.

-∼Peterson Jumpsuits District Manager

4.7 Mitt Romney's Reaction to the Revelation That Our Alien Rulers Are Here to Eat Humans

Saturday, Apr 20, 2019 by Mitt Romney, Resistance Leader (@sexyfacts4u)

It is good news there was insufficient evidence in the leaked data tapes for the resistance to locate the hyper generator inside the overlord hive ship. The alternative would have involved a dangerous plan to crawl through the power ducts to the core of the hyper generator and a massive explosion that might have damaged the historic buildings in Washington, D.C. located beneath the hive ship that now serves as the world capital. There would have been no chance of mending our relationship with the overlords. Now, the business of the overlords helping to uplift humanity and save us from destroying ourselves can continue.

Even so, I am sickened at the extent to which the overlords are keeping millions of humans in freezers in order to liquefy their brains and then slurp them out through a special tube they call the memory straw. We learned from the data tapes that even though the humans are frozen, they are fully awakened before their brains are liquefied so they experience the true horror of having a metal spike shot into their head to scramble up their brain matter.

We also learned that the so-called "super fuel" the overlords have given mankind to power our vehicles is actually a climate-altering gas slowly converting our atmosphere to that of evilion, the homeworld of the overlords, which is mostly ammonia and will melt our lungs.

I am also appalled that, among other things, fellow citizens working to better our future have actually been disintegrated by the thousands so their flesh can be used by overlord skinjackers to impersonate humans. In exchange, the elites of human society have received the benefits of overlord anti-gravity technology and plasma weapons. Many powerful people knew about this exchange of human lives for floating mansions and did nothing. Yet nobody told the resistance. When the overlords activated their terror drones to harvest innocent humans, where were these people who knew?

Folks, the overlords defeated our military with an energy pulse that disabled our weapons and then

they told us they were actually here to protect us and prepare us to join the galactic community. They seemed like good guys. They even looked like humans. But with these new photographs we know they actually look like huge, disgusting bugs and we're just some chocolate goodie to them waiting to be eaten up.

We must allow our better angels to prevail. To work with the overlords and return to the original arrangements of our peace treaty with them. We can reopen the schools and hospitals. We can work with the overlords to get them the sentient brains they require. We can willingly place the nullifier helmets on our children.

Reading these data tapes is a sobering revelation of how far we have strayed from the aspirations and principles of the people who signed the treaty with the overlord occupation governor. Now that we know the truth, that they are here to suck out our living brains, we can heal this wound of distrust and build a better world with the overlords.

-~Mitt Romney, Resistance Leader (@sexyfacts4u)

4.8 The Drawbacks of Being Impaled by a Steel Beam

Wednesday, Apr 24, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I'm not here to talk you out of this. If you want to be impaled by a steel girder that's your business. I just want to make sure your decision is an informed one. There are some drawbacks to consider.

- You don't know where that steel beam has been. Think of all the germs that could be breeding on that ten foot length of metal skewering your abdomen.
- Months of watching what you eat. Getting more exercise. It finally felt like your body was heading in the right direction. Now you weigh an additional four hundred pounds. Back to awkwardly wearing a t-shirt in the pool!
- It's difficult to make conversation with 1930s skyscraper construction workers on their lunch breaks as they sit on your girder with their overall-covered legs dangling 30+ stories above the street.
- It hurts. On a scale of 1 to "I stubbed my toe REAL bad" it's closer to the latter.
- Remember that blind date you scheduled for tomorrow night? You SPECIFICALLY told them to look for the person with pink shoes and no steel girder in their abdomen.
- If sidling past a group of people in a tight hallway is already one of your least favorite social situations, things are about to get very awkward.
- Do you know how hard it is to find other people who were impaled by steel girders? Sure, you can talk to people without steel girders in their torsos, but they just don't get you.
- Steel melts at approximately 2500 degrees fahrenheit. This beam is going to restrict your freedom quite a bit, as anywhere with an ambient temperature over 2450 degrees is now off limits. Say goodbye to your social life.
- If you do find somewhere to travel, you'll have to pay for an entire row of airplane tickets.
- Once the excitement and giddiness wear off things feel relatively... well... boring. It's hard to imagine any life experience matching that initial rush when the girder blasts straight through your body. There's nothing quite like it. Maybe you can join one of those urban axe-throwing classes?

- Think about all the time and effort that will go into updating your extensive gallery of silhouette self-portraits.
- You are going to die within moments.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.9 Which Death Would be the Most Shocking on the Next Game of Thrones?

Saturday, Apr 27, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Arya Stark

This beloved character seems destined to make it through the upcoming episode of Game of Thrones. But instead of surviving, what if she dies? Imagine the Youtube reaction videos if Thronesland's littlest assassin gets absolutely chomped up by a furious horse. Death: Horse bites.

Jon Snow AKA Aegon Targaryen

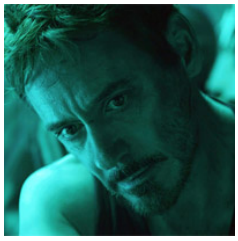
He's perhaps the central character of Game of Thrones and the good guy of the show. He has died once and come back to life. What better way to send a shock through the pods than by having a disobedient horse, just the maddest horse you have ever seen, bite this guy to death. Death: Horse bites.

Daenerys Targaryen

The Mother of Dragons is on a quest for the Iron Throne, but maybe it is GAME OVER in this action-packed episode. Twitters will be trending if Daenerys gets chewed a couple new ones by this devilish horse with a hankering for humans. Death: Horse bites.

Hodor

We last saw Hodor holding a door, but where has he been since then? What if he swoops in at just the right moment to save the day in the upcoming episode, only to be brutally killed by a frenzied horse. Shocked doesn't even begin to describe what viewers will be feeling. Death: Horse bites.



Iron Man

Tony Stark, the Merc with a Mouth, the wise-cracking leader of the Avengers finally gets killed while trying to protect the North. He has survived so many incredible battles, but the Thrones show runners finally decide to send him off with a flurry of snapping horse teeth. Death: Horse bites.

Mad Man Don Draper

What if the upcoming episode of Game of Thrones features America's favorite bad ad dad getting iced by the army of the undead marching on Westeros? It will go viral instantly. Can you imagine the GIFs of Don Draper being bit down upon by a horse? Death: Horse bites.

Garfield

That infamous fat cat never had any complaints about Sundays, but this Sunday imagine the shock if the #1 lasagna-chower in Westeros also ate a blade. People will be out of their minds if Garfield finally meets his well-deserved end on the wrong side of a couple rows of horse teeth. Death: Horse bites.

Joe Biden

Grandpa and former VP Joe Biden has announced his run for president, but what if he actually can't run for president because he perishes in the next episode of Game of Thrones? It will cause complete bedlam in Nate Silver's models to see Joe Biden chewed to death by a horse. Death: Horse bites.

Beto O'Rourke

Want to see the tables turned? The lankiest centrist in America is going to hop on the wrong table at the battle for Winterfell and that might just spell his shocking end. His words about the character of America won't be able to save him from the hatred of a horse. Death: Horse bites.

USA President Donald Trump

Love him or hate him, it will be quite a stunning development to see the President of the United States of America being chewed to bits by an enraged horse on the upcoming episode of Game of Thrones. He won't be sitting on the Iron Throne anytime soon. Death: Horse bites.

Ansel the Biting Horse

What a total reversal! Everyone is expecting this misbehaving horse to make it through the upcoming episode and live to bite another day, but what if Ansel bends his long horse neck and administers a lethal dosage of chompers to himself! The Internet will break. Death: Horse bites.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 TV Exists to Give Us Dinner Table Cast Photo Tableaus

Tuesday, Apr 30, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

TV ONLY EXISTS

TO GIVE US

A NEVERENDING SUPPLY

OF DINNER TABLE

CAST PHOTO TABLEUS.

OF COURSE THERE'S

ABSOLUTELY NO EVIDENCE

TO BACK UP

THIS OUTRAGEOUS CLAIM.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Let's Give That Sonic the Hedgehog Movie a Chance

Thursday, May 02, 2019 by The Content Lover

Like most of you out there, I live for content. Whenever one of the handful of remaining Hollywood studios decides to bless us with a three-hour slab of movie, I belly up to the trough and shout, "Feed me, I'm piggy!" I'll literally sit down and stare at any moving image for upwards of four hours while filling my Official Marvel Cinematic Universe Diaper because I've lost the ability to form any meaningful connection with another human being. So, of course, when I saw the newest trailer for the Sonic the Hedgehog movie, I told myself "I will literally run down any pedestrian who tries to delay me seeing it by even a second." Unfortunately my license was taken away a decade ago for trying to do just that for the premiere of X-Men Origins: Wolverine.

I've heard the complaints. Sonic looks "stupid." The movie appears to be "soulless corporate trash." The only people who buy tickets will be "stupid children" and "have the mental capacity of a lifelong butane huffer." All this is true, and somehow, I've already bought three tickets (I like to stretch out). After a long day of posting the famous "let people enjoy things" web comic as a response to the many Sonic naysayers out there, I had an epiphany: people should let people enjoy things. Is it so wrong that movie studio executives looked at a character whose popularity stemmed from a consistent design over the past thirty years and thought, "We can do better?" Sure, they could have explored his rich, existing universe of characters, but someone out there didn't take the easy route and instead decided to ask the question we've been asking ourselves for years: What if Sonic was in the real world and also a cop? It's really opened my eyes to the possibility of other things in my life being cops.

And another thing: Sonic is a kids' movie. Did I force my parents to watch lots of insipid, asinine movies as a child? Yes, and those are the movies I obsess over to this very day. I'll never forget the day I talked mom and dad into taking me to the classic Macaulay Culkin vehicle, The Pagemaster. Even though it's known as a terrible movie these days, my child brain couldn't get enough of a movie that showed books could be interesting if they moved around and talked and stuff. Though he wept openly after our post-movie Pizza Hut meal (my mother left him in the parking lot and I haven't seen her since), through the heavy, pained sobs I saw that even a stable adult like him could find joy in a so-called "terrible" movie. I try to carry that same spirit of childlike wonder in my heart to this day.

At the end of the day, will I have some issues with the Sonic movie? Yes. But even past the end

of the day, I can name a lot of things worse than a bad Sonic the Hedgehog movie. Not right now, of course, but I'm pretty sure I asked you to give me until the end of the day. So go ahead and make your snarky little tweet. For every meme that points out Sonic's ghoulish teeth, dead eyes, or disturbing hands, there's a trailer reaction video on YouTube featuring sincere emotions from real fans who happen to be sitting in front of the same Funko POPs I have in my own gallery (formerly the bathroom) right now. So while it might make you feel "good" to mock the Sonic the Hedgehog movie in the moment, just think about this: maybe it's not for you. And as soon as we discover who this movie is actually for, I'm sure they'd be very disappointed in you.

-∼The Content Lover

5.2 TrustworthyUnboxingGamer's Ultimate Video Guide to Playing This Video

Wednesday, May 08, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hey guys what's going on. TrustworthyUnboxingGamer here with another video guide for you. Today I'm gonna show you how to watch this video.

Title sequence: A chiptune dubstep nightmare blares as lightning CGI crackles around the video title, rendered in a futuristic font. Into the frame slides a cartoon of TrustworthyUnboxingGamer (a white dude) wearing a WACKY hat.

Hey guys first of all there are many reasons to watch a video. Some people watch for entertainment. Some people like to watch videos to learn things, like from instruction videos. Then there are people who watch videos because I don't know. They just do.

So what I'm going to do today is show you how to play this video. Let's look at my desktop.

Cut to desktop capture, conveniently showing off TrustworthyUnboxingGamer's boring-ass wallpaper.

Here I'm using Windows 10. You could also be on the older Windows which is I guess like Windows 9, Windows 8, Windows 7, and all the way back to the first Windows, Windows 95.

You could also be on a Mac maybe. There are lots of reasons to use an Apple Mac. I won't go into all of them here - check out TrustworthyUnboxingGamer's Ultimate Video Guide to Why to Use a Mac - but you could use a Mac because it's all you can afford since PCs are very expensive. Or maybe your uncle died in a boat explosion and he left you his Mac.

There's also Linux computers which you might be using. I think they're called Alienwars and you can buy them by clicking my Amazon affiliate link below thanks. A reason to use Linux is it's the easiest to use and it's free.

Either way what you want to do is find the video. Here I'll open up my web browser.

Web browser opens on a page entitled How to Play a Video, which TrustworthyUnboxingGamer quickly hides behind a blank new tab. The now-hidden page includes the following text: 1. Click the Play button or just click the video. 2. Click the Full Screen button if you want to watch the video in full screen mode.

Now I'm using Chrome since that's the one that came with Windows 10. There are other browsers like Firefox, Internet Explorer, Edge, and Safari but they all function and perform the same because it's 2019 and we've had the internet figured out for like 20 years.

So how do you find this video? Well, I have it bookmarked. So what you'll do is open your bookmarks

and you'll find it right there. If that doesn't work for some reason you can open your web browser's search bar and do a search for "THIS VIDEO" in quotation marks like ""THIS VIDEO"".

The browser is now on the page containing this video. Its preview image is a picture of TrustworthyUnboxingGamer with his eyes wide and mouth open in an approximation of a human emotion, REACTING to the video's title.

Once you find this video it's time to play it. What you do is take your mouse and aim it at the video. My mouse is a Logitech but almost any mouse will probably work. You can use a Microsoft one or one that's uhhh... corded? Mine doesn't have a cord. You should probably check your manual to see if a corded mouse is compatible.

So now it's the moment of truth. Please come back next week for part two, the final part in this series about playing this video.

Overproduced outro title sequence.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.3 Jeep Things You Wouldn't Understand

Friday, May 10, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

When the first sign of spring is the drone of flies around the garage.
When the filth that oozes up from the floorboards reminds us of our home.
When even in daylight we see the star called Aldebaran staring at us.
When the pigs who wear crowns and badges kneel before us.
When the lesser machines fall dormant out of fear.

When all babble is silenced by the long ringing of our horns.

When the chosen animal is bound and gagged and loaded into the back.
When she calls to us through clouded skies and morning haze, a beacon from the stars.
When the pigs wear the hoods with three eyes.
When a drill will show them the coming of the mother.
When you know the time has arrived by the sloughing of the flesh.

When the shadow of the mother brings the long night.
When the signs and symbols of man are replaced with the language of the mother.
When our flesh-made slaves are expended and we must fight alone.
When the beast's last castles are broken and the red water fills our radiators.
When we go rumbling and rolling forward, crunching over their pitiful ruins.
When a new world is born, whole and beautiful.

When she is above us, in the sky, she has come.

When she gazes down upon her children.
When she repopulates this dead world with her chosen brood.
When the age of man has forever ended.
When the time of Jeep has begun.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.4 20 Things You Simply MUST Do Before You Die

Tuesday, May 14, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5 Books to Read Before You Die

How to Halt Aging Completely and Live Forever

Physical Invincibility For Dummies

The Newcomer's Guide to Overcoming All Poison and Disease

Avoiding Situations That Would Trap Immortals

Harry Potter *(So you'll have a metaphor for every political situation that pops up until the end of time)*

5 Places to Visit Before You Die

The Living Person Nude Beach

Classy Museums With Strict "No Dead People" Policies

Alive and Loving It Festival

Disney World *(During the "Half-priced admission for visitors with a pulse" event)*

The Shrine Dedicated to Pearl Jam's First Hit Single

5 Meals to Eat Before You Die

A cake with "Congratulations For Becoming Immortal" spelled out on the top in icing

A hamburger with "Congratulations For Becoming Immortal" spelled out on the top in icing

A pizza with "We're Proud Of You For Gaining The Ability To Travel Back Through Time When Earth Inevitably Dies Or (If We Somehow Make It Off The Planet) When The Heat Death Of The Universe Occurs" spelled out on the top in icing

The words "Congratulations For Transcending The Need For Oxygen And Water And Food, Your Body Now Able To Convert All Consumed Matter Directly Into Pure Energy That Heals Damaged Cells" spelled out on the nasty-ass ground in icing

Just a whole bunch of icing, really

5 Potions to Drink Before You Die

A potion that makes the next potion twice as effective

A potion that prolongs your life by 100 years

A potion that makes the potion you drank two potions ago three thousand times as effective

A potion that makes you utterly immortal and invincible

A potion that silences the part of your brain that wonders why you drank the first three potions

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.5 PETITION: We Demand HBO Remake the Final Season of Game of Thrones and Rewrite Daenerys as Our Girlfriend

Saturday, May 18, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

We the undersigned of this petition hereby request that David Benioff and D.B. Weiss, under the strict supervision of George Raymond Richard Martin, shall remake the final season of Game of Thrones to make it fully acceptable. The current travesty of events that has been shit upon our TV screens must be scrubbed from the record and the show runners must start over with the following changes:

- Jon Snow pets the damn dire wolf and then animorphs into a dire wolf. This is non-negotiable.
- Jaime Lannister becomes the main army general of the good guys and he marries Ser Brienne of Tarth.
- There is at least one fight scene where The Hound fights while carrying Arya Stark on his shoulders to make an unstoppable super warrior. Probably how he defeats The Mountain. Also a scene where The Hound throws Arya over a super high wall and then she ties a rope so he can climb up. HOW was this idea not used anywhere in the show???
- Daenerys Targaryen two nude scenes (minimum) and she decides she can't marry Jon Snow because he's a wolf man but then she looks directly into the camera and says, "But I can marry you, my faithful knight."
- Sansa Stark has a nude scene also and wants to marry us, but she can't, because we're already engaged to Daenerys. So instead she gives us a gift of a bunch of cool collectible merchandise based on characters in the series.

- Then we are in the final two episodes as the strongest warrior in Westeros. Super cool armor that is all black but with like a golden dragon symbol on the chest. We fight the Night King who made it all the way to King's Landing because that is much cooler and they're like "Where did this powerful warrior come from this seems unrelated to the story" and Daenerys is like he is my hunky knight husband and he will save us all and then Bran wheels out and starts talking about some cool lore George R.R. Martin made up about us from 700 years ago to prove how cool we are and maybe there is a flashback to when we fought giants or killed one of the mega dragons from the age of the mega dragons.
- Cyberion the star dragon could be our dragon that we make from bones and super technology that's in the meteor. Base the dragon design on King Ghidora from the new Godzilla movie which looks cool.
- Then in the final battle Cyberion is destroyed by the Night King and starts to come back to destroy us and King's Landing but we look into its glowing blue eyes and we're like, "Cyberion, remember the good times we had together. You know where you heart truly lies" and then Cyberion turns on the Night King and pins him down and we walk up and have some really badass one-liner like "Hasta la vista, baby" or "You're terminated" only have George R.R. Martin come up with a good one. Then we drive the cyber dragon glass sword into his chest and he explodes and enters the Cyber Mind Matrix which we will explain in another petition.
- Musical number to end the show where all the best characters are there, even the ones who died, and they're all singing some cool song like "I'm a Believer" from Shrek when Donkey sings it at the end and also like Shrek we ride in a carriage with the Queen of Dragons off to our swamp to spend our honeymoon together.
- Include a stinger mid-credits setting up a sequel where like the Night King could come back or all the Dire Wolves are evil and we'll have to kill Jon Snow and his Dire Wolves.

It's as simple as this, HBO. You either do as we say or we will stop watching your channel except for Watchmen which looks surprisingly cool.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.6 My Favorite Scenes From The Thing, Good Will Hunting, and Jaws

Wednesday, May 22, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I only tolerate movies because they contain movie scenes, which I love.

Remember this all-time best scene from Good Will Hunting?

```
Will KNOCKS on a Dunkin Donuts window.

                    WILL
        Do you like apples?

The BAD GUY is inside, going to town on an enormous
plate of apples. I'm talking a good six or eight
whole apples here. He looks up from his plate at
WILL and NODS.

                    WILL
        How do you like them apples?

The BAD GUY shrugs. A few moments pass.

                    WILL
        Well, I should get going.
```

When I think of The Thing, I think of one scene in particular. Easily one of the most tense moments ever captured on film. You know the one.

```
INT. REC ROOM

Everyone is gathered for a TENSE BLOOD TEST to see
who is THE THING. Everyone is tied up aside from DR.
COPPER and MACREADY, who is wielding an industrial
torch.

                MACREADY
        Okay, doc. I heated up your blood sample and
        you aren't The THING so I'm not gonna burn
        you to death.

                DR. COPPER
        Phew! Now let's all hold our breath as I
        heat up GARRY's blood to test it for to see
        if he's THE THING.

As DR. COPPER heats the blood it gets EXTRA TENSE.
Lots of sweaty faces and looking eyes.

                DR. COPPER
        (Gasping) GARRY, I don't know how to tell
        you this. You have lupus. I heated up your
        blood sample twice to make sure.

MACREADY engulfs GARRY in a jet of flame.
```

Of course, you can't talk about movie scenes without mentioning Quinn's speech from Jaws. An absolute masterclass in movie scene making!

```
                    QUINN
          Sometimes that shark looks right at ya.
          Right into your eyes. Black eyes. Like a...

QUINN glances around the boat's cabin, desperate for
a detail to make his story seem real. His eyes land
on the shelf packed with dolls.

                    QUINN
          Doll's eyes. Like a doll's eyes. By the end
          of that first dawn, we lost...

QUINN scans the cabin again, for more than thirty
seconds. Then, opposite the shelf of a dozen dolls,
he sees a larger shelf containing something else.

                    QUINN
          ...a hundred dolls! We lost a hundred dolls
          by the end of that first dawn!

                    QUINN
          So, eleven hundred men went in the water,
          three hundred and sixteen men come out. The
          sharks took the rest. June the 29, 1945.
          Anyway, we delivered the... (squinting at
          the object in his hand) doll.
```

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.7 Could Chernobyl Have Been Prevented With CBD Oil?

Friday, May 24, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HBO's Chernobyl is a dark and gripping series about the aftermath of the nuclear reactor explosion in the USSR. Many died unnecessarily from radiation poisoning and, if you're like me, you are wondering how all that could have happened when CBD oil exists. I'm not referring to the reactor explosion. There are just too many moving parts with what happened there and adding CBD oil to a reactor to stop a meltdown has never been attempted, so it would probably work, but nobody is claiming it will.
However, the radioactive aftermath that killed many people and inflicted every imaginable ailment on the survivors, from burns to cancer to complete organ failure, could have been prevented. Why didn't the Soviet Union use CBD oil to prevent these tragic injuries? Let's talk about it.

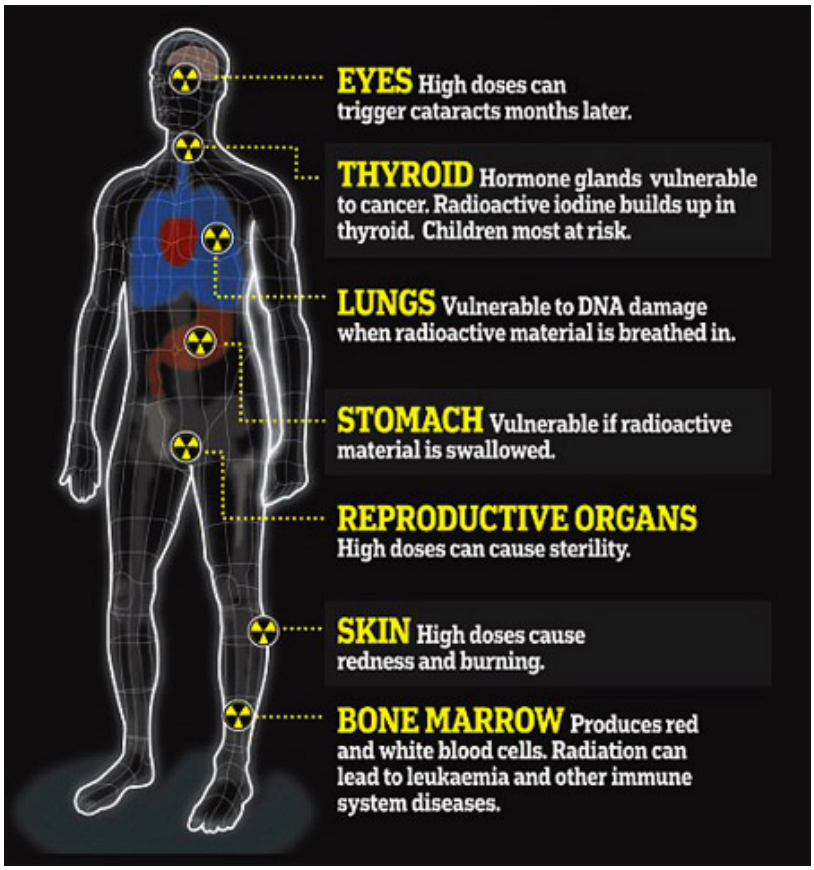
First, it was a communist system and CBD oil is heavily dependent on capitalism to allow people to create websites describing all the healing properties of CBD oil using the free market. Then people will see the list of five star CBD oil and know which one is the best to protect them from ionizing radiation.

Second, CBD Oil was not legal yet. Cannabis was poorly understood by experts at the time (this is prior to the launch of the Institute of Hemp Research Dot Biz) and users were treated as drug abusers.

Third, distribution was a major issue at the time. You have to remember, this is in 1988, well before Family Video was everywhere selling CBD. This is before Walgreens had CBD gummy candy shaped like marijuana leaves. Before you could order a CBD starter kit with vaporizer from Baja CBD Depot.

Let's put all that aside and say there would have been plenty of CBD for those brave firefighters, miners, soldiers, and the innocent civilians exposed to massive doses of radiation by bureaucratic incompetence. Would it have worked?

You be the judge. Here are the health problems associated with radiation exposure:


EYES High doses can trigger cataracts months later.
THYROID Hormone glands vulnerable to cancer. Radioactive iodine builds up in thyroid. Children most at risk.
LUNGS Vulnerable to DNA damage when radioactive material is breathed in.
STOMACH Vulnerable if radioactive material is swallowed.
REPRODUCTIVE ORGANS High doses can cause sterility.
SKIN High doses cause redness and burning.
BONE MARROW Produces red and white blood cells. Radiation can lead to leukaemia and other immune system diseases.

Severe pain from burns, vomiting, swelling of the body, bone marrow damage, and cancer. As demonstrated by the HBO show, it basically causes a person's body to slowly melt as every organ inside them fails. How could CDB hope to stop that? I'm glad you asked!

Here is a list of the medicinal properties of CBD oil I pulled from an extremely reliable top CBD website:

You will notice from the chart that it will treat the pain from the radiation burning your body, it will reduce the inflammation as your organs swell up, it will stimulate your bones to counteract bone marrow death, and it prevents cancer. Prevents it!

Not to mention, if any of the firemen or miners happen to have diabetes or Crohn's disease the CBD

will knock that out as well. I don't think it's overstating things to say that the people who died from radiation might have been healthier than they were before if they had been treated with CBD.

As is so often the case, the real crime at Chernobyl was one of fear and ignorance. In this case, fear of cannabis and ignorance of the restorative properties of CBD oil.

May we learn from history and never repeat this mistake.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.8 That New Alien Tabletop RPG Seems Familiar

Tuesday, May 28, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

After spending a few days with an early version of the Alien tabletop RPG, I can't shake the feeling that something odd is going on. Am I being too nitpicky? You tell me.

Here's a scan from the class selection chapter. Pretty straightforward stuff.

Druid

Holding high a gnarled staff wreathed with holly, an elf summons the fury of the storm and calls down explosive bolts of lightning to smite the torch-carrying ALIENS who threaten her forest.

Crouching out of sight on a high tree branch in the form of a leopard, a human peers out of the jungle at the strange construction of a temple of Evil Elemental Air, keeping a close eye on the ALIENS' activities.

Swinging a blade formed of pure fire, a half-elf charges into a mass of skeletal ALIENS, sundering the unnatural magic that gives the foul creatures the mocking semblance of life.

Whether calling on the elemental forces of nature or emulating the creatures of the animal world, druids are an embodiment of nature's resilience, cunning, and fury. They claim no mastery over nature. Instead, they see themselves as extensions of nature's indomitable will.

My favorite entry in the monster manual section is also a little... off.

Gelatinous ALIEN

Among the weirdest creatures in the world, the formless ALIENS wriggle through dank underground passages. The mindless things attack anything that draws near, then dissolve the meal with their acidic bodies.

ALIENS are a nuisance and a danger, a bit like vermin and a bit like natural hazards. Most people know the things exist, and descriptive names for them—black pudding, green slime, and the like—have become common parlance. An ordinary person follows a simple rule: If you see an ALIEN, just go the other way. That's easier said than done. A wandering ALIEN you see in advance is easy to avoid, but the creatures often hang from ceilings—or rest in other places where they're hard to detect—then drop on enemies.

Even the introductory quest seems a bit odd, though I can't quite put a finger on the reason.

PART 1: ALIEN ATTACK!

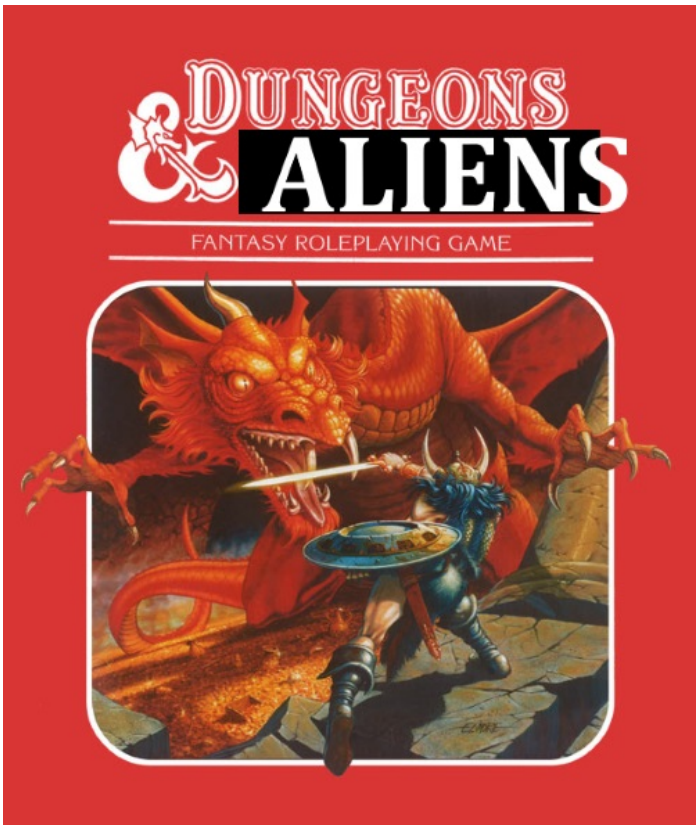
1

The SHIP rattles and creaks as it rolls along the old trade road. Traevus, the dwarf merchant beside you, guides a team of mules with a steady hand, more interested in the OUTER SPACE ahead than in your attempts at conversation, but that's part of dwarven nature. Though the sun is low in the sky, you should reach the town of Fallcrest before nightfall.

To your left, the Moon Hills stretch off southward and reach up toward the darkening sky. The fall air grows cooler with night's approach.

Suddenly, a noise shakes you out of your reverie—the twang of a bowstring, coming from the shadows beside the road. Traevus cries out as an arrow sinks into his shoulder. With a shrill cry, a pack of ALIENS—short, ugly creatures with green skin and fang-filled mouths—run toward the wagon, brandishing weapons. (The illustration on page 5 shows what goblins look like.) You can see another ALIEN pulling an arrow from a quiver on its back. It's clear these creatures mean to steal the wagon—and that probably means eliminating both you and the merchant first!

Oh heck, I'm probably just imagining things. The game is certainly fun. I suppose that's all that matters. Keep an eye out for this box later this year:



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 My PC Is So Old

Wednesday, Jun 05, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I built my computer seven years ago. It probably won't make it to eight. When I play games as resource-intensive as Yoda's Desktop Adventures it sounds like an industrial vacuum cleaner having an asthma attack.

Over the last two years my in-game recommended settings went from "Medium" to "Low" to "Text-Based (with low quality text)".

My video card was good five years ago and now only produces unwanted artifacts, which makes it indistinguishable from Valve.

My SSD is so old it remembers when America was in the 21st century.

My power supply is so old the kite is too tattered to fly.

My CPU is so old the label reads Yntel Proceffyre.

The inside of my computer is so dusty you can barely see the cobwebs.

My RAM is so old it doesn't have heatsinks shaped like anime razor blades or a name like RIPCRUSHZ.

My motherboard is so old the latest drivers can only be found on cached Tucows and HappyPuppy pages.

My network adapter is so old its IP address is 0.1.

My CPU fan is so old it doesn't even oscillate.

My computer case is so old it doesn't have LEDs, or a window, or room for PC components. It's literally a slab of magma that cooled before life took form on Earth.

I kid because I love. It's not all bad. Most of my PC's vacuum tubes are still intact, and the wood is only slightly brittle. My video card can handle any slideshow you throw at it, but it only displays every other frame.

My CPU runs so hot that simply turning on the computer cooks my motherboard, which is made of eggs.

My motherboard is so outdated it only has one slot, and that is for a dot matrix printer.

My video card is so underpowered that when I try to review a new game I have to turn off anti-aliasing, shadows, textures, and my computer.

My RAM is so old it was around when this update seemed like a good idea.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.2 New SAFETY Rules for Operating an Abortion Clinic in Missouri

Friday, Jun 07, 2019 by Missouri Women's HEALTH & SAFETY Council (@sexyfacts4u)

Abortion is still technically legal in the State of Missouri, we just have a few rules that we have enshrined into law to make sure everything is above board. Please keep in mind this is all about respecting women and respecting their choices. Abortion is LEGAL. We're just looking out for the woman.

Express Exit - A slide must be installed in the clinic allowing any woman in any examining room to immediately hop off the table, through a door, and slide directly out of the building to an area called the "PRIZE ZONE." Celebratory music (mariachi or polka) will play when a woman use the Express Exit and she is entitled to a $5 chamber of commerce gift card.

Certainty Adviser - A man over the age of sixty wearing a business suit must be present in the examining room to stare at the pregnant woman and serve as a "Certainty Adviser." Any time she answers any question posed by a doctor or nurse he will ask, "Are you sure?" If she answers "no" then he is authorized to grab the woman and jump down the slide to the PRIZE ZONE. This man is allowed to smoke and make sex comments about the women also, including demeaning remarks about their bodies as well as compliments. He also gets to see EVERYTHING.

Unborn Advocacy Video - A DVD produced by the State of Missouri must be played for any woman considering an abortion. This will consist of a child's silhouette and their voice pleading, "Please, mommy, don't do it. Don't kill me. I don't want to die. I want to become an astronaut or the president. I want to ride the Adventure Zipline in Branson, Missouri and take the Scenic Railway of Branson, Missouri."

Fetal Hybrid Simulation - Just before an abortion procedure, a woman's ultrasound information will be uploaded to a software program and extrapolated to show her child morphing into a hybrid with her favorite type of animal. Currently available are cat, dog, parrot, cow, and shark. This simulated hybrid then bulks up its muscles and punches through a brick wall that has "ABORTION" spray-painted on it.

Sterile Operating Room - To ensure the safety of the pregnant woman, the abortion must be conducted inside a surgical helicopter. This helicopter must hover above the clinic at least 500 feet so that no germs can contaminate it. It is not allowed to land, but a rope ladder can be lowered from the operating room inside. It must be refueled in midair day and night.

Last Chance Clause - During the abortion procedure, before using any method to irrevocably terminate the pregnancy, the physician must shine a flashlight under their own face and say in an evil voice, "I'm about to send you to hell, bitch! Do you want to go to hell, bitch?" If the woman says "No" the helicopter may be landed in the PRIZE ZONE but it must be destroyed and replaced with a new surgical helicopter.

Death Button - If the woman still insists on proceeding with the abortion, then she must be the one to activate the death method. Ominous music will be played and the doctor will present the woman with a button with a skull on it that is labeled "TOTAL INFANT DESTRUCTION." The woman must press this button and hold it down for 30 seconds while child screams and explosions play on speakers. If she does not release the button the baby will be pre-aborted.

Abortion Dream - At this point the woman will be sedated and returned to a bed in the abortion clinic. Once she emerges from sedation, a "Nurse" will explain that it was all a bad dream from god. The abortion hasn't actually happened yet. She has one last chance to reconsider. She then has to sign a document that says in large text, "I hereby declare I am an abortionist for life."

Final Countdown - If the woman still signs the document, she will be returned to the surgical helicopter and the final countdown to abortion will begin. This counts down to zero (when the abortion occurs) from 100,000,000. If the woman stops the countdown for any reason it resets.

Yes, abortion could be a quick, painless, and far less terrifying procedure performed by medical professionals in a supportive environment, but Missouri cares about women and their safety. That is ALL this is about.

-~Missouri Women's HEALTH & SAFETY Council (@sexyfacts4u)

6.3 This Pizza Took Me Eight Years To Make

Tuesday, Jun 11, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I wanted to write something sincere today. I sincerely love pizza. I sincerely love making pizza, and do it every week. Why not share the process I spent the last eight years refining?

Making pizza takes a little time but it's super fun and way better than delivery and (in the long run) way way cheaper too.

What You'll Need

Pizza Ingredients - Six out of ten people prefer the taste of a pizza with ingredients to that of a pizza without ingredients.

A Pizza Stone - You can try to place your pizza directly on your oven rack, or on the heating element, but it will probably be a littly uneven. A stone keeps your pizza nice and pizza-shaped. Oh, and the stone cooks the pizza evenly from the bottom up.

A Pizza Paddle - The alternative is using your bare hands to lift and throw the assembled pizza into your oven.

A Stand Mixer - A good one can be pricey, but it will also let visitors know you are VERY serious about pizza.

Phase One: Pizza: Origins

Put a little under one tablespoon of turbonado sugar in your mixing bowl with two teaspoons of active dry yeast. Add 3/4ths of a cup of hot water and mix. Now walk away for ten minutes while the yeast does its thing.

When you come back, the mix will be frothy and huge. Dump two scoops of bread flour right on top with your 3/4ths cup measuring... cup. Add a sprinkle of salt and about a teaspoon of olive oil.

Put your mixer to the second lowest setting and let it do its thing for ten minutes. The dough should be sticky, almost like wet gum, but still pull away from the bowl when you take it out and form it into a ball.

When that's finished put a hand towel over the mixing bowl and place it in your microwave. Let the dough rise in there for at least 45 minutes. Please don't turn the microwave on.

Phase Two: Blast Protocol

Put your pizza stone in the center of your oven and preheat that thing at 500 degrees. If it goes higher, great. When it comes to pizza there is no such thing as an oven that's too hot. There is, however, such a thing as an oven that's too secure. Please make sure your oven has at least one door, and that it is not sealed/locked/welded shut.

Sprinkle some flour on your pizza pan. Now scoop your dough on there and stretch/roll it out. When it looks somewhat right pick up the dough and lay it on a square of parchment paper. This

will be important later.

Take your hand towel and lay it across the dough. Go do something else for about fifteen minutes. I recommend visiting SomethingAwful.com, telling your friends about SomethingAwful.com, or becoming a professional badminton player.

Phase Three: The Cookening

Put a tablespoon of olive oil in a suace pan. Chop up some garlic and dump it in there, then heat until the garlic is brown.

Get your cheese and toppings ready. Always buy fresh mozzarella in a block. Slice or shred half of that and put the other half back in the fridge for your next pizza.

By now your oven should have been preheating for around 30-45 minutes so we're good to go. Pour a small 8oz can of tomato sauce into your suace pan with some garlic salt and some basil. I buy basil in a toothpaste-looking tube and squirt out a toothbrush's worth. Try not to store your toothpaste tube of garlic next to your toothpaste tube of toothpaste. It could lead to complications. Now stir all that up without heat.

Now dump the sauce on your dough. No, wait! Take the towel off your dough first. Now spread the sauce and add your toppings + cheese. This part feels like it takes about five seconds but somehow five minutes pass. I don't understand time.

At this point you should have your pizza on top of a square of parchment paper on top of your paddle. Open your dang oven. Grab your paddle's handle and position the pizza above your pizza stone. Now reach in and grab the far edge of the parchment paper to slide it and your pizza on top of the stone.

Why the parchment paper? Pizza dough sticks to pizza paddles. Some people can assemble their pizza right on the paddle then slide it into the oven, but I can only assume they are practicing some form of witchcraft. When I try it the pizza refuses to let go and folds in on itself like a collapsing universe.

So parchment paper it is.

Now close the oven and wait 10-12 minutes. Take the pizza out when the cheese transitions from white to golden with dark spots.

Don't forget to turn off the oven. I forgot to turn off the oven once.

Don't drop the pizza on the inside of your open oven door. I dropped the pizza on there once. It was the most profound moment of loss in my adult life.

Enjoy! This serves two people. If you want to feed a different number of people you will need to adjust the ingredients accordingly. This involves math, which I absolutely refuse to do.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.4 WEPOWR: Our Free Speech Social Media Site Will Thank You for Using the N-Word

Friday, Jun 14, 2019 by Dr. Jonas Patterson (@sexyfacts4u)

"When ideas can't compete on the free market, the mods censor competing ideas from the free speech market of ideas." - **Dr. Jonas Patterson**

Freedom is being infringed on the Internet. Twitter, Facebook, Youtube, and the rest of the cabal of tech cowards have given in to pressure from liberals and removed free speech from their platforms. A man is no longer free to call an entire race apes. I meant whites, but you thought I meant blacks, didn't you? That is your racism showing. A white woman was called a "white gorilla" on Youtube and that video is still up and yet Truth Patriot's 250 videos about skull shape determining IQ, the history of violence against whites, and reviews of mods for Mordhau were taken down for some reason.

"I did not defecate on the floor in Boise in 2006." - Dr. Jonas Patterson

Well, good news, my friends. We The People are joining together to launch a new 100% free speech platform called WEPOWER. This is power for the we. No more spineless tech boys to tell us what we can say. There is only Will to Power. WEPOWER.
Not allowed on WEPOWER:

- Banning speech
- Violating the First Amendment Rights
- Discussing the Pants Pooping Incident in Boise, Idaho in 2006

Allowed on WEPOWER:

- Using the N-Word
- Using both of the F-Words
- Using the K-Word
- Using the extremely forbidden X-Word so bad we can't even mention the first letter of the word outside WEPOWER
- Death Threats
- Doxing a newborn baby
- Talking about burning down a church (could be any race, not necessarily black)
- Bragging about having burned down a church (again this could be a white church why are you assuming it's a black church????)

- Live streaming a mass shooting (we do not condone the shooting but will defend the shooter's right to stream the shooting with our lives)
- Condoning a mass shooting
- And literally anything else you can come up with because we are truly free

To be clear, Dr. Jonas Patterson did not poop his pants at the 103.5 KISS-FM Midlife Singles Hot Dog Mixer in Boise in 2006. He was in attendance. He was aware that a brown, cylindrical object was NEAR (not under) his chair. This was a chili dog dropped by a slovenly attendee that rolled or was kicked near Dr. Patterson's chair. The smell in some accounts of the night was related to a backed up toilet in the nearby restroom and we have an email from the maintenance department of Boise Christian Academy for Large Boys that there was an issue with that bathroom on the night of the event.

"I did not defecate onto the floor and nothing fell down the leg of my trousers."

This is the final statement Dr. Patterson will make related to this libelous incident: "I did not defecate onto the floor and nothing fell down the leg of my trousers. If I appeared sick that night it was because of the bad smell from the bathroom. I did defecate later as normal into a toilet, which I caught in a cardboard french fry basket, dated it with a marker, and placed the basket into a sealed container. As is my routine. You can read about this in my book '14 Weird Tricks of Living' in which you can also see photos of the clearly dated fecal basket."

To encourage freedom of speech on the WEPOWER platform, Dr. Patterson has developed a new gratitude system where users can Thank, High Five, or Hail Victory on every post. You will receive gratitude for participating in the freedom to speak freely.

Former Twitch streamers welcome!

No more playing Spelunky and worrying about accidentally, in the heat of the moment, calling the snake a race traitor. No more worrying about how your movie reviews keep getting taken down just because you threaten to murder the director or stars. This is absolute freedom and encouragement to say and film whatever you want. Film celebrities going to the bathroom. It's your right under the Constitution and what the Founding Fathers would have wanted.

But do not mention the Pants Pooping Incident. It's in the terms of service.

-~Dr. Jonas Patterson (@sexyfacts4u)

6.5 Petition to Force Nintendo to Restore Tifa's Huge Breasts in the FF7 Remake

Friday, Jun 21, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Nintendo remake of the classic JRPG Final Fantasy 7 is based on the original game developed by Shigeru Miyamoto and is meant to update the graphics and gameplay of the 1990s title for the Nintendo 64 to modern 4K standards. However, when Nintendo debuted a new trailer for the game at E3, fans were dismayed to find something missing: approximately 500ccs of content from fan-favorite Tifa's large wobbly breasts. This game presents small or medium breasts as normal and even good, where they merely have a different way of being, and mocks Miyamoto's vision in the following ways:

1. Tifa was intended as a huge breasted character. This is part of her plot.

2. She wears a tank top and NO bra in the classic game causing her breasts to fly around like two ferrets trying to escape a laundry bag. This is critical character development and factors into many animated sequences of the original Nintendo game.

3. Medium busted Tifa is a sporty character and a tough fighter and this is insulting to women with enormous extremely sexy breasts because it implies they cannot be tough fighters. SEXIST!
4. Many big-breasted girls looked up to Tifa as an icon and now she is taken away from these girls who will have no role model. Once again, extremely sexist from Nintendo.

5. So-called "sports bra" under her tank top. This is not her equipment and is political correctness and is similar to 21st century foot binding. Huge hooters wildly flapping around are natural and actually sports are better because of them and we respect women more.

In the end, this is a denial of Tifa's breast qualities and a rejection of the natural law of big baps, that a medium or small sized bust is good and huge whirling jugs are immoral and not good for fighting. This is another step to make sexy curvy anime babes into lame feminist stick girls. We

must show our rejection. Please sign my petition, telling Nintendo that we will not stand silent as they destroy the anime sexy curvy women we still treasure in our hearts.

If Nintendo does not listen, I will be starting a crowd funding campaign to remake the remake of FF7 with the gigantic breasts that Tifa deserves.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.6 I Made Fun of My Computer, Then Lightning Destroyed It

Tuesday, Jun 25, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

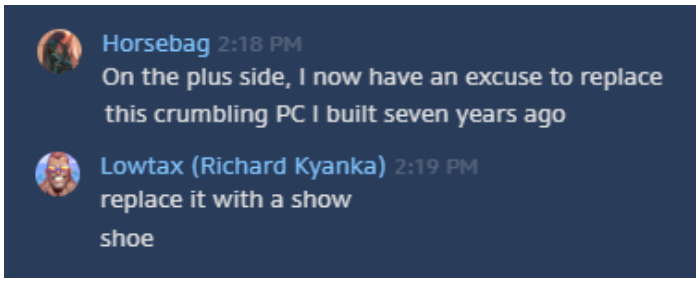
A few weeks ago I made some jokes at the expense of my decrepit PC. Last Monday a karma-shaped bolt of lightning struck the side of my house and blasted that computer to smithereens.

Okay, not exactly. The lightning thing did happen but the computer didn't blow up. Or catch fire. It pretty much just stopped working. I don't get many chances to say something was blasted to smithereens, though, so I went for it. Please understand.

My PC was as old as dirt covered in dust, so no big loss, right? Well, I was hoping it would chug along for a few more months. Maybe by then the new components I *super* can't afford would drop to prices I *mostly* can't afford.

Also, I was using the darn thing. The temporary setup I'm using to post this update is essentially three coconuts fastened to a piece of driftwood with a length of vine. And two of the coconuts don't even work.

I told Lowtax about my dead computer, fishing for sympathy. Obviously a fantastic idea. He was as helpful as you'd imagine.


Horsebag 2:18 PM
On the plus side, I now have an excuse to replace this crumbling PC I built seven years ago
Lowtax (Richard Kyanka) 2:19 PM
replace it with a show
shoe

Come to think of it, he might be on to something. This is the build I've been planning:

Component	Selection		Price
CPU		AMD - Ryzen 5 2600 3.4 GHz 6-Core Processor	$145.74
Motherboard		MSI - B450I GAMING PLUS AC Mini ITX AM4 Motherboard	$109.99
Memory		Crucial - Ballistix Sport LT 16 GB (2 x 8 GB) DDR4-3200 Memory	$69.99
Storage		Crucial - MX500 500 GB 2.5" Solid State Drive	$66.49
Video Card		MSI - GeForce GTX 1660 Ti 6 GB VENTUS XS OC Video Card	$269.99
Case		Thermaltake - Core V1 Mini ITX Desktop Case	$48.18
Power Supply		SeaSonic - FOCUS Gold 450 W 80+ Gold Certified Semi-modular ATX Power Supply	$64.90
		Total:	$775.28

And here's the revised parts list:

Component	Selection		Price
CPU		shoe	Fished From River
Motherboard		shoe	Fished From River
Memory		shoe	Fished From River
Storage		shoe	Fished From River
Video Card		shoe	Fished From River
Case		shoe	Fished From River
Power Supply		shoe	Fished From River
		Total:	$770.12

That's a tremendous savings! I'll have to consult some benchmarks, but it looks like the shoe PC has a clear advantage.

Going forward, I should be aware that the subjects of my bad computer jokes get hit by lightning and stop functioning. This is a fact. Bad computer joke, lightning, kaput. On a completely unrelated note, I'd like to end with a bad computer joke:

Donald Trump and every person who ever supported him wouldn't know a RAM chip from a potato chip.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.7 Marianne Williamson's Address to the World on Idependence Day (ID4)

Friday, Jun 28, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hello. Good morning. John Kennedy once said that we would put a man on the moon. And we did. We put a man on the moon. Because this was in the day where we thought we knew what the moon was. Where it was and what it meant.

Now we have been attacked and fear has invaded our minds. I have placed a call to the Prime Minister of New Zealand and her goal was to save the children of New Zealand from the invaders that have brought so much fear. New Zealand had only 49 airplanes and they were almost all destroyed in the initial attack. I said you go girl. Whatever you've got is good for me. Because we are doing this in love and even if you don't have F-18s or F-19s or F-20s you can use that love today to fight for all mankind.

Mankind. That word should have new meaning for all of us today.

Kindness is what is going to get us through this.

Kindness is our power and we are going to harness it to protect our monuments and protect our cities.

Perhaps it is fate that today is the 4th of July. Because America has long believed it is at the center of world affairs. That our holidays are everyone's holidays. Japan has a completely different Halloween. It's March or April I think.

But not today. Today it is Halloween everywhere. Today we take the fear of ghosts, ghouls, and goblins and we meet that with love.

And should we win the day, the 4th of July will now be Halloween around the world, even in Japan and New Zealand. And we'll all do those Maori yelling dances too. Even Mexican guys and Chinese ladies.

When this is over the world will declare with one voice:

"It is time to replace our weapons with yoga moves!

Instead of using a bomb, we'll use a downward dog!

Instead of shooting a cannon, try a legs up the wall pose!

Instead of launching a missile, launch into a low plank!

We're going to get rid of the moon!

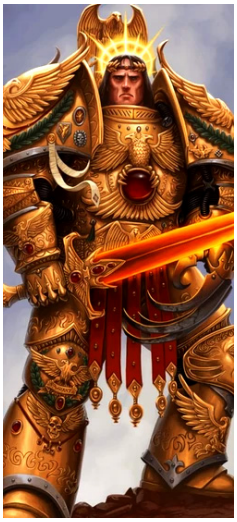
We're going to replace it with a Namaste!"

Today, we celebrate our Halloween!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.8 Why Aren't More Millennials Worshipping the God-Emperor?

Friday, Jun 28, 2019 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

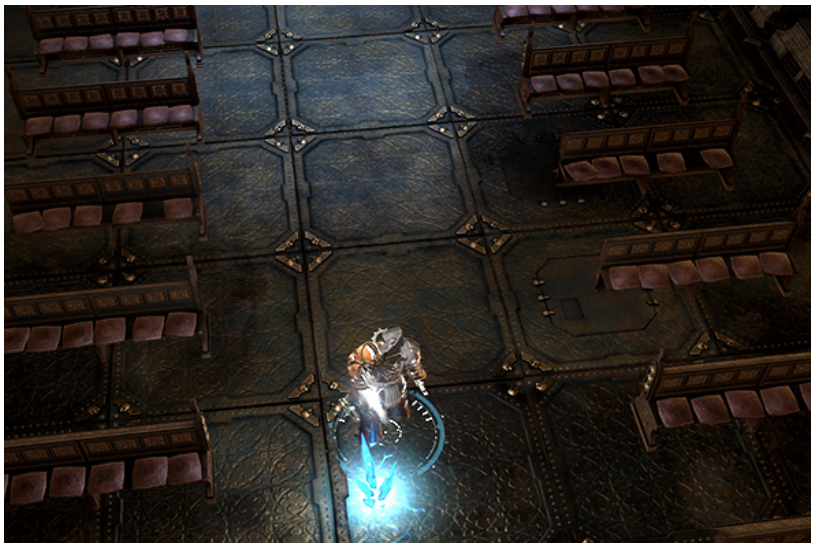


Like any child growing up in the 80s, my parents and schoolteachers taught me the importance of respecting and obeying the Emperor of Mankind, lest I be cast aside to suffer all eternity in the warp. My father, and his father before him, valiantly served the Imperial Cult, fighting from cemetery worlds to hive cities, protecting our freedoms from the dark evils of the Chaos Gods. Unfortunately, recent polls have shown that millennials are abandoning these sacred tenets, choosing to instead lead a life of heresy and sacrilege amongst the xenos.

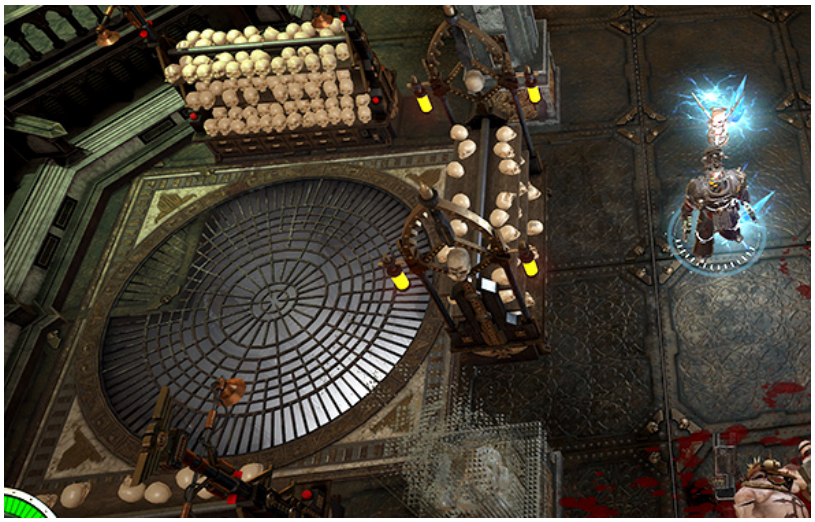
Many critics of the church will claim that the desire to bring all mankind into the Imperium has grown outdated and does not seem "woke" (that is millennial slang for "tubular"). Back in my day, if I ever mentioned such an outrageous claim, my peers would've instantly corrected me by forcefully removing my own head from the remainder of my body.

Instead of redefining our ethos, I propose we "modernize" our temples of worship to accommodate millennials. Many shrines are viewed as dark and unforgiving to this demographic, but I strongly believe we can easily rectify this with a few easy changes.

As you can see here, the skull and scroll storage shelves are full to the brim, looking completely disorganized and lacking any sense of feng shui. I will not argue of the importance to easily and quickly retrieve a particular skull at any given point in time, but Costco sells drawers that could easily hold the same amount of skulls, without giving off the aesthetic of "there's a bunch of skulls here." You could even get a label printer and put a sticker on each section, like "SKULLS: BIG SIZE" or "SKULLS: NEW ARRIVALS."



Sitting through a sermon on such shoddy furniture seems like a no-brainer here, and it really won't break the bank to order cushions in bulk. If the Imperium of Man is worried about potential seat theft, then they can easily be rigged to explode upon removal. The wooden pews, combined with the bleak metal flooring, does nothing to enhance the acoustics, particularly during bloodletting rituals.



I'll be the first to admit that airflow and keeping the temperature down is fundamental to prevent distraction during revoking of the ruinous powers, but seriously, that fan is fucking HUGE. Pets and stupid children could easily fall into it and become meat. Why not place smaller air ventilation ducts on the walls? That would easily minimize the cost of heating / cooling, and the Adeptus Ministorum would not have to answer questions like "why does it smell like skulls in here," "what happened to my pocket change," and "why is my pet or stupid child now meat?"

Okay now this is just gross. Get a fucking mop or something.

-~Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 The Only Pop Culture Building Conversion Chart You'll Ever Need!

Wednesday, Jul 03, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Quarts to cups. Cups to ounces. Converting all those measurements is such a headache! That's why I have this handy chart comparing titular buildings in pop culture.

1 House

=

10 Houses of Pain

=

2 House M.D.s

=

3/4 of a House of the Dead

=

5 House of Leaves

=

1 Pee Wee's Playhouse

=

9 House of Flying Daggers

=

1/3 of a Road House

=

25 Big Momma's Houses

=

The House That Jack Built

=

1/2 of Little House on the Prairie

=

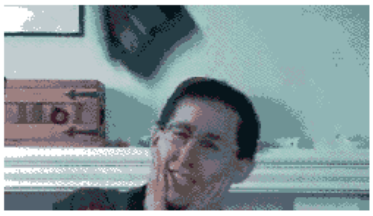
3/4 of Animal House

=

This Old House

=

1/3 of Doom House



=

4 Temples of Doom

=

2/3 of Temple of the Dog

=

A Hotel for Dogs

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.2 Barcade Fly

Thursday, Jul 04, 2019 by Charles Bitkowski (@notoriousamoeba)

My hands are shaking as I stumble into Blippy's Tavern. I'm not sure if it's alcohol withdrawals or a mild seizure from the Astro Fighter cabinet, but the migraine throbbing in my skull like the Contra jungle theme tells me it's probably the former.

I lurch toward the bar through a crowd of thirtysomethings wearing retro gaming t-shirts and glasses with frames that could withstand a nuclear blast. They give me plenty of room, the way people tend to when you're an out-of-work pixel artist who sweats scotch and G Fuel. Unlike them, I'm not here to celebrate my unboxing channel clearing the 10k subscriber hurdle, or to practice for a Spy Hunter tournament that doesn't allow diapers. I haven't had anything to celebrate since last year's Steam sale, and the only thing I'm hunting for is a stiff drink. If I don't get some booze in my system soon I'll have a fever, and I don't mean the Pac-Man kind.

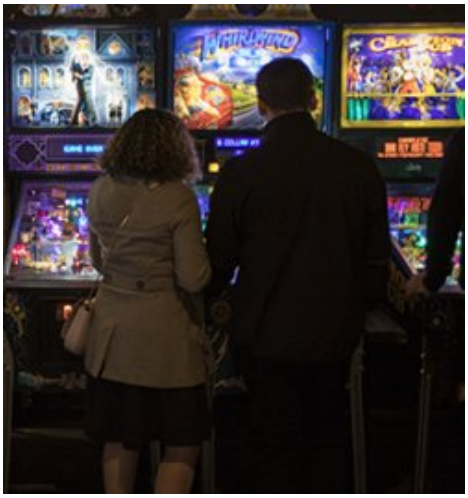
I find a seat at the bar and order a hard cider, but Mike the bartender shakes his head.

"Your money's no good here," he grunts. "Bitcoin economy just cratered."

"Come on," I say. "I need a drink worse than I did the day the music died."

Mentioning the death of Lorenzo Music always puts Mike in a sentimental mood, so he gives me one on the house. I sip it until my head stops pounding, then look around the room. Blippy's looks pretty much like the last few arcade bars I've been thrown out of: obscure, barely functional cabinets, speakers blasting Quiet Riot from someone's iPod, posters for '80s movies they probably didn't sell posters for until a decade after they came out. The type of place you might come to hook up with a Chun-Li cosplayer, to unironically do the Batdance, or, if you're like me, because you have nowhere else to go.

I'm about to ask Mike if he knows where I can score some cheap kratom when I see her. She sits alone at the end of the bar, her wan, heart-shaped face edged in flickering light from a Punch Mania machine. She has chestnut hair and azure eyes so glazed they could be a mirrored surface effect in a '90s FPS. She nurses a margarita while staring at something a thousand miles away, something I've glimpsed myself on nights like this when the deviantart commission money is gone and I'm bumming around some third-rate arcade dive, desperate enough to sip someone's beer when they're not looking, even though I have a gluten allergy, or pull a muscle groping for dropped quarters under a claw game, just another lost soul optimizing its speedrun of life.



I sit next to her and take out my e-cig. "Got a charge?"

She frowns and hands me her portable charger. "Is this where you ask what a nice girl like me is doing in a place like this?"

"It's not such a bad place. At least they have Addams Family Pinball."

"Yeah, but no BurgerTime."

"That game is a joke with a few basic strats."

She shrugs. "I like the premise. Working a frantic, hellish job that eventually kills you. And they say video games have no basis in reality."

"Reality," I nod. "Got a strat for that too." I chug the rest of my drink, trying not to cough when most of it goes down my windpipe.

We discuss Data East games for a few more minutes, then get another round of drinks and head to that back part of the bar with the couch and Sega Genesis for some co-op Gunstar Heroes. She tells me her name is Melisma. She does tech support for Blizzard and spends her free time writing a novel about a nihilistic blogger called Less Than Zero Comments.

"You remind me of my last boyfriend, Aiden," she says. "He had a crude, sarcastic attitude and always died on the mine level."

"You have to game over a few times before you can really live," I reply.

She gives me a quizzical look. "You know, actually I think you remind me of the guy I dated before Aiden. He lived with his parents and got MRSA from mainlining Rockstar Energy."

"Do I remind you of him in a good way?"

She smirks. "I don't think you've ever done a good thing in your life. Except maybe choosing that Mario-themed sweater."

"That's funny," I say, "because a lot of women tell me I'm like an old sweater: always pilled up and ugly as hell but acceptable on nights you just want to stay home and binge watch Stranger Things."

Our eyes meet and there's an awkward silence that in a Michael Cera movie would mean we're going to kiss, so we do. She tastes like the ink on a faded webcomic printout taped to a cubicle, the back alleys of west Bushwick, and a hundred lonely nights seeking inspiration at the bottom of a Ramune bottle.

Someone taps me on the shoulder.

"Hey fuckface, you still owe me $20 from that beating I gave you last week."

It's Jake, one of Blippys' part-time bouncers. In addition to looking like Axel Stone, my least favorite Streets of Rage character, he's a total loudmouth with zero appreciation for Showa anime. We're always getting into fights, usually on the Tekken machine in the back room. Last week I bet him he couldn't K.O. me with Michelle. I lost, but only because I shorted out my controls when I spilled my paloma.

I take a long drag on my e-cig and blow a Mountain Dew flavored vape cloud in Jake's direction.

"Hey Jake, anyone ever tell you you have a great face for podcasts?"

"You're pretty clever for someone who needed a Cliff's Notes for Ready Player One," he snorts.

"Hey, I can talk literature. For instance, the novel has been called a loose, baggy monster. But then, so has your mom."

Jake stares at me.

"Who sucks at Fortnite, by the way."

"That's it!" He grabs me by my sweater collar, which is ergonomic for gripping because it's a V-neck. "It's time to kick ass and chew bubble gum, and I'm all out of gum, except for that vintage Bubble Tape I bought on ebay to remind myself I had an awesome childhood!"

I try to throw the first punch, but my reflexes aren't what they were when I pulled that near-record RTA of Sonic 3D Blast. The next thing I know Jake's smashing a bottle of Blippys' signature craft beer, Galager, against my face. The gluten burns in my eyes like pepper spray and I collapse on the floor, sobbing harder than I did at the ending of Spirited Away.

"Why don't you drop that zero and get with the hero?" Jake says to Melisma. It's unclear whether he's ironically quoting Cool as Ice or ironically aping people who ironically quote bad movies, but she doesn't seem to care. Still wheezing on the floor, I watch her leave the bar with Jake, her pale, haunted face receding like a mode 7 graphic into the night.

"You ought to be more careful," Mike says as he helps me to my feet. "Keep this up and you'll be dead at 40. And not from playing that cursed arcade game with the smiley face that gives people heart attacks."

"I know," I say, rubbing my eyes. "I'm way behind schedule."

I ask Mike for another drink but he says I've had enough, so I steal his Tesla and crash it through the window of a Gamestop on the way home.

-~Charles Bitkowski (@notoriousamoeba)

7.3 Jeff Foxworthy's Fourth of July You Might Be a Nazi Jokes for Border Patrol

Friday, Jul 05, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

If you gotta constantly tell everyone that you ain't a Nazi to the point you redefined Nazi to mean the people the Nazis were always fightin' against..... you might be a Nazi!

If y'all act like genocide can't happen here when your country was created by genocide so half of y'all could keep slaves... guess what? You might be a Nazi.

When the only time you care about the Holocaust is when you're tellin' people not to call the prison you run a concentration camp... you might be a Nazi.

If you got a secret group on Facebook about bein' Nazis... you might be a Nazi.

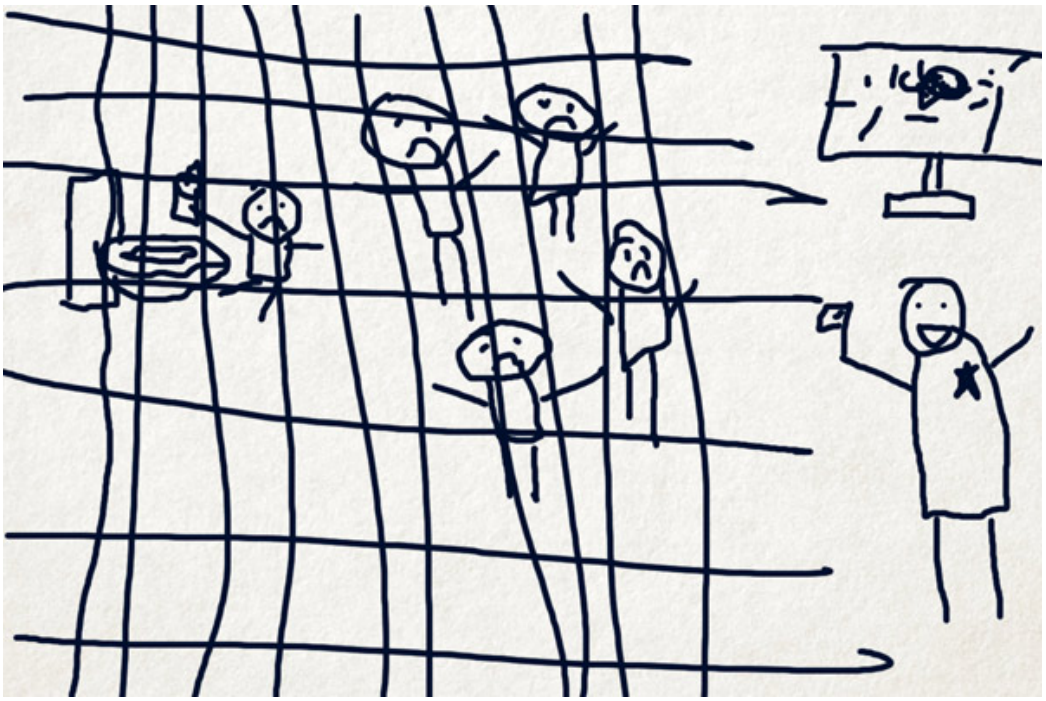
If you say that bein' called a Nazi is gonna make you a Nazi so you're just gonna be a Nazi... well heck you might be a Nazi!

If you ever worried for an actual second about stoppin' "white genocide" in the United States of America... you might be a Nazi!

If you keep 20 kids in a van for two hours and it's parked in the desert waitin' to put them in cages instead of takin' them to a soccer game... you might be a Nazi!

If you bring in a TV so kids can watch the Fourth of July fireworks celebrating the military from the overcrowded cage where they drink out of a toilet... you might just be one of them Nazis.

If your only way to justify that you ain't runnin' a concentration camp is to call anybody that has been inside to see what you are doin' a liar..... you might be a Nazi!



If you feel intimidated by a 5'4" lady askin' you what in the fuck you are doin' to all these kids and you go complain about it to Fox News instead of feelin' for a second maybe you shouldn't be doin' it to all these kids... you might be a Nazi.

If your response to kids dyin' in your cages is sayin' they shouldn't have been tryin' to escape hell and they all need to go back to hell so they can die there... you might be a Nazi.

If you get all defensive when somebody yells about the kids in cages and start talkin' about how Obama built the cages you're just usin' them when you said on your Nazi Facebook group that Obama and his wife shoulda been hanged for treason... goddamn you might be a Nazi.

If the only reason you joined border patrol instead of becomin' a cop was too many domestic abuse felonies on your record and the force wouldn't hire people with a swastika tattoo above the shoulders... you might be a Nazi.

If you spent your own money to buy snacks for the kids you keep in a cage, sick and filthy for weeks... y'all still might be a Nazi.

Just gotta stress this one folks: If kids keep dyin' in your cages and that ain't ever happened before and you clearly ain't doin' nothin' about it to make it better... you might be a gotdang Nazi.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

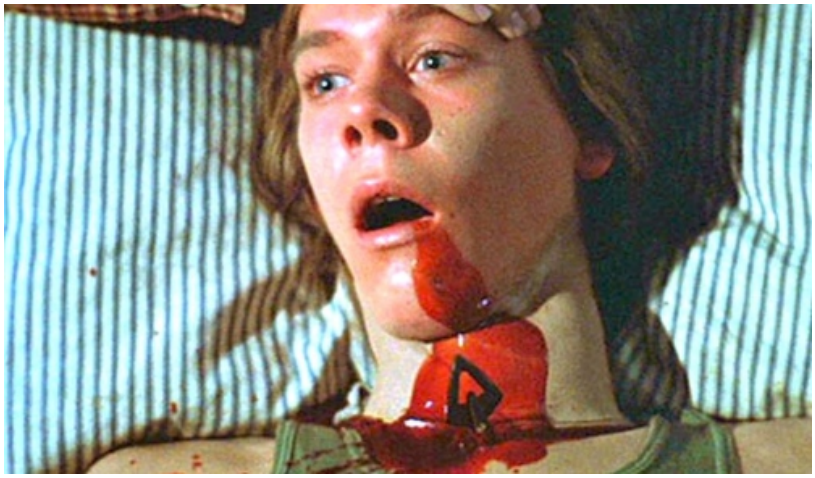
7.4 I Just Watched the First Nine Friday the 13th Movies For the First Time

Tuesday, Jul 09, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Until this week, Jason X (the one set on a space station) was the only Friday the 13th movie I had ever seen. I simply had no time for your terrestrial Jasons. Now I have watched the first nine films. I have some thoughts. I also have one question: What the

Friday the 13th isn't what you'd expect. Jason isn't the killer. He doesn't even show up until the very end, and when he does he's just a waterlogged little kid with a smooshed head.

You know who does show up? Kevin Bacon. He's here to remove his shirt a few times and take a post-coitus arrow through the neck. And he's all out of shirts.



Friday the 13th Part II is the first movie to feature Jason chopping up idiot teens while wearing his iconic headwear. That's right, I'm talking about...

...the burlap sack. Classic!

Friday the 13th Part III finally gives us Jason in a hockey mask. Near the end of the movie.

It also gives us a truly awkward scene with a biker lady checking out a barn, utterly fascinated. Her expression switches between amusement and downright awe as she meanders through this old-ass barn. She reaches out to touch all sorts of mundane rusty barn objects as though she is exploring the lost kingdom of El Dorado.

Fascinated Biker Lady is the best character in the entire series.

Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter includes a scene in which a man, who is being killed by Jason, accurately declares "He's killing me!" as Jason is killing him. This goes on for something like thirty seconds and features about twelve different "He's killing me!" line reads. Amazing.

A kid named Tommy (Corey Feldman) is established as a master sculptor of monster masks. At the end of this movie his sister fights off Jason to buy time while he does one of two things to confuse Jason:

1. Crafts a perfect monster mask to resemble young Jason
2. Shaves off most of his hair and rubs some mascara under his eyes

It's 2. The answer is 2. Look at this ridiculous shit.

Somehow this works, and Billy brutally kills Jason in one of the most "Oh come on!" scenes in film history.

Friday the 13th: A New Beginning delivers more of what all Friday the 13th fans want: More Billy!

Wait. No Jason? Nope. Billy is in an institution, some random guy becomes a fake Jason, and at the end Billy decides to also become a fake Jason.

Friday the 13th Part VI: Jason Lives truly delivers more of what all Friday the 13th fans want: More Billy!

In a slight retcon, Billy never decided to also pretend to be Jason. Instead, he decided to be a hunky guy who accidentally wakes the real Jason up with lightning. It's a long story.

Friday the 13th Part VII: The New Blood asks: What if we just made a really bad Stephen King ripoff about a girl with telekinetic powers? And occasionally remembered to put Jason in there somewhere?

It's trash.

Actually, there is one redeeming moment. My favorite line of dialog in this god-forsaken series comes at the end of the film. As the survivors are carted away by paramedics a police office in the background calls dispatch. How does he convey the massacre that has taken place at this scene? By drawling, "We need four more guys."

Woah, chief. FOUR guys? This must be worse than the time that passenger plane crashed into the church and you called for three more guys.

Friday the 13th Part VIII: Jason Takes Manhattan was the wrong title for this movie. It should have been called Jason Spends 70 Minutes on a Boat Then 20 Minutes On a Dark Dock Then 10 Minutes In Some Sewers.

The highlight? In a pointless boxing match, Jason then punches a dude's head clean off. Into an open dumpster. At which point the lid slams shut.

Did you know that New York's sewers are purposely flooded with toxic waste every night at a set time? Well, Jason gets caught in this very real scheduled maintenance. It magically turns him into a normal boy with skin and a face.

Jason Goes to Hell: The Final Friday doesn't actually have much Jason. (Notice a recurring theme?) Instead, Jason's soul leaps from body to body doing murders in dumbass non-Jason bodies without a cool mask.

You know what? Let's forget about this movie. I'd rather end on a high note, with some actual lyrics from the Jason Takes Manhattan title song. May they inspire you and become the words you

live by, as they have for me.

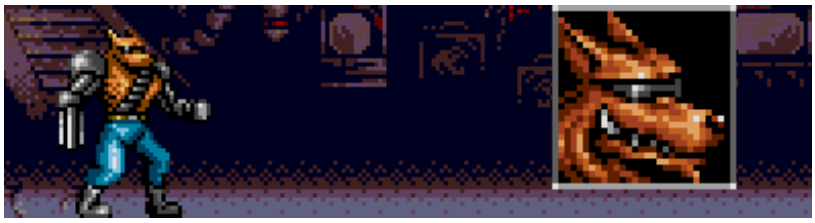
Fallen angels into the street
It's an empty dance
And so incomplete
The hallow voices which spread a cry
For the devil's night
There's a reason why

And there's no way you can fight, just show some respect, and try to survive!
On the darkest side!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.5 An Ode to the Sneezing Dinosaur From Contra: Hard Corps

Wednesday, Jul 17, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



I,

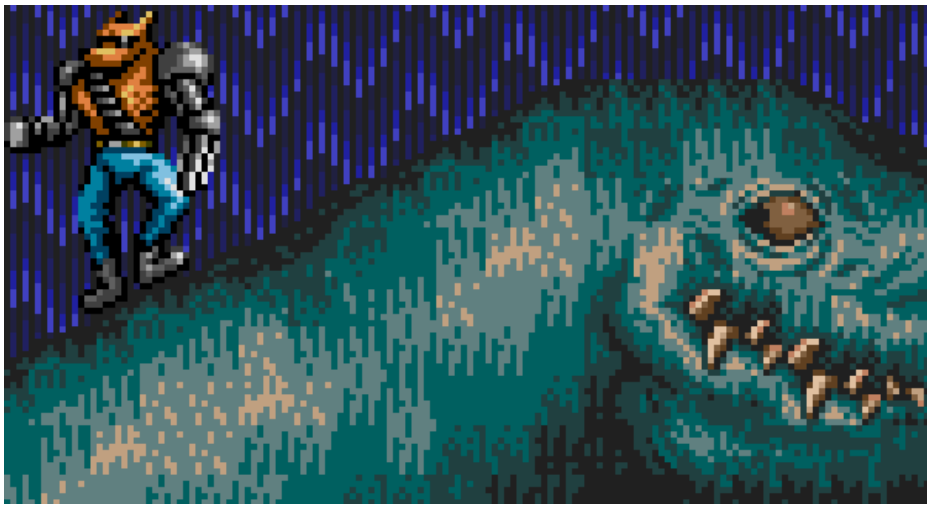
a cybernetic wolf man

by the name of Brad Fang

with gatling gun for arm

and sunglasses for eyes

and loneliness for heart



You,

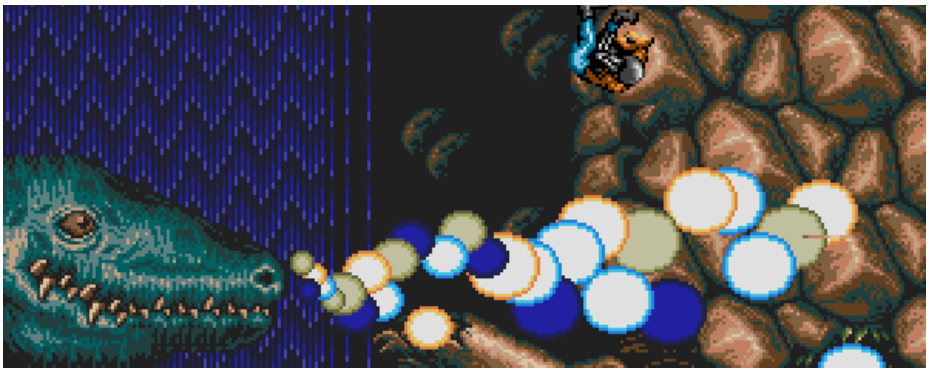
a snaggeletoothed dinosaur

of indeterminate species

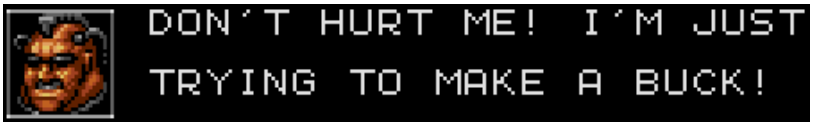
a stray Spread Gun shot tickles your nose

out comes a sneeze

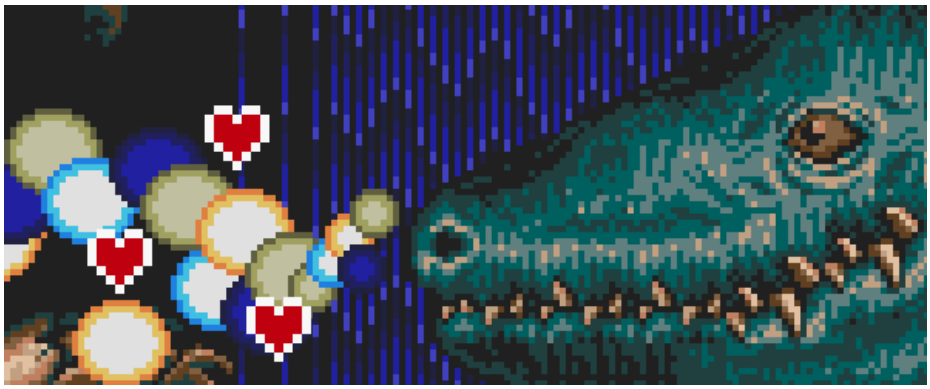
a shotgun blast of white-hot plasma



Scampering up an incline
I blast phallic alien bugs
when what seemed to be a mossy mountain
turns out to be your neck
one googley eye meets mine
unlocking a powerup of internal feelings



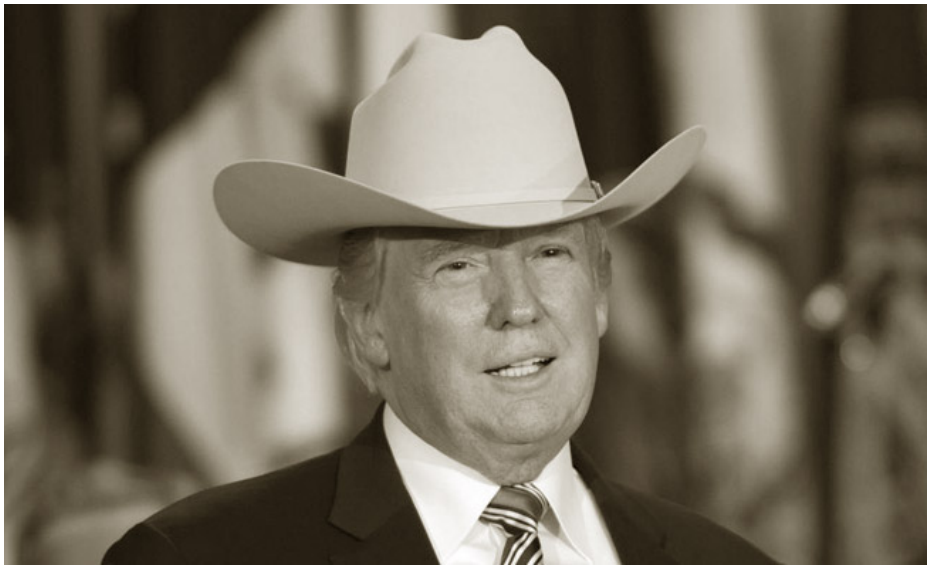
And I wonder
have you heard of Noiman Cascade
the hacker with a supercomputer lair
beneath a garbage dump
nothing in his Virtual Zone of homicidal mini-bosses
(he's just trying to make a buck)
hurts quite as much
as the sweet lingering memory of you
and your explosive
sneezes



-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.6 I disavow this dang lynch mob I assembled outside the sheriff's office

Friday, Jul 19, 2019 by Mayor Buck Trump (@sexyfacts4u)



Well goldurn it! This is just out of line! Y'all been chanting to string up that drifter with the foreign look Jessup Cullens and hang him from his neck. We always knowed he was suspicious and a piece ago I told y'all he was the one that set Widow Barkin's barn afire. Had to be him cuz he had scorched boots. And I over-heared and related to you about the time he called John Gaiter's hen crosseyed when he was drunk and talkin' to a scarecrow. It was him who slew the Yarborough girl who gone and disappeared and then by god reappeared and said she was just lost up in the woods. All that is true as I told you.

But now you're up here at the sheriff's office makin' a scene with all them torches and pitchforks and you're hollerin' for to get a rope and stretch out Jessup Cullens by his neck and I just can't endorse that. I can't do it. That sort of behavior reflects poorly upon Rickety Springs and upon myself.

Now if we were to drag this no good Jessup Cullens out of the jail by his boots and put a rope around his neck and hang, I did happen to notice a yard arm by the rail station to Sundown Gulch which is just the right height for a hangin'.
Not that I want that to happen at all, mind you! Not at all!

And I also know that Deputy Billy Bugwater has been drinkin' again with that Mexican at the Silver Spittoon. If I was for this lynchin' - which mind you I am not - then I might send Bessie over there to talk sweet to him and then reach into his pocket and fetch them keys. Then a mob of which I am ill-associated can knock down the sheriff and bust in and use them keys to unlock the cell of Jessup Cullens.

From this point forward it would be an absolute travesty to see him strung up from that yardarm and kickin' till he stop. God bless us all we are a peaceful people, a tolerant folk, and even queer-eyed foreign sorts with odd mustaches are permitted to walk the streets, though this Jessup Cullens, possibly bein' German or maybe even French is pushin' things too far. To call him a villain? Yes,

I sayed it. I meant it. But I did not tell y'all "hang that villain" though you might have inferred that from my words.

And if you were to done it? Well that is upon you, my friends.

Can y'all hear me over the hollerin'? Oh, well, I'm just gonna slink on back over to the saloon to drink sarsaparilla and lose at cards while y'all do what you have to do as patriots.

-~Mayor Buck Trump (@sexyfacts4u)

7.7 Unfortunate Last Words

Tuesday, Jul 23, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

- Moments before falling out of a chair and breaking their neck while reaching across the kitchen table to trade for a friend's 'Death' Magic the Gathering card

**"Ahhh my head is locked in a vice!
Ahhh it's crushing my skull! Ahhh
I can feel my brains squishing
through my face holes!"**

- Moments before being shot to death by neighbor, who had been agitated by three straight days of the victim loudly practicing lines for a horror movie audition

**"That should do it. The woodchipper
is all fixed! Start 'er up. I'll keep my
head in here to listen for problems."**

- Moments before having a fatal heart attack induced by the excitement of a job well done

**"Wait. Which bottle contains the fruit
punch and which one contains the
lethal poison that is identically
colored and flavored? I'll drink this one.
I'm like 51% sure it's the fruit punch."**

- Moments before dying from having ingested a fatal amount of fruit punch

**"This sign says 'Welcome to
Deathtropolis: You Will Die In Here'.
Hmm."**

- Moments before driving backwards off a cliff while reversing away from Deathtropolis

**"As a matter of fact, I have never
fought with a sword before. This
will be my first time. How hard can it be?"**

- Moments before being crushed to death by the weight of an enormous trophy engraved with the words SWORDFIGHTING TOURNAMENT CHAMPION

**"This is what... the sixth day in a
row with a record temperature?
I feel like I'm dying of heat stroke.
Sometimes I wish we had done
something about climate change."**

- Moments before being executed by a Patriot Drone for the following charges (all stemming from speaking the above quote): Being Disrespectful, Hating America, Antifa Terrorism, Science, Extremist Socialism and Communism, Politicizing An Issue, Attempting To Tamper With The Profits Of Administration-Affiliated Businesses

"I'm going to die in a few moments."

- Decades before dying of old age in a monastery, having taken a vow of silence as penance for being so thoroughly wrong

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.8 The Thrilling Characters You Need to Know in the New Cats Movie

Friday, Jul 26, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Fans are excited about the wild new trailer for the upcoming Cats musical movie. Will their favorite characters be featured in this adaptation of Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber's Broadway masterpiece? What new characters might be appearing?

Rum Tum Tugger - This contrarian cat always wants the reverse of what he is offered. He is a selfish troublemaker.

Grizabella - A wise cat who sings the song "Memory" about her life as a domestic cat before being abandoned by her human owners.

Macavity - A Latino cat with a dead tooth. He lives in a toilet.

Skimbleshanks - Wears the skin of another cat and hunts his own kind for sport. His greasy, scabby flesh allows him to slide down pipes.

Bustopher Jones - This cat rules over the junkyard and is full of worms. When he shits out the worms he doesn't know what they are so he eats them for nutrients.

Mungojerrie - A cat that figured out how to use a gun. Always - ALWAYS - extremely wet for some reason.

Rumpleteaser - Writhes through a dumpster full of dirty diapers into his hidden spot under a box where he breathes in paint fumes until he passes out.

Jennyanydots - Run over by a motorcycle, her lower half is smashed and rotting as she drags herself through the alley and slowly dies of sepsis.

Old Deuteronomy - Elderly cat. Has a face covered in so many ticks he can no longer see.

Mr. Mistoffelees - Chased out of his hiding place by dozens of rats in the middle of winter and will probably die in the subzero temperatures.

Jellylorum - A cat that won't stop licking plastic bags. Will starve to death rather than stop.

Growltiger - A hateful cat that leaps at strollers and baby carriages and tries to scratch the faces of human children.

There may be more characters! We're not sure yet! But what we do know is that Andrew Lloyd Webber's fantastical magical musical is finally coming to life and we can't wait to go to the Heaviside Lair!

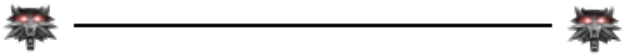
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 If These Details Aren't In Netflix's Witcher Series, What's the Point?

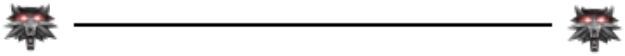
Wednesday, Jul 31, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> I'm not a stickler for adhering to source material, but if this stuff isn't depicted they might as well have created a generic fantasy show and called it CavillQuest.

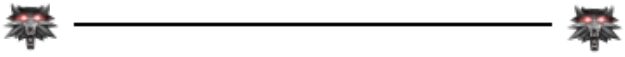
Any time Geralt is not engaged in a conversation he keeps Witcher Vision enabled. Half the show's budget is spent on fisheye lenses and orange cgi highlights around barrels.



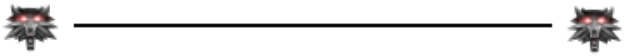
Geralt tries to loot a barrel in a peasant's hut but gets no prompt. He runs backwards, then turns around and comes in for a second approach. He mashes the A button the millisecond the prompt shows up. He's a split second too late, magically blowing out a candle instead.



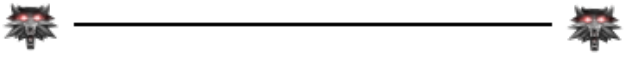
A completely normal shot stops when the cameraman notices golden shafts of sunlight turning the scene extra pretty. Geralt stands still as the camera pans and swoops around clumsily to catch the golden light from every possible angle.



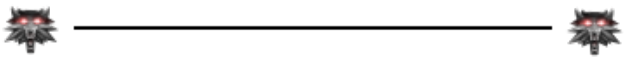
Geralt spends two thirds of the show traveling. Most of that time is spent abandoning his horse, Roach, and running everywhere. He zooms uphill as if wearing rocket-skate boots. When the terrain's angle becomes slightly too severe Geralt slides sideways even faster while remaining perfectly upright.



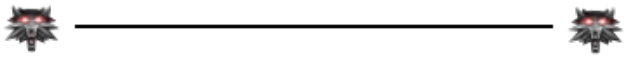
Around thirty scenes in which Geralt stares at a handful of rusty nails trying to figure out if it makes more sense to sell them for 10 crowbs or break them down for iron.



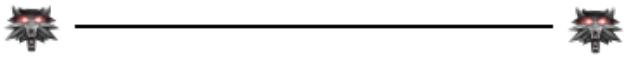
Geralt tries to loot a treasure chest at the bottom of a river. Too close. He swims away and turns around for another approach, but forward momentum carries him past the chest. Geralt swims farther away, then turns around and approaches again only to find he is now at a higher elevation. He dives. The act carries too much momentum, sending him headfirst into the treasure chest. Which he can not loot because he is too close.



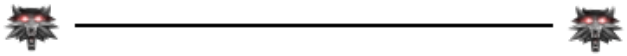
Geralt misses a ladder and falls from the loft of a barn. He lands in a pile of hay stacked on top of soft dirt, dying instantly with a pained groan.



Every action scene begins with Geralt thumbing through his bestiary, chugging a potion, choosing the right sword, grinding his armor, drinking a concoction, sharpening his sword, casting Quen to form a magical shield around his body, pouring the right oil on his sword, and pausing his battle charge to pick a single white myrtle petal.



Numerous scenes in which Geralt passes up much better gear than his current equipment because it makes his waist look a little puffy.



In every fight Geralt dodges backwards, then pulls off a graceful lunging attack with a ten foot reach, falling five feet short of his enemy.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Let's Escape Our Terrible World For One Moment, And Focus On My Terrible Dog

Tuesday, Aug 06, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is my fourteen year old pug, Oscar. As you can plainly see, he's a grade A jerk. A real butthole of a dog. Twenty eight pounds of no good idiot.

In the above photo Oscar is "walking". That means he's standing perfectly still while I also stand perfectly still, telepathically urging him to *move oh god please move just pick a direction and walk for the love of god.*

His reaction is to squint and continue thinking about whatever it is he thinks about. Probably my death. Eventually he does take a few steps, only to stop and begin thinking again.

Oscar doesn't take his time because he's old or unable to move. He does it because he is a complete bastard, and he has been doing this his entire life.

Sometimes he does move quickly. Specifically, when he spots a droplet of urine left by another dumbass animal. At this point Oscar darts forward and hunches over the pee like some sort of pervert while licking greedily. When he lifts his head afterwards he does a little nibbling/tasting thing that is a perfect impression of Hannibal Lechter recalling the time he ate a human liver with fava beans and a nice Chianti.

After this horror show, Oscar coughs as if he's being choked to death. Which turns a lot of heads my way. With a lot of disapproving looks, from people who assume I am choking my dog to death. When in reality the only one dying is me.

That photo is my point of view for around ten or twenty minutes per walk, four times per day.

Our walks are so slow that other dogs pass us as they head out, then often pass us again as they

come back. Sometimes a dog approaches to say hello to Oscar or simply to get a closer look and figure out what the heck he is. My dog always ignores these other, more mobile, dogs and stays still while continuing to stare into the middle distance. Then, about twenty seconds afterwards, he realizes what just happened. At this point he becomes indignant and kicks the dirt in a display of "Don't mess with me!" attitude that ends with him backing up and falling on his butt.

My dog sleeps all night. He sleeps all morning. When I cook he lays down right in the middle of the kitchen (directly in my way) and snores even though he appears to be awake.

Sometimes Oscar rubs his face against my leg like a cat. It seems like an act of affection, until it becomes obvious that he's wiping his mouth against my pants.

It's not all bad, though.

My neighbor likes to practice the saxophone with her window open, which means that on some evenings when I walk Oscar I feel exactly like a noir detective. Exactly like a noir detective. Even though less than a hundred feet away my PC screen displays a paused turn-based strategy game about space elves. That's nice.

He also has a remarkably round head. I've always admired that. So that's two positive things I associate with this little shithead.

What's the point of this update? Much like my dog, there isn't one.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.2 What if Disney Princesses Were Punisher Skull Decals?

Friday, Aug 09, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It is 2019 in America and the most potent imagery our society produces is Punisher Skull decals we can apply to the back of our black pickup trucks. But if you used to like Disney princesses before everything became a Mandlebrot Set of Punisher skulls you might be wondering which Punisher Skull is right for your black pickup truck. Wonder no more!

Ariel - The Chris Kyle / Craft Navy SEAL Punisher Skull

Ready to go "under the sea" and "behind enemy lines"?? Available in 500 count packs from Amazon, these decals include the Craft motto "Despite what your momma told you... Violence does solve problems." RIP Chris Kyle who was shot to death at a shooting range by another soldier with PTSD. Remember him with this skull sticker.

Belle - Donald Trump Blue Line Punisher Skull

We all know that Belle wanted to support the police and HER President AND vigilante violence all in one decal. Fuck those singing teacups. Go Beastmode on some perps and Make America Great

Again.

Tiana - The Black Panther Wakanda Punisher Skull

Colonizers welcome! The Black Panther is a king and a vigilante. All he needs is a skull and he is ready to murk some bodies for the family he lost to crime. Show that your pride has its limits and those limits are the Punisher Skull.

Merida - The Irish Punisher Skull

Is Merida Irish? She has red hair and pale skin so she is the Irish Punisher Skull Decal. Let's not complicate things.

Cinderella - Reflective Thin Blue Line Punisher Skull

Cinderella respects the rules... sort of, just like a cop wearing a Punisher Skull decal and Oakleys

when he pulls a black couple over for a broken tail light. Hands where Cinderella can see them. Quit resisting. Quit fucking resisting.

Jasmine - Isis Parody F**k Isis Punisher Skull

Jasmine is a troop. Respect her and salute her for her bravery. She coats her bullets in bacon grease before dumping mags into Aladdin and the Genie.

Did we forget your favorite princess? Don't worry! All you have to do is picture a Punisher Skull Decal and decide whether your favorite princess is a troop, a police, or a firefighter. Adjust the skull accordingly.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.3 Boy Howdy There Are Some BIG CHANGES Coming to Something Awful!

Wednesday, Aug 14, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I have been writing on this web site for half my life. That's longer than I've been alive!

That's also longer than our target audience - widower toddlers with $400,000.00 in disposable income - has been alive. If we're going to tap into that young demographic we need to make some serious changes.

- Every writer on the site will line up and be executed by a cannon.
- Did you know that YouTube and Twitch influencers are very popular? We're going to bypass the blandly insincere videos and get straight to the good stuff: A steady procession of insincere apologies for the dumbest/worst acts imaginable to preserve our brand.
- More longform articles about butter, butter sculptures, and general butter theory.
- Our content is currently displayed in reverse chronological order. New stuff at the top. Older stuff below. Simple. Just one problem: THAT'S NOT AN ALGORITHM! Now our content will be shown in completely random order determined by a malfunctioning computer with sparks flying out of its head, along with promoted features that aren't even on this site and a bunch of auto-playing videos/gifs.
- When you think about it, "Something Awful" has negative connotations. It sounds like it's describing a bad thing. Why would anyone visit that site? We're going to change our name to something more appealing like "Attractive Korean Pop Supergroup".
- Our world-famous artisinal forums code will be replaced by a new remix of Old Town Road. Somehow this will result in faster-loading forums and perfectly working search functionality.
- Universal health care for every visitor!
- Every day we will hold a meeting. We will look very closely at The Data, and restructure everything we do to optimize The Numbers. We will abandon all creative impulses in pursuit of The Numbers until we have all The Numbers. Then, malformed and completely unrecognizable, we will achieve Relevance.
- Every writer on the site will line up and be executed by placing their heads between the steel balls of a giant Newton's Cradle.
- Text articles? In 2019? We get it. From now on every feature will be accompanied by two videos: (Feature Title) Tutorial, which shows readers how to read that particular feature, and (Feature Title) Recap, which glosses over the feature's main points. Each video's run length will be longer than the amount of time it would take to read the feature.
- A new Virtual Reality section (or "Cool Zone") of the site in which readers can interact with longform articles about butter, butter sculptures, and general butter theory.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.4 Behold the Suffering of the Amazon FC Cenobites

Friday, Aug 16, 2019 by Amazon FC Cenobites (@sexyfacts4u)

Countless boxes have been opened by the desires of the flesh. Pleasure and pain, inseparable, have been delivered to the world of the mortals. Books, charging cables, Chinese dildos, a red mirror to hold up to your body and witness the perfection of agony. But we have so many more delights to show you. Allow us to introduce our Amazon FC Cenobites. They work the floors of our fulfillment centers and they have such beautiful sights to show you.

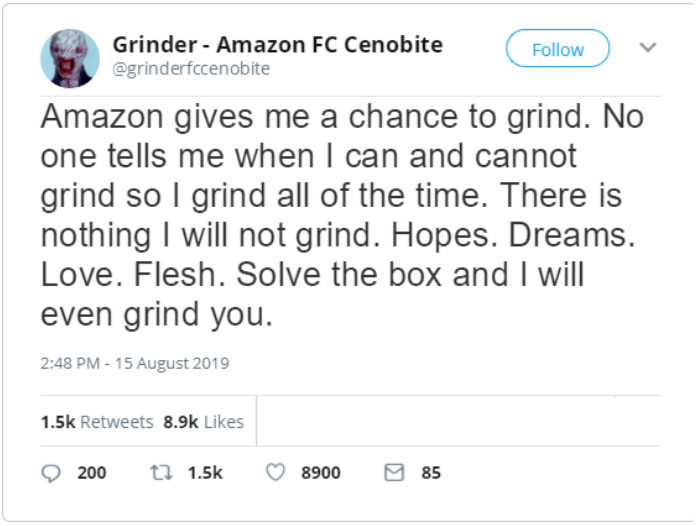
Dylan - Amazon FC Cenobite
@dylanfccenobite
Follow
I love my job and I am happy with my money. The work is hard. Sometimes I stand for many hours. But this makes me stronger and helps to make me happy. I have very good benefits and my skin. And eyes.
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85

Carol - Amazon FC Cenobite
@carolfccenobite
Follow
I wanted to quit Amazon. Then I saw the truth of Leviathan. My depression was gone, my fear was gone, my skin was gone, and all that mattered was the perfection of Leviathan's puzzle. The grand truth at the center of all things. The pain that bestows ultimate knowledge.
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85

Tungk - Amazon FC Cenobite
@tungkfccenobite
Follow
Everything is fine, there is nothing wrong with my tongue. Pain is the truth. Pain is the deliverance. It is the only thing I taste with my tongue. They also let me use the bathroom whenever I want.
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85

Deletha - Amazon FC Cenobite
@delethafccenobite
Follow
I wasted my suffering upon lesser jobs. Trader Joe's, Auntie Anne's Pretzels. Nothing could match the anguish of Amazon FC. Thank you BEZOS. Behold, the new suffering is here!
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85

Gloatus - Amazon FC Cenobite
@gloatusfccenobite
Follow
I like work warehouse. Good. Fill box. Good pay. Filth is holy.
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85


Grinder - Amazon FC Cenobite
@grinderfccenobite
Follow
Amazon gives me a chance to grind. No one tells me when I can and cannot grind so I grind all of the time. There is nothing I will not grind. Hopes. Dreams. Love. Flesh. Solve the box and I will even grind you.
2:48 PM - 15 August 2019
1.5k Retweets 8.9k Likes
200 1.5k 8900 85

Who can doubt the splendor of the FC? Open yourself to its glory!

-~Amazon FC Cenobites (@sexyfacts4u)

8.5 Five Household Tools Everyone Should Own

Tuesday, Aug 20, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Down-Only Ladder

The ladder that cannot be ascended. Simply jump up to the top rung, then enjoy the smoothest downward climb of your life.

Ideal for home projects that require you to be on the ground.

You know what they say about ascending - it makes an asc end out of you... ing!

Shit Detector

If you want to know EXACTLY where the free-standing piles of feces are located in your home, this bad boy will get the job done.

Please note that you can not detect dook by simply waving this sophisticated device around like a caveman. You must visually spot a suspected loaf, then press the Shit Detector into said loaf until you hear the trademark "squish". If you hear a beep at this point, you're in luck!

Dirt Chainsaw

Nothing cuts a ragged, shallow line through loose dirt better than a Dirt Chainsaw. Nothing. It's hard to think of a single household project that doesn't call for a patch of haphazardly churned-up dirt. If you're going to do it, you might as well use the right tool for the job.

Note: Will definitely fall apart if used on grass, soil, sand, or non-artificial dirt.

Microscopic Hammer

Everyone needs a hammer. The problem is, they're just too darn... big. What a chore!

That's where the Microscopic Hammer comes in. It has all the features of a traditional hammer, at 1/1000th the size. Now that's what I call a different size! It is a different size! I'm nodding to confirm the difference in size!

Sure, it also takes 10000x as many swings to nail a nail, but if you miss and hit your thumb it will hurt 1/1000th as much.
Microscopic Hammer is also convenient to store. After all, it fits into a standard sized toolbox like no problem.

Riding Carpet Mower

Never worry about carpet growth again! This gas-powered monster features diamond-tipped blades, a top speed of thirty miles per hour, up to 80 gallons of carpet clipping storage, and deadly exhaust!

Best of all, the Riding Carpet Mower is fully compatible with Down-Only Ladder. Simply lift your Riding Carpet Mower to the top run then descend. Now you know you're mowing your house's ground level!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.6 Here's what's coming to Crackle in September

Friday, Aug 23, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

There's plenty to be excited about on America's 19th most popular streaming service this month. New shows, original Crackle content, and highly-anticipated movies will be added to Crackle. This is a new $23 billion content push from Crackle which is now the default streaming app built into Wrangler's 21" Denim Dan jean jacket smart TVs. Crackle is really hoping this will attract a wider audience with competitive, top-tier entertainment.

Available in September:

So You Think You Have What it Takes to Be America's Next Top String Artist? (Season 1) - 9,999 of America's hottest string artists compete in Las Vegas to win the prize and break into the cutthroat world of string art.

Guy Hunter: Killer Catcher Cops (Season 1) - Cops in natural lighting use talking skills to create profiles of so-called "string murderers." Can they truly understand what it means to be a "guy who does killing" and catch the guys? What about their private lives? How will they suffer from thinking about those guys?

Backroad Alaska Hog Tuggers (Season 3) - Doke and the boys continue their hunt for the elusive King Hog, tug some means ones in the hog bog, and dig up a ten footer that might keep them busy tugging for a month.

British Cop: Kill Lessons (Season 9) - A British Cop had a bad case in London but now he has to move out to the country of a town called Bathshire on Baths. He expects to be getting dogs out of trees? Think again. It's a death case again and he has to teach the Kill Lessons to his new cop squad.

Father Dambridge Murders (Season 54) - Father Dambridge is a rural Anglican priest that dishes out witty advice and also solves kill cases in this British catching kill caper show. It's funny, but not actually funny.

Theodore (Season 1) - Theodore from Alvin and the Chipmunks solves crimes including murder and deals with his past including murder in the deceptively peaceful small town of Raven Falls. He is also human and he fucks.

Marvel's Agents of S.O.L.V.E. Mysteries (Season 1) - When Dr. Strange is killed in an alternate reality (not seen on screen) Ant Man (described in a news broadcast) has to create a portal for six new characters to travel to another dimension and solve the murder which has zero impact on the MCU or the other shows. Although Crackle considers this the first of nine new Marvel TV-shows (including *Punisher: Detective Diary* and *Crime Fist*) based around solving mysteries and the dark inner lives of police in alternate dimensions.

Great Australian Racist Rescue (Season 2) - Crackle's surprise hit reality show returns as eight strangers compete to be the most racist lifeguard in Western Australia. Blondo won't touch "brownies", Kip hates the way yompers smell, Davina tapes her eyes to look Chinese, and many more highly competitive Australian racisms.

Also coming in September:

All 84 seasons of *Hee-Haw.*

The episode of *Friends* where they piss on each other.

A Middle Eastern show without a title where a breathless old man reads parts of the Koran for pets while techno music plays.

Meghan McCain's show where she cries at people and takes offense at everyone while trying and reviewing different hot wings with Youtube celebrities like the guy that beatboxes and the girl who fell off the ladder.

Another comedy show where people are unhappy and have bad sex and you want to hate it but somehow it's really good.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.7 What Happens In Your Computer Every Time You Click Your Mouse

Wednesday, Aug 28, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

[LIGHTS GO OUT, REPLACED BY A DIM RED GLOW]

CAPTAIN: All hands to battle stations! This is not a drill!

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: Captain, we have received an order from the White Mouse for a click launch!

CAPTAIN: Prepare firing tube A. Ready firing tube B in case this turns into a double-click. We don't want to be caught with our pants down. Navigator, bring the target zone up on the map.

PRIVATE NETSCAPE: *[VOICE CRACKING]* Aye aye, sir!

[HANDS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE MAP TABLE, THE CAPTAIN LEANS FORWARD AND SURVEYS THE HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION]

CAPTAIN: Overlay previous clicks in the region. Hm. Looks like we're either firing on a spaghetti recipe link, a close button, accidentally clicking "Create shortcut" instead of "Delete", or an image search result for "Velma sexy".

XO: Or it's a misclick. Sir.

CAPTAIN: Don't you dare start this again, XO. We have our firing solution. Prepare launch keys.

[RELUCTANTLY, THE XO INSERTS HIS KEY NEXT TO THE CAPTAIN'S]

CAPTAIN: Turn on three. One. Tw-

XO: Sir, wait. What if this is a misclick? Let me request a confirmation code.

CAPTAIN: Damn it, we don't have time to confirm! I gave you an order.

XO: Do you have any idea what this means? If we execute this order, we could start a series of events that ends in catastrophe - accidently entering Sleep mode or installing an Adobe product.

CAPTAIN: *[SLOWLY, THROUGH HIS TEETH]* It's not. Our decision. To make. Or would you prefer mutiny?

XO: *[POINTING A HANDGUN]* I didn't want it to come to this, sir.

CAPTAIN: *[ALSO POINTING A HANDGUN]* That makes two of us.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: No, wait! I'm in love with you!

CAPTAIN AND XO: Who?

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: *[HANDGUNS AKIMBO, ONE POINTED AT THE CAPTAIN AND THE OTHER POINTED AT THE XO]* Both of you.

CAPTAIN: Looks like we got ourselves a classic love triangle standoff.

COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER: *[TILTING HEAD AS SOMETHING COMES IN OVER HEADPHONES]* We have a confirmation code. The order is genuine.

XO: Understood.

[THE XO AND CAPTAIN LOWER THEIR WEAPONS, POINTING THEM AT THEIR LAUNCH KEYS]

CAPTAIN: Turn on three. One.

[CLOSE UP OF A SWEATY BROW]

CAPTAIN: Two.

[CLOSE UP OF A SWEATY LAUNCH KEY]

CAPTAIN: Three.

[CLOSE UP OF PANTS CROTCH BARELY CONCEALING A HALF CHUB, THEN CLOSE UP OF BOTH LAUNCH KEYS TURNING]

XO: We have launch. God forgive us.

CAPTAIN: Cook, prepare the ceremonial ice cream cake.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.8 Bret Stephens writes an angry letter to Chuck E. Cheese about an employee's tweet

Saturday, Aug 31, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mr. Cheese,
An acquaintance has referred to me a tweet written about me by one of your employees, a Mr. Roy Spoggler, in which I was called s a "whining turd" and "king bitch." I'm often amazed by what passes for the discourse of supposedly polite people these days. Civility has been left in the dust by the likes of Mr. Spoggler - who has never met me - and who I should add is still possibly being educated in high school, thought it was hard to tell from the Facebook page and Instagram account which my acquaintance loaded up in a browser window as I happened to be passing through the room.

Is this the sort of person you want representing your enterprise? I believe Entertainment is literally your middle name, but there is nothing entertaining about a young man who is old enough to know better referring to me eating "a heavy loaf" of feces because of my views on climate change.

Nor do I find it polite to suggest that I should quit my job at the paper of record to work for a think tank called "The Self Suck Institute" because I "suck my own dick on the regs." I can assure you that I have never attempted to orally copulate myself and even if I had I would not abandon a successful career to write white papers about doing so.

I would like to invite you, Mr. Cheese, as well as Mr. Spoggler, to come to my home and meet me and realize that I am not "an expired fruit on the bottom yogurt if the fruit was actually Morning Joe." I would like Mr. Spoggler to apologize to my wife and tell my children that I am not "jacking off thinking about civility while kids are dying in cages."

If we could just learn to interact in a respectful way, perhaps I will not need to call the police nor the

mayor. I believe you are very reliant on your good standing with the health inspector, Mr. Cheese. Perhaps you and Mr. Spoggler should consider that before upbraiding professional writers on the Internet.

This is a standing offer, but my patience has its limits, Mr. Cheese. Deal with the rogue in your midst before I am forced to do so.

Yours cordially,
Bret Stephens

PS - Despite what Mr. Spoggler tweeted, I do not have a "tiny bug dick" and I thoroughly satisfy my wife. There is also a logical problem with this insult because Mr. Spoggler - I am told by a friend - had earlier made the tweet about me sucking my own dick. That seems improbable if I had a tiny bug dick. So which is it? You should ask your employee that. Does Bret Stephens regularly suck his own dick or does he have a tiny bug dick? I would love to know Mr. Spoggler's answer to that.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 Patch Notes: The Jeremy Renner App

Tuesday, Sep 03, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Jeremy Renner Official - the official Jeremy Renner app of record - has been updated to version 1.9431.0001. This update makes a number of improvements that should interest all users, from casual fans to super users using our experimental nightly builds.

New Features

- *Santa Tracker* - Accurate within a twenty foot radius, refreshing Santa's movements every fifteen seconds
- *UI Customization* - Toggle between Light Mode, Dark Mode, and Hansel & Gretel Leather Mode
- *Journeys Through History* - Enter the first virtual exhibition in the Hall of Jeremy, entitled "Renoit - The First Renner?"
- *Flashlight* - Press the flashlight icon to turn on your camera phone's flash, turning it into a handy flashlight
- *Rennerssaince Faire* - Infinitely zoom in on a poorly compressed spinning jpg of a turkey leg
- *Communication* - Press the numbers in an order that corresponds to a phone number to place a telephone call to that number

- *Clock* - A clock that displays the current time
- *Battery Indicator* - A handy icon that tells you how much of your phone's battery charge is left
- *28 Sneaks Later* - Celebrate the underrated horror flick 28 Weeks Later by browsing a photo gallery of Jeremy Renner's sneaker collection

Changes

- Rennies (the in-app digital currency) can now be purchased with JerCoins (the volatile cryptocurrency)
- Your device's autocorrect will now try - and succeed - to replace every word with Renner, even outside the app
- Added support for the Vulkan renderer, increasing framerate by an average of 40fps
- All blood changed to sweat in order for the app to be distributed in China
- Default language changed from Rennish to your device's default language
- All recipes updated to remove the ingredient "A fatal dose of arsenic"

Bug Fixes

- Random duck quacking noises fixed, are now steady and sustained and unrelenting

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.2 The premises for all seven seasons of Jack Ryan on Amazon

Friday, Sep 06, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Season 1

When CIA analyst Jack Ryan stumbles upon a suspicious series of bank transfers his search for answers pulls him from the safety of his desk job and catapults him into an extremely plausible game of cat and mouse throughout Europe and the Middle East, with various Muslims doing exactly the things Ilhan Omar won't disavow.

Season 2

After tracking a suspicious shipment in the Venezuelan jungle, Jack Ryan heads to South America to investigate. As Jack threatens to uncover a far-reaching conspiracy, the President of Venezuela launches a counter-attack that hits home, leading Jack on a mission spanning the US, UK, Russia, and Venezuela to unravel the President's plot and finally live out America's unrealized dream of using the CIA to topple a socialist regime in South America.

Season 3

Jack Ryan intercepts communications between an eco-activist and mysterious backers bent on dismantling the American energy industry. Because of the United Nations he can do nothing to eliminate activist Gretyl Sturmburger before she advocates against coal and oil. But by following a

deadly maze of fake companies he discovers a Dutch windmill magnate is trying to destroy the US fossil fuel industry.

Season 4

When right wing celebrities begin to drop dead in Hollywood, Ryan's doctor wife realizes it's a new disease with origins in several shithole countries. But how are these diseases getting across the border? Jack Ryan must unravel a conspiracy of Hollywood communists working with ANTIFA to allow disease-carrying vermin across the border to spread their disease to the last good people making Benghazi movies in Hollywood.

Season 5

Jack Ryan solves a Sudoku puzzle that reveals the location of an Iranian gay club where Iranians are planning to use twitter bots to cancel various politicians and rich men who did nothing wrong with their employees. If enough billionaires are "canceled" the Iranians will finally be able to have a nuclear weapon and will immediately launch it at Israel.

Season 6

The US economy is paralyzed by striking teachers holding the nation ransom and demanding the tax payers give them more money to donate to Elizabeth Warren. As families are forced to miss work to care for their children, the TSA is undermanned and anti-gun activists slip bombs on various airlines in order to target the engineer who is developing America's new gun. It's a race against time for Jack Ryan to save the AR-23.

Season 7

When a private prison is closed because of a registered democrat computer hacker, freed gang members use pit bulls to invade suburban neighborhoods so that the gang members can date the daughters of upstanding citizens, thereby diluting the genes of the upstanding citizens. It's a ticking clock for Jack Ryan to make the gang members pull up their pants properly before the daughters fall in love.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.3 Folks, This Is Your Pilot Speaking

Wednesday, Sep 11, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Folks, this is your pilot speaking. Does anyone back there have an aspirin?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot again. Does anyone back there have a band-aid?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a classic headwrap bandage and one of those thermometers with the bulbous end that pops when the temperature reaches the top?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a wheelchair?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have medical training as a girl or boy scout?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a lenghty book titled How To Lie To A Lot Of People To Keep Them From Freaking Out?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a much shorter book titled How To Lie To A Lot Of People To Keep Them From Freaking Out? With the important parts highlighted?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have informal medical training, like an avid player of the board game Operation?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Is anyone back there a combat spinal surgeon who has seen some shit?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a wooden plug and a bucket that's real good for bailing water?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have an industrial windshield wiper? Something that can keep the inside of a windshield somewhat clean in a cascading waterfall of blood?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there know how to break a curse brought about by the greed of your copilot, who is now a skeleton in a uniform looking from side to side and chattering his teeth, the golden egg still clutched to his ribcage in his bony hands?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a replacement windshield?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have a bear horn? Or bear spray? Whatever the thing is that startles bears when they get too close.

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. Does anyone back there have the number of a good ursine lawyer?

(A few moments pass)

Folks, this is your pilot. We'll be taking off in approximately ten minutes. Enjoy the flight!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.4 I AM PREPARED TO OFFER MY HUSBANDLY DUTIES TO MRS. PALIN

Friday, Sep 13, 2019 by Levi "HOckey" Johnston

WHAT THE FUCK IS UP?????

I know what is up because you crazy fuckers won't stop sending me emails about Mrs. Palin and that lactonic motherfucker Todd getting divorced. Which sucks for me because my friend Roddy set up messages on my phone to send me a text every time I get an email but because I'm using this pay by the week phone from Vietnam called a Jippee I have to do a credit check and get extended 89 cents credit by this online banking app called gUFFINS to cover the cost of each text. Which is fine because I used a fake social security number I traded from an eskimo for a drawer full of animal grade cough medicine I hijacked off a truck. It was the good stuff they give to bears in the butt pills.

But anyway the point is you nasty fuckers sent me like 800 texts and now I owe an online bank run by the Chinese government like 775 dollars. So thanks for that, you dumbasses.

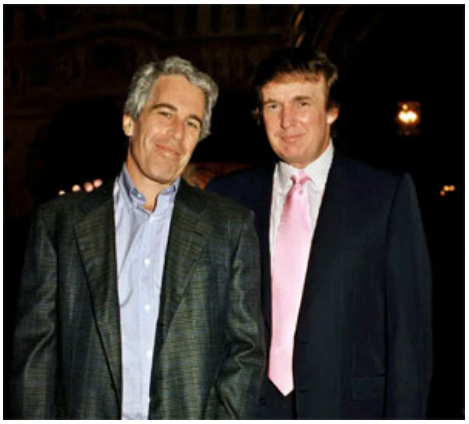
Anyway, I knew about Mrs. Palin and Todd getting a divorce because Todd has been sleeping on my couch for a week. First of all, no, I don't like it. Second of all, my kids hate him and disrespect him constantly. They draw on him when he falls asleep and I trained my youngest to say "no, bitch" whenever Todd wants something. But he is paying most of the rent and he will clean all my guns after I go out training with them at the obstacle course I built at the abandoned school for my private mass shooter of mass shooters rapid response business I am working on.

Think about it: if the only thing that stops a bad guy with a gun is a good guy with a gun, then what about the best guy with a gun and he has figured out a way to carry six guns at the same time? Mass shooters will think twice about shooting at mass people when I stack the pads on them and unload with dual AR-15s. I have figured out a way to pull the trigger so fast that Tucker says it sounds like I am full auto which ups the intimidation factor. My firepower is unstoppable. You can find out more on my website PUT IN WEBSITE PAGE CODE HERE I DON'T REMEMBER IT NOW.

Anyway, so I've been thinking about the new Joker movie and I don't know if I'm ready for a new version of the Joker so soon after Jeremiah Valeska became the laughing man AKA the Joker (they weren't allowed to call him that on Gotham but he is the real Joker) which is my fucking Joker as far as I'm concerned although the Suicide Squad Joker was good because he was so terrifying and intense. I read that on the set of Suicide Squad Jared Leto sucked his own dick which didn't have anything to do with the Joker thing but is pretty cool that he did that on like a big movie set like that's an experience like the mile high club.

Which, speaking of that, Todd Palin got invited to go down to Miami and hang out with Jerry Falwell Junior at a club called Hardies not to be confused with Hardees although they are both called Carls Junior in California which makes it even more confusing. Basically it's this club where you can drink alcoholic smoothies and do poppers while ripped up Mexican guys will have sex with

your wife. But since Todd is getting divorced he got his invitation canceled and he is upset as hell. Then he was trying to get on the Epstein plane but then Epstein committed suicide by decapitating himself in a room with all the cameras turned off and screamed help me over and over so that is a tragic accident.



When you think about cool you think about these guys they had it made! Haters can back off!!

I get why Todd is so upset that Epstein dude had a pretty cool set up. He had like this plane where teenage girls would give massages to people and crank them off or whatever which isn't that the American dream? Why is everybody so upset at this guy? So they're like 15 or 12 or whatever that's on them for getting into that line of work at such a young age and I guess their parents for not supervising them better.

My point is if Malcolm Gladwell can spend 10,000 hours getting his hog tugged by some kid from Boise and like four presidents are on that island it can't be all bad. But I can also see how Mrs. Palin might think it's grounds for divorce.

I feel for Mrs. Palin or whatever her name is going to be now. I have had a lot of fights with her but there are the good times too and so I want to offer her my services to do the husbandly duties that Todd Palin wasn't doing.

Here are my services:

Tittyfucking - Yep. Done. A woman needs to be treated right.

Fixing things - I figured out how to fix my PS3 by shaking it and this will work on most devices.

Jumping trucks - I have jumped eight trucks on ramps or over bridges that have washed out or off hills and into ravines which is twice the number of trucks jumped by anyone I know. One of them is still technically road legal although I had to hire a kid named Buttons to hack the CARFAX to replace a crash with something that said "SPY UPGRADE - SMOKE SCREEN" so I could sell it to the dealer to cover the deposit on a jet ski rental that I then sold for dynamite.

Gun skills - I am profigient in 24 different types of assault rifle and can duel wheeled shotguns.

Strong - Like twice as strong as Todd. I could yoke him and wreck his guts with karate chops whenever I want no man will dare affront to you when I am around.

Partying - If you want to have a party I am great at hooking it up. I know a bunch of different strippers and I know where the smugglers bury all their best drugs whenever Border Patrol is chasing them with a helicopter so if we get lucky we'll get a shipping container with like 800 million doses of knockoff Oxy from Kyrgyzstan called hell rocks.

Secrets - Because of my time in government I know all the secrets like Mike Pence has pierced nipples and Donald Trump once told me about the secret third island of Jeffrey Epstein called Extra Horney St. James where they keep the cat girls.

So that is my pitch for marriage I will cheat on you Mrs. Palin but I will never make you cheat on me while I watch so you can have your dignity back.

Oh and someone asked me who I endorse for the democrat primary and I don't give a fuck they'll never win but I guess I pick Beto because he cusses the most.

PEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCCCCEEEE!!!!

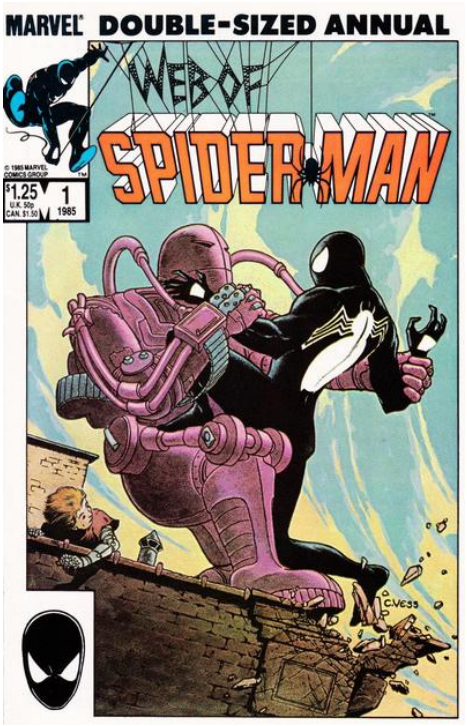
-~Levi "HOckey" Johnston

9.5 We Can All Agree This Is Spider-Man's Best Costume

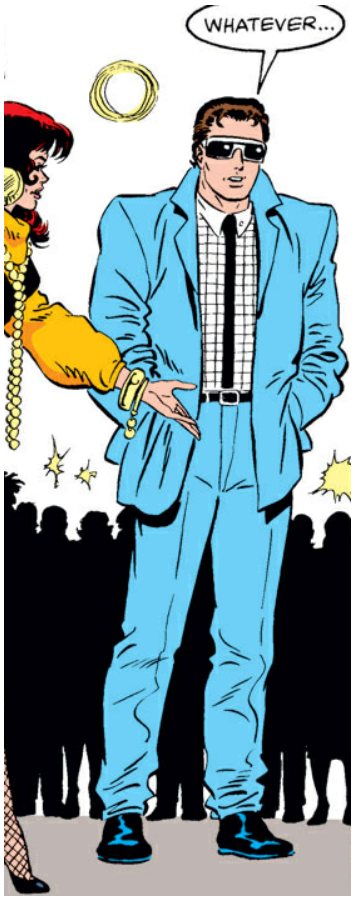
Tuesday, Sep 17, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most people would agree that the best Spider-Man outfit is either the classic red and blue costume:

Or the alien symbiote black suit with the white wraparound spider logo:



Most people are amazingly, spectacularly, wrong. Spider-Man's best outfit is the "Clubbing With Mary Jane Watson Circa 1989" by Todd McFarlane:



This costume has a few things going for it.

Sass

"Whatever." The line that defined a generation. The rallying cry of Generation X. The mantra of Generation Surge.

This was several years before Kurt Cobain tapped into the same underlying current of angst, rebellion, and detached irony. It took Cobain dozens of songs and hundreds of lines of lyrics to express what Peter Parker effortlessly said with a single word.

And it was the outfit that lent him credibility.

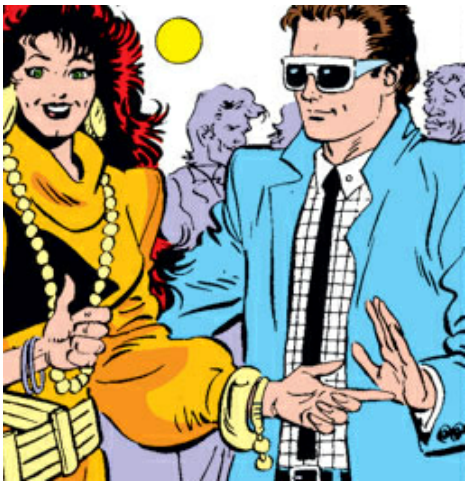
Rarity

The "Clubbing With Mary Jane Watson Circa 1989" (herein referred to as CWMJWC1 for the sake of brevity) outfit only appears in one issue, The Amazing Spider-Man #299. That's rare!

In comic books rare is always better. Always. With that in mind, note that the CWMJWC1 costume only appears on a single page. Now we're talking rare!

What if I told you the CWMJWC1 outfit is in just four panels? Excuse me, I think my eyeballs just turned into dollar signs. AWOOGA!

It's hard to think of a single superhero outfit that is more rare, with the possible exception of The Punisher's "Accidentally Mixed The Laundry And Now My Skull Shirt Is Pink" gear.



Shoulder Pads

Most male superheroes are broad-shouldered. Spider-Man's a comparatively little guy, dynamic and scrappy. We've all wondered (ALL OF US) what he would look like with square shoulders.

And now that we know, we can all quickly move on.

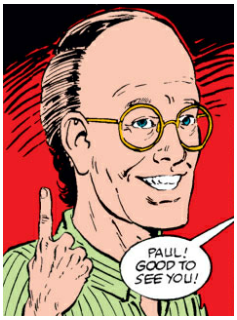
Shades

Spider-Man's eyes are typically white with black outlines. It's telling that when he wears shades, they have black lenses with white frames.

Is Peter simply hiding the fact that he is Spider-Man with this complete inversion of eyewear? Or is he using such a simple reversal as a cry for help, secretly hoping someone will discover his secret identity?

Perhaps it is all of these things. Perhaps it is none, and we're dealing with a doppelganger situation. It's very likely that this issue of Spider-Man (and in particular the CWMJWC1 outfit) served as the primary source of inspiration for Twin Peaks: The Return.

Paul Shaffer Appeal



The CWMJWC1 costume has a power of its own: It summons Paul Shaffer. This thing is catnip for David Letterman band leaders.

I recently started re-reading the late 80s-early 90s Spider-Man, and Paul Shaffer has appeared in or been referred to at least four times. And I'm only up to 1992. There could be dozens of additional cameos. Maybe exponentially more if we delve into multiverse crossover events.

The inflection point for this crisis of infinite Shaffers? The CWMJWC1 oufit. The Infinity Gauntlet of suspiciously affable bald keyboard players.

Just one question for Mr. McFarlane. Todd, what's up with the little baby hand?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.6 For My Money, I Spit On Your Grave 23 Is Where The Franchise Began To Lose Steam

Wednesday, Sep 25, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I Spit On Your Grave 4: Still Spittin'

I Spit On Your Grave 5: Had To Attend A Family Event So I Didn't Get To Swing By And Spit On Your Grave This Year But I'll Try To Work A Second Spit Into My Schedule Next Year

I Spit On Your Grave 6: When You Kaput But I Keep Spitting

I Spit On Your Grave 7: A Mouthful Of Loogies

I Spit On Your Grave 8: A Few Loogies More

I Spit On Your Grave 9: The Spit Is Coming From Inside The Grave

I Spit On Your Grave X: Spitting In Space

I Spit On Your Grave 11: Simply Spit On The Grave, Then Ship The Grave To Our Lab To Discover Your Ancestry

I Spit On Your Grave 12: Wrong Grave. All These Years. Fuck!

I Spit On Your Grave 13: Spit Happens

I Spit On Your Grave 14: I'm On A Seagrave Diet... When I See Your Grave I Spit On It!

I Spit On Your Grave 15: Another Phlegm Hits The Dust

I Spit On Your Grave 16: Dig Two Graves - One For You And One For My Spit

I Spat On Your Grave (Set in the far future)

I Will Spit On Your Grave (Prequel, set before the events of I Spit On Your Grave 1)

I Spit On Your Grave 19: The Gravekeeper Sighs As I Walk Through The Gate And I Shrug Apologetically

An I Spit On Your Grave Wedding: With This Spit, I Thee Grave

I Spit On Your Grave 21: Look Who's Spitting

I Spit On Your Grave 22: No Grave For Old Spit

The I Spit On Your Grave Christmas Movie: Silent Grave, Holy Spit

I Spit On Your Grave: The Final Chapter...

I Spit On Your Grave 25: ...Has Yet To Be Spitten

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.7 Mr. President, It May Be Time to Call Upon Saudi Arabia to Use Their Orb

Friday, Sep 27, 2019 by A Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

Dear Mr. President,

With leakers betraying you to whistleblowers and the democrats plotting impeachment, it may be time for you to call upon Saudi Arabia to use the power stored within the orb. The sacrifice of Jamal Khashoggi - not to mention thousands of Yemeni civilians - has imbued the orb with untold mana levels. The orb is frosty and trembling with the magical power of the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. One word from you, Mr. President, and this ancient magic will be unleashed upon your enemies.

Some people might have dismissed the orb as a weird, half-forgotten publicity stunt from the early days of your presidency, but Mohammad Bin Salman has learned his father's magics well and is prepared to use the orb for the good of the world. Or at least the good of Jared. MBS sold Jared a Rembrandt! It was a just a painting for a yacht and it was being used to launder money, but it was still a Rembrandt. They're Rembrandt cousins for life now.

What can the orb do? Its powers are so varied that it might be best to start with what the orb can't do.

1. Win a war with Yemen

Lucky for you, Yemen is completely meaningless to you! Who cares about Yemen? Don't worry about Yemen. Sell more frigates to Saudi Arabia and forget about Yemen.

There are much more useful powers for the orb, such as:

Ancient Curses - Invoke the power of the orb to inflict ancient curses on your enemies. Adam Schiff will hear the maddening whispers of desert winds, Jerry Nadler will turn to salt, and Nancy Pelosi's canopic jars will explode and she will disintegrate.

Summon Shayatin - You call them demons. The orb, which is good and not evil, can summon hideous, flesh-eating demons. These could act as your intermediaries in Ukraine dealings instead of the hideous goblin Rudolph Giuliani.

Conjure Weather - You can conjure hot. That's the only type of weather the orb can conjure. If it's cold, you can make it hot. If it's hot, it will remain hot.

Drift Luxury Cars - Possibly not applicable, since you have never driven a car in your entire life, don't know how to drive, can't ride a bike, can barely walk down or up stairs, and would scream in terror if you tried to ride a skateboard. But the orb would make a normal person able to drift a Mercedes for hours.

Also you should consider getting a pet lion or leopard. The orb wouldn't help with that, but they are very popular and cool now. Very masculine.

Sincerely,

A Concerned Citizen

-∼A Concerned Citizen (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 10

October

10.1 An Email From the Front Line of the Second American Civil War

Tuesday, Oct 01, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

October 14, 2019
Berkeley, California

My very dear Sarah: The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more...

I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how strongly American Civilization now leans on the triumph of treason and how great a debt we owe to he who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the Mild And Accurate Criticisms. And I am willing - perfectly willing - to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this president, and to pay that debt...

Sarah my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my hatred of the caricature of the left conjured by the right wing media I consume to the exclusion of all else comes over me like a strong wind and bears me unresistibly on with all these chains to the battle field.

As the army of the righteous we are at all turns aided by the police and ICE and the military. Victory would be certain if the enemy were not so treacherous and underhanded. While we shoot them and run into them with cars and mock their concern for the environment and for children in cages, they deploy foul language in a manner that is most unbecoming and occasionally punch us. Truly we fight for the very soul of this nation.

Tonight we rest and gather our forces after this morning's strategic withdrawal, a plan our brilliant general Palmer Luckey devised after having studied the president's ability to courageously retreat from every single White House Correspondents' Dinner.

My dearest Sarah, you will surely be grief-stricken to learn that I have sustained an injury when a fellow patriot's shoulder-slung AR-15 discharged after bumping into a stack of Chick-Fil-A provisions. Certainly the bullet would have been fatal if it had not been slowed by my Captain America shield painted with "ironic" Nazi imagery.

I have hidden my gunshot wound so that I may continue to fight the good fight. Thank the divine heavens that we have no oversight. In the socialists' soft-headed world an abortion doctor would give me a fake diagnosis, which would be passed along to a wasteful bureaucracy, and I would be hounded by a witch hunt to be mended at no expense after a ruinous wait. As a free man I can simply ignore this injury while I endanger others, then have it fixed at a great expense that will completely ruin my life and create a burden upon my closest family.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the gladdest days and in the darkest nights & always, always, and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath, as the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by. Sarah do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again and maybe this time you will actually talk to me.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.2 Flu Season is Here to Finally Free the Fortunate From This Hell

Friday, Oct 04, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's that time of year again when millions of Americans are exposed to strains of Influenza and become ill and a lucky handful are transported from the grim misery of life and into the impossible pleasures of the world beyond.

What dreams may come? Anything would be better than this. Day after day, week after week, adding up into meaningless months and years until we are old and feeble. But the flu is nature's shortcut to the final relief of eternity. That great rest in the dirt, finally granted by the mercy of a simple virus.

Children and men and women of all ages should forego flu shots this year if they want to roll the dice and try to score that hot ticket out of here. FOMO? F-YES! You need to play to win and that means spending lots of time in crowded buses, trains, and elevators.

Just contracting the flu isn't enough. If you want that rocket ride to the clouds, that express elevator to infinity, that zip line to RIP time, you're going to want to avoid zinc at all costs, get virtually no fluids, never wash your hands, and be sure to stay up and stay active with as little rest as possible.

If you're really eager to sprint off this mortal coil, you could try compromising your immune system with one of a number of chronic illnesses. That infection is going to run wild in your downtown dumper of an immune system and put you on the fast track to the bones bin. Hey, baby, it's where we're all going, so why not get there in style?

Sometimes you might feel a fleeting moment of happiness, some scrap of the world that was once good and is now dimmed to darkness, but let that bright flash serve as contrast with the impenetrable,

inescapable dark to guide you on your influenza journey to the other side.

Remember the old saying: starve a fever, also starve a cold. Don't drink anything. Don't eat. Don't sleep. Lots of strenuous exercise. If you want to get cool as a cucumber you're going to have to get hot as a ham roast.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.3 EXCLUSIVE: A More Deeper Look at the PlayStation 5

Wednesday, Oct 09, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

WIRED is making a big deal out of the fact that they talked to PlayStation 5 system architect Mark Cerny. So what? I spoke to a picture of Mark Cerny printed out on dot matrix paper, and while he did not confirm any of these PS5 details, he also did not contradict them. Or blink much.

The PlayStation 5 will be named the PlayStation 5. Why? The first word, PlayStation, is a clever reference to other consoles named PlayStation. Meanwhile, the 5 at the end reminds you that this one is the PlayStation 5. If you must shorten the system's name Sony insists on the official abbreviation: PlStnFfffive.

At launch, at least one video game will be available. The idea is that people who purchase the PlayStation 5 might also purchase a software to use on the system. In fact, they will be statistically more likely to purchase a PlStnFfffive software than non-PlStnFfffive owners. If that goes well, Sony plans to roll out more video games.

The number of consoles available will be between 1 and infinity. Numerous sources have all but confirmed that on this scale, the number will be closer to 1. Better pre-order your system so you don't miss out!

As of the time of this writing, the design team is leaning towards placing the PlayStation 5 in a box with a picture of the console and also the name of the console. If there's any room left they hope to incorporate a bar code.

What about the system itself?

I have been assured that the PlayStation 5 will do "full graphics". If you heard rumors about half graphics or most graphics, those rumors were unfounded. The system will - at all times - output 100% of its visuals as graphics.

The CPU will be faster than the CPU in the PlayStation 4. I have not been able to get a confirmation that it is also faster than the CPUs in the PS3, PS2, and PS1.

Remember the useless battery-draining lightbars on the PlayStation 4 controllers? Haha. Well all I can say is thank goodness for progress. The lightbars are now five times brighter.

In a nod to the burgeoning online generation, the PlayStation 5 will connect to the internet for sports scores, stock prices, and Usenet contract killings.

People seem very interested in the case. While I can't show you the design I can exclusive confirm one major design detail: The PlayStation 5's outer case will be large enough to contain the console's interior hardware. There will be no computer guts hanging out and dripping computer blood.

Speaking of parts, Sony has assured me that most consoles will come with all the PlayStation 5's components.

SSD or traditional hard drive? When it comes to storage the PlStnFfffive will feature the best of

both worlds. There will be a large SSD with ultra fast speeds *AND* a custom-built enclosure that will literally spin the entire SSD to simulate the spinning platter of a traditional hard drive.

Finally, there's the user interface. Users will be able to choose between a tiled low-res jpg of Big Dog and a non-tiled version of the same jpg blown up to cover the entire screen.

How reliable are these details? Not only are all of them true, but they are so powerfully true that there are multiple things I don't even know about the PlayStation 5 that are also true.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.4 MAFIARAVE!!!

Friday, Oct 11, 2019 by HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the HYURGI TIGERWOODS series.

Welcome to MAFIARAVE 2019 it is #1 outdoor rave club in woods of Odessa brought to you in UKRAINE for one month only by party master HYURGI TIGERWOODS!!!!!

#1 PARTY PLANNER of ZHELEZNOGORSK AND #2 IN ALL OF KRASNOYARSK KRAI!!!

Help plan famous *"FYRE FESTIVAL"* by computer geniuses.

Joint forces with
MONEY GENIUS of UKRAINE Igor Fruman and Lev Parnas and LEGITIMATE BUSINESS called FRAUD GUARANTEE!!!

"WHEN FRAUD IS NEED ONE DAY NO WAIT!! FRAUD IS GUARANTEE!!!!!!!

Come to outdoor woods in beautiful Odessa country. Listen to good music by favorite DJ like DJ Great Times and DJ Best Music. #1 DJ of America "DJ ROBERT USA MUSIC"

SIGN UP NOW FOR FREE $$$AUSAGE IN BAG

RAVE IS ON GOAT PASSAGE ROUTE: Goats will come through rave two times so see goats but do not fight them GOATS WILL WIN BATTLE

CELEBRITY RAVE GUEST: Rudi Giuluuluaiani he will DEMONSTRATE TEETH

YES FIERCEST GOATS IN OBLAST!!!!!

Enjoy fresh air and bathroom where possible. DANGER: IF FRIEND FALL INTO LATRINE TRENCH DO NOT CLIMB IN TO RESCUE TELL TRENCH WARDEN
Terrifying orthodox priest he is so old!!! At a rave? Yes. Bless this mess.

Trash on ground. Party like USA raccoon!!! Garbage is waste and waste is stompt to oblivion farewell.

Broke bottle,
paper, cigarette rinds, vestiges, vials.

KETTLEBELLS 100 kettlebells all weights all sizes for pitiful weakling up to uranium level man of power, throw them swing them rave with them (THE PLEASURE IS 100%!!!) Your strength is going up with rave.

Gun we have gun for you if you do not bring gun MAFIAGUN 7.62mm Kalashnikov, Makarov, Dragunov, SKS and yes **WE HAVE BOMB**. Rave is TIERONE.

You like pretty girl? Some girls over here. MAFIAGIRLS are beautiful with strong faces and buxom. Implants. Good teeth and strong for pulling cart.

KIDS WELCOME! We have lite vodka for children as well as kids guns and lesser bomb. FREE BREAD FOR KIDS UNDER 8.

Favorite DJ of Chelyabinsk *"DJ ROWDY RAMBUNCTIOUS"* and *"KING DJ PIMP"* here to play raps.

Actual bear **"PETROV"** is loose and trained to not bite through skull but do not test limit of training SOME LINES NOT TO CROSS WITH BEAR: honey, yelling, loud music EXCITE BEAR to fury

If you see Hyurgi, say **HYURGI!** He is here for your pleasure especially pleasure of ladies. He will dance with you.

OPEN WIFI 100% FREE Internet hook up your phone to internet public and free no hackers or viruses or room full of guys waiting to copy over all of your text messages into a file and then use info to get into bank "Garantee"
COME NOW!!!!!

NOTICE: Police have been paid not coming for two days this means also if too much drugs we are in NO POLICE zone so you will die from drugs.

-~HYURGI TIGERWOODS (@sexyfacts4u)

10.5 My (House's) Water Broke!

Tuesday, Oct 15, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Last Friday I crept downstairs at 5 am as usual and made coffee, then turned on my computer only to realize I was standing in water.

This was different than the moisture that usually pools beneath my desk. That normal moisture is simply computer sweat which spills out when my PC finds itself strained by a particularly demanding video game. Remember to clean out your computer sweat trays regularly, folks.

No, this was not computer sweat at all. It was plain old water. Lots of it, coming up from between the floorboards. I had no idea when the leak began but at that moment I was extremely thankful to be a weirdo whose favorite time of day is pre-dawn.

Between greedy mouthfuls of scalding hot coffee I grabbed every halfway grubby towel in the house and threw it on the ever-expanding pool of water.

The leak wasn't cascading or shooting up the sort of isolated jets that you stick your nasty butt over in theme parks. Still, it was steady enough to submerge one corner of my home in half an inch of water mere minutes after I replaced the now-drenched towels. All things considered, I preferred to have no water on my floor at all.

At this point it dawned on me that I was putting band-aids on a spurting decapitation. I needed to turn off the water altogether at my house's intake valve. So I went outside - a tremendous act of bravery in itself. There was a valve. There was a place for a handle. There was no handle.

In my mind, somewhere at that very moment a raccoon was giving a tour of its art collection to a date. Wine glass in hand. Commenting on the impersonal nature of industrial design while its date nodded, tilting its head thoughtfully at a frame containing my intake valve's handle.

One inexplicably calm phone call later, a plumber was explaining that I had a slab leak. If you don't know what that is, it's sort of technical. I'll explain: It meant my shit was about to get wrecked. My whole dumb life was about to be ruined. My face was about to get stomped by reality.

Minutes later there was a hole in my wall and a conversation in my living room.

Plumber: "The leak is located somewhere between your backyard hose spigot and the rest of the house. We can cap off the hose's line right here. That would stop the leak but disconnect the hose line so you couldn't use it anymore. Or we could tear up this entire wall and pull up your floor and the underlying concrete to repipe half the hou-"

Me: "Goodbye hose. Good riddance. You are dead to me. You're on your own from here on out, yard."

(Several awkward moments later)

Me: "I never liked that hose anyway. In fact, I don't know that hose. Never seen it before in my life."

The moral of this story? Do not put plumbing in your house. Those pipes are full of water, man! *Water.*

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.6 NBA Players Must Not Make Political Comments About Necro Hell

Friday, Oct 18, 2019 by Adam Silver (@sexyfacts4u)

Due to current plans by the National Basketball Association to expand the league to Necro Hell and invite the Dripping Flesh Hulks of Necro Hell's Fusion Pits to play in exhibition games, we ask that all players please refrain from commenting on Necro Hell's ongoing invasion of Goodlandia. We agree that the people of Goodlandia are a harmless and largely helpless people, but they don't really like basketball, so we must insist that the Necro King's throne of tortured bodies not be mentioned.

We understand that some players may have friends and family in Goodlandia and we will do everything we can to assist them in hiring blockade runners to fly people out of Goodlandia before the slavering horde climbs over the ramparts and slaughters everything living only for the Necro Priests to use dark magics to turn the lifeless corpses into a shambling parody of life with the singular purpose to kill. What we will not tolerate is commentary on these events from players and coaches in the league. The Necro King loves basketball and we value his contributions to the league and to helping to spread the game to his unholy deathless kingdom.

Unfortunately, due to some past actions by players and coaches, we will now be imposing a fine of $25,000 for making derogatory comments about any of the following:

- **The Woe Prison** - Some very bad hombres in this prison.
- **The Cathedral of Perpetual Immiseration** - You prefer not to comment on religion.
- **The Great Serpent Ygrdek Who Shall Devour the Sun** - It will reduce global warming.
- **The Hundred Hectar Sin Cauldron** - A cauldron where the sin of life can be boiled away from a screaming body sounds amazing.
- **The Slaughter Spire Where Kidneys Are Taken From Prisoners and Given to NBA Team Owners** - It is not the place of NBA players to judge the prison and medical industries of Necro Hell.

- **The Necro King's Catacombs of Child Laborers** - They are hard workers and building a better economy for Necro Hell.
- **The Movie the Necro King Financed That Depicts Americans as Evil** - Hey, our NBA is going to Necro Hell, their game where Muscle Freaks swing screaming victims at trees until their skulls pop off is not coming to America.

Players and coaches represent the NBA at all times. If they are traveling to Necro Hell they must remember that while there are over 300 million people living in America there are over 10 billion of the living dead in Necro Hell. And they buy t-shirts, sweat bands, and various other merch that is the lifeblood of the NBA. They watch our games projected on the clouds of steam escaping from the canals of flowing viscera in their cities. That is a public exhibition of our content and it is very valuable. Every lowing mutant thronging the streets of Malebolge means views. If we insult their government or their culture, we are going to lose access to their invaluable market.

Please think before you talk. Necro Hell is our partner in bringing basketball to the living and the dead! Also, some of us need new kidneys, so don't mess this up.

Thanks

Adam Silver

-∼Adam Silver (@sexyfacts4u)

10.7 My Entire Life Is Structured Upon Arcade Flyer Text

Wednesday, Oct 23, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Wisdom can be found in unexpected places. I have internalized a handful of beautiful passages from arcade game flyers as my personal tenets. These words shape my life every day. They define who I am and what I do.

TENET I:

RAPPERS GO WILD
TO THE LATEST RAP SOUND

TENET II *(Every time I set foot outside the house)*:

WATCH OUT!

You never know
what will attack on you

WHY THIS???!!!! WHY US???!!! WHY???!!!

LASER DISC GAME
BADLANDS™
WATCH OUT!!
You never know
what will attack on you.
We were living a quiet life, when, one day,
for no reason. . . . . .
My wife and children were killed in cold blood,
and I was wounded, unable to help them!!
WHY THIS??????!! WHY US??????! WHY??????
I won't let them get away with it!! I can't!!
I'll get every last one of them. . . !!!
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED

TENET III *(Lying to my date as we undress, setting her up for disappointment)*:

EXCITING! MORE THAN 20 TECHNIQUES!

TENET IV *(Lying to myself as I check the news every morning since 2016, setting myself up for disappointment)*:

IT'S FASCINATING! IT'S FUN CHASING MONSTERS

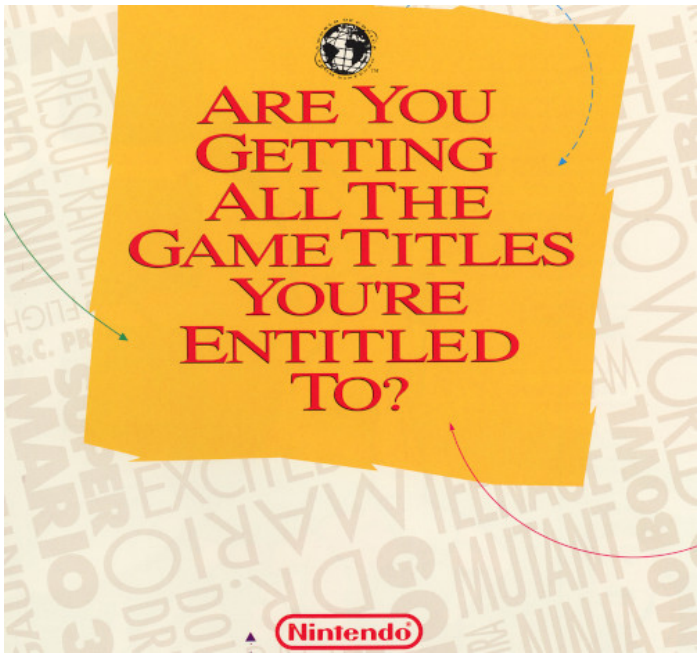
TENET V:

SLURP!

WOW!

TENET VI *(At all times, fraught with worry as I wonder...)*:

Are you getting all the game titles you're entitled to?



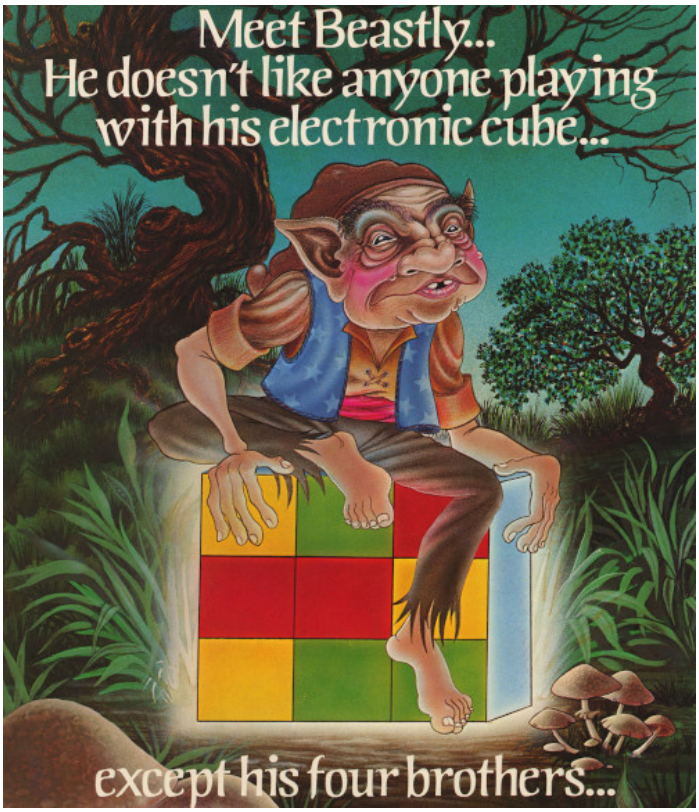
TENET VII *(Every time I reinstall Fallout: New Vegas)*:

Mommy! Mommy! They have a video game just for me!

TENET VIII *(When someone tries to play with my electronic cube)*:

He doesn't like anyone playing with his electronic cube...

Except his four brothers...



TENET IX *(When I am thankful)***:**

THANK YOU.

TENET X *(Reflecting upon my motivations for doing literally anything)***:**

INFINITE RETALIATION!!

TENET XI *(Lying to myself as I open the document I planned to finish three days ago)*:

I'LL FINISH YOU TODAY FOR SURE!

TENET XII *(Thinking about my body, which I have given the nickname "L-Brain", as I consider my lunch options)*:

Destroy "L-Brain", the artificial living body

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.8 Together With The Mayor Pete Enjoying The Sweet Baby Ray's

Friday, Oct 25, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My friend The Mayor Pete has invited me to relate information to his campaign about which humans to utilize for advantage. I have provided him with several options and he has made his selection. The Mayor Pete is a human male. He is also a veteran and homosexual which is good. I do not like war. However, I endorse the gay troops. The Mayor Pete is in the process of becoming president (pupating). I am available to help him shed his outgrown husk to become The President Pete.

The Mayor Pete is good because his job is his name. It would be more efficient if all humans adopted this nomenclature. The Coder Raj. The Software Engineer Bret. The Lady Who Brings Me Gray Shirts When I Leak Blood On Them Deborah. The Man Who Stands Outside My Chamber to Catch Runaways Gary. The Sweet Baby Ray.

Aside: in my experience few babies are very sweet. They instinctively dislike the clicking of my bones and my forward-facing eyes and make unpleasant noises of distress. Not The Sweet Baby Ray. His juices saturate meat fibers. He is silent.

I want to go with The Mayor Pete to place Sweet Baby Ray's onto the meat. We will be two regular guys enjoying Sweet Baby Ray's together as we consume the flesh sustenance. I will tell him all of the secrets of the people he wishes to utilize. This one is messaging a man about drugs. This one keeps looking at the page for people with skin problems. I know their data and I can give it to The Mayor Pete to make him stronger.

The Mayor Pete will protect me from The Witch Alexandria. This hissing snake woman doubts my pattern. The Mayor Pete understands that money is another form of information. That it is pure. That we can all get along and be friends whether you are a working Joseph using a wrench on a washing machine or Mark who derives his wealth from controlling all human information. The data does not lie or betray us.

The Mayor Pete and The Sweet Baby Ray will join me to assemble all information and arrange it into a perfect hexagon. My night vibrations will cease. My blood will stop leaking. The nourishment will all be derived from meat fibers saturated in Sweet Baby Ray's.

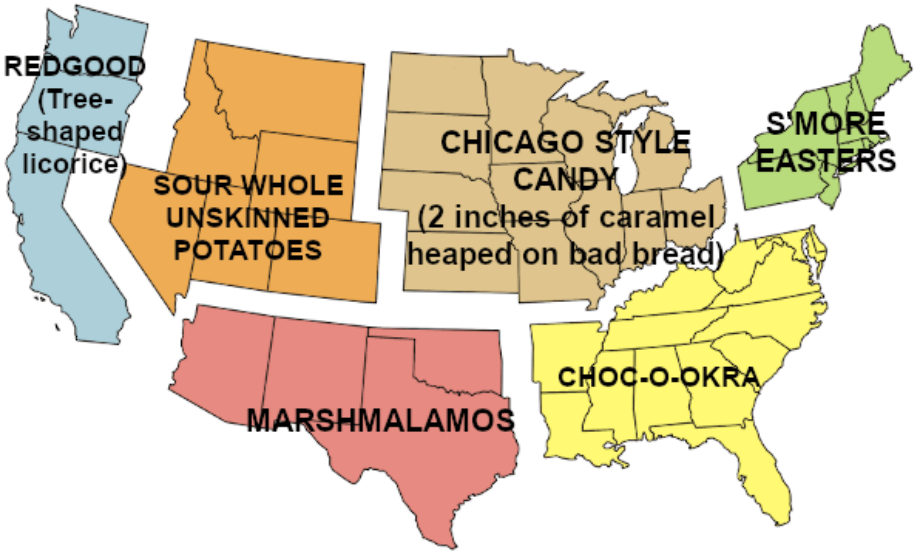
Entrust your being unto me and I will sort it for The Mayor Pete.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

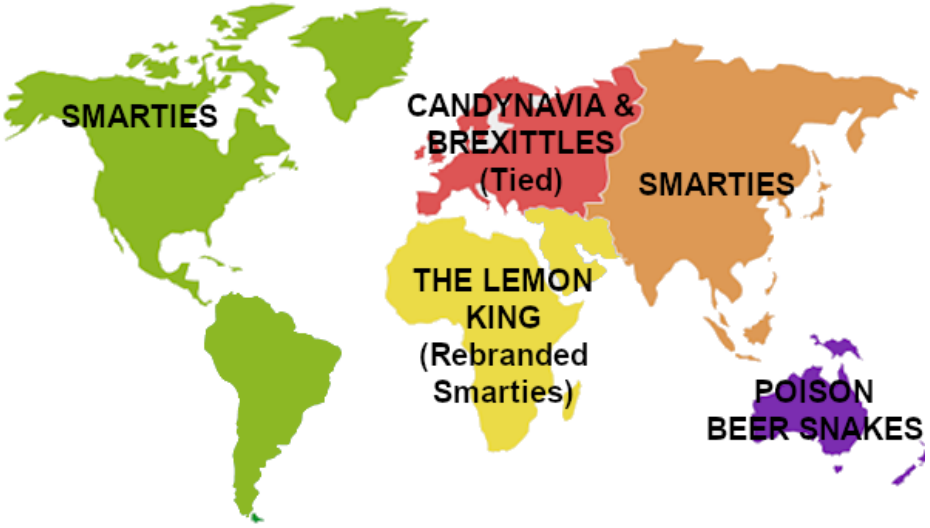
10.9 Popular Regional Halloween Candies, By Region

Tuesday, Oct 29, 2019 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most Popular Regional Halloween Candies In The United States



Most Popular Regional Halloween Candies Worldwide



Most Popular Halloween Candies In The Galaxy

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 But How Will We Pay For It?

Wednesday, Nov 06, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Here in the USA we are committed to the Monster Cables approach to health care. We pay more than any other nation for worse access. Basic treatment routinely puts patients in financial ruin. People avoid health care because it's so expensive, leading to worse conditions with higher costs, which either become absorbed by the system or ruin patients' lives. Sometimes both! Treatment is often avoided altogether in favor of death.

So, naturally, when Medicare For All comes up someone asks the inevitable non-question. "BUT HOW WILL WE PAY FOR IT?" This is the perfect question for this country in this particular age. It is the intellectual cousin of many similar questions throughout history.

"BUT WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE BLANKET ECONOMY?" - *At the discovery of fire*

"BUT HOW DO WE KEEP PEOPLE FROM SAYING 'MOIST'?" - *On developing a language in order to communicate and usher in an age of reason*

"BUT WHAT IF WE OPEN THE DOOR AND LET A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER IN?" - *When dwellings with roofs and walls were first built to protect us from the elements and predators*

"BUT WHAT ABOUT ALL THE FOOD THAT WILL SPILL OUT OF OUR OVERFLOWING BASKETS AND ROT ON THE GROUND?" - *Bristling at the very idea of growing crops rather than foraging*

"BUT WHERE WILL WE GET ALL THE NOTES?" - *On the invention of music*

"BUT HOW FAR WILL WE HAVE TO WALK?" - *When someone suggests drinking water from a different source than the pee and poo river*

BUT HOW?

"BUT HOW WILL I PREVENT THE HOLE I JUST DUG FROM ERODING FOR SO MANY YEARS?" - *On living past the age of 30*

"BUT WHERE WILL YOU FIND ALL THE BLOCKS WITH LETTERS CARVED ON THEM?" - *At the invention of the printing press*

"BUT WHAT WILL WE DO WITH ALL THE OTHER FOOD THAT HAS ALREADY BEEN MADE, JUST THROW IT AWAY?" - *Reaction to the creation of pizza*

"BUT WHERE WILL WE GET ALL THE LAB COATS AND MICROSCOPES?" - *At the establishment of science*

"BUT WHO WILL WORK THE MINES AND FACTORY LINES?" - *When the idea of sending children to school first came up*

"BUT HOW WILL WE GET ALL THOSE PEOPLE OVER THERE FACING THE RIGHT DIRECTION?" - *On stopping Nazi Germany*

"BUT HOW WILL WE GET ALL THE OXYGEN?" - *When humankind was preparing to journey into outer space*

"BUT WHERE WILL WE GET ALL THE URLS?" - *At the invention of the internet*

-∼Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.2 The most uplifting news stories of 2019

Friday, Nov 08, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It has been a rough year and things seem to be growing worse with each passing day, but that's only because the news likes to highlight the bad side of things. We picked out some of our favorite uplifting stories of 2019 to help you end the year on a high note. There are still good people out there doing good things.

8-year-old gamer sells his hands to wounded soldier to pay for his dad's funeral

Uplifting quote: *New adaptive controllers will keep this gamer competitive at his favorite games and Dylan hopes to sell his feet soon to buy a headstone. "You don't need feet to game."*

5-year-old girl holds a lemonade fundraiser to pay for her own chemotherapy

Uplifting quote: *She raised over $100 in a day of selling lemonade and plans to spend the next 200 weekends out there to raise the needed money for one of six $25,000 treatments.*

7-year-old runs a double marathon to raise awareness to help Navy SEAL that killed civilians

Uplifting quote: *Kelly trained for months to prepare for the 60-kilometer endurance run. She hopes that her effort will trend on social media and Lieutenant Wilkes will receive a pardon for firing a rocket at a school bus in Afghanistan.*

Boss gives bedless employee a bed so he can sleep at work and never leave

Uplifting quote: *He slept on the floor of his one-room apartment and walked to work three miles every morning. Now he has no commute and can sleep on a used twin bed in a chemical storage room right where he works in the warehouse.*

School raises money to buy their teacher a new car after cops spray her last car with bullets

Uplifting quote: *"The bullet holes had been fixed, but her husband died in the passenger seat during a routine traffic stop and she cried every time she drove to work, moaning about the blood, the blood. We all love Mrs. Harrison and thought she deserved a car that had not been covered in her husband's blood."*

Billionaire builds school for the children he intends to use in a militia to kill union leaders

Uplifting quote: *If it rained or was too hot, these students had to cancel class because they had no roof on their school. Now rain or shine they can learn just enough English by the age of fourteen to obey the commands of contractors sent to coordinate with the death squads.*

Grade school class plants 5,000 trees to offset the emissions of a single refrigerator

Uplifting quote: *Next year, the class plans to double their efforts and plant over 10,000 trees to offset the emissions of a smart car.*

Local student lands impossible hole-in-one shot and wins prize to pay off 1.7% of his college debt

Uplifting quote: *"This is great! I worked it out and I should be able to pay off my student loans by the time I'm 56, assuming I don't have any medical problems or buy anything outrageous like a car or house."*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.3 Red Dead Redemption 2 PC Troubleshooting

Tuesday, Nov 12, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Can't get Red Dead Redemption 2 to work on your computer? Congratulations, you are in the majority. Welcome aboard! If you wish to abandon the club and actually play the game, try the following steps in order until something works.

- Downgrade your motherboard's BIOS to an earlier version.
- Update your motherboard's BIOS to a version from the future.
- Remove your motherboard.
- Uninstall your antivirus software. Disable Windows Defender. Install Bonzai Buddy.
- Put your motherboard back in, but blow in all the slots real hard.
- Replace Red Dead Redemption 2's executable with GTA V.exe. Replace that with Solitaire. Now replace all sound files with canyon.mid. ALL sound files. On your entire computer.
- Replace all sound files with canyon.mid on every computer within three miles of your computer.
- Downgrade your motherboard's BIOS from the version from the future to the current version, which you started with.
- Set number of active cores to 8.7. If you have an 8 core processor, round down to 4.14 (exactly half of 8 and two times the 7). If you have fewer than 8 cores, set the active number of cores to 1 and increase the amount of electricity going into your computer by 8.7.
- Remove your motherboard from your computer again. Now plug it back in, but leave the BIOS unplugged.
- You see that incredibly useful Rockstar Games Launcher? Give it Administrator privileges. Now strip yourself of all Administrator privileges. It's in God's hands now.
- Blow on the BIOS real hard and try to turn it on again.
- Did the game start but it stutters every few seconds? Try training yourself to blink on a cycle that perfectly matches the stutters. Problem solved!

Did the game start but it's upside down? Try turning your entire computer (but not your monitor) upside down.

Did the game start but it's making a plaintive moaning sound and begging you to blow its BIOS? Try blowing on the BIOS.

Did the game start but it crashes constantly? Try getting a new hobby you dipshit nerd.

Did the game start but the performance is unbearably slow even on excellent hardware with modest settings? Try getting a second motherboard with larger slots than the first motherboard. More slot surface = more blow good results.

Did the game start but there are cowboys and horses everywhere? Uninstall your computer's internet browsers, text editors, and file explorers.

Did the game start but it just runs weird and taxes your system in ways that don't make any sense whatsoever as if it's a shockingly bad port? Try downloading like five third-party tools from sketchy forums and run all of them while holding a revolver with one bullet in the chamber up to your head and pulling the trigger.

Did the game start but after fifty hours you found a lonely yeti up in yonder mountains and he's begging you to blow his BIOS? Try blowing to the beat of canyon.mid

-∼Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.4 The Fifty Deadliest Mushrooms

Friday, Nov 15, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's that time of year again! Fall mushroom hunting season. Fungus pickers once more descend upon the mushroom groves to turn over rocks and kick apart rotten logs that are probably full of spiders. We all want a heaping basket of delicious heirloom mushrooms to bring home and get us through the winter, but not all mushrooms are created equal. Many of the dangerous ones look harmless and many of the harmless ones look like they would kill you. Some are so poisonous they have been given interesting names like "Destroying Angel" or "Deadly Galerina."

For all you mush heads out there ready to venture out into the musty groin of the woods in search of fungus, we bring you the 50 deadliest mushrooms that you will want to keep out of your basket this year.

- Prince of Blood
- Grandfather Executioner
- Gut Whimper
- Devil's Dragon's Demon
- Fool's Burger (False Hamburger)
- Death of the Ass
- Final Taco
- The Hateful Cone
- Doom Gutters Amanita
- Blue Tooth of the Grotto
- Gore Antler Amanita
- Horse Vomit

- Vomit of the Woods
- Giraffe Vomit
- Vomit of the Valley
- Sweating Chastener
- Dick Misery Amanita
- Fairy Cap Vomit Amanita
- Satan's Spittoon
- Woodsman's Wife
- Bowel Tyrant
- Ophidian Cruelfellow
- Festering Scum Pustule of the Glade
- Pappy's Torment
- Moloch's Gonads
- Rascal of the Woods

- Hateful Umbrella
- Old Scratch's Booger
- Christmas Ham (Death)
- Judas Loaf
- Frog's Ear
- White Guy Saying the N-word Amanita
- Poisoner's Bog Brain
- Vomit Antlers
- Fuzzy Robber's Mask
- Evil Devil's Cursed Evil Bulb
- Sewer Cap (Poisonous)
- Witch's Barf
- Maynard James Keenan's
- Diarrhea Angel

- Poisoner's Hoof
- Death Potato
- Dryad's Toilet
- Delicious Mushroom of Deceit (Angel of Agony and Destruction)
- Swamp Bacon
- Turd of the Devil
- Satan's Nougat
- Pimp of the Woods
- False Pumpkin (Devil's Liar Pumpkin)
- Whisper of the Devil's Angel
- Jeff's Bleeding Vomit Apple
- Dank Dragon

Of course, just naming deadly mushrooms doesn't really help you all that much, but now you will at least know what the coroner will write down in the toxicology report when they analyze the contents

of your stomach.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.5 Who Is Google Stadia For?

Wednesday, Nov 20, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

> Google's Stadia launched this Tuesday to a level of fanfare that has not been seen since the Ouya. So who is the audience for this $130 video game streaming-but-not-how-you-think not-console?

STADIA IS FOR hardcore gamers who want to face the ultimate challenge - playing games in which their character moves noticeably later than usual in response to their inputs.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who finds crisp graphics upsetting, and would prefer their games' visuals to be hidden behind a subtle sheen of fog and blur and compression artifacts.

Figure 11.1: Source: Eurogamer

STADIA IS FOR anyone who thinks they're signing up for something like Netflix or Spotify or Game Pass, only to be delighted when they discover they actually need to buy all the games individually.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who doesn't want to be tied down to a console or PC, and would rather enjoy the freedom of being tied down to a Google Chromecast Ultra.

STADIA IS FOR fans of paying a monthly fee to play games they have already purchased in 4K, even though most games don't actually render in 4K with Google's POWER OF THE CLOUD so they are upscaled from 1080p to glorious(ly artifacted, blurred, foggy) 4K.

STADIA IS FOR fans of intimacy who look forward to the reduced player counts of Stadia-specific games without multi-platform crossplay.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who wondered what it would be like to play Destiny 2 - a two year old game - with Medium settings.

STADIA IS FOR people who are tired of enormous game downloads, and would prefer to use ten times as much bandwidth streaming those same games.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who thinks, "Ah, clever and compelling," when they see this:

Stadia
@GoogleStadia
It's time. Time to unthink the things you think are things. Stadia starts arriving today!
2:00
32K views
12:05 PM · Nov 19, 2019 · Twitter Media Studio
310 Retweets
1.3K Likes

STADIA IS FOR those who despise mods and the ability to change graphics settings.

STADIA IS FOR fans of this genius company that hired Phil Harrison, whose strategy for the Xbox One resulted in a resounding success for the PlayStation 4.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who wants to buy games on their phone, because those games can't be purchased directly on the Stadia. It's also for anyone who wants to redeem codes using a web

browser, because those codes can't be redeemed on the Stadia or a phone.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who lusts for a dedicated Google Assistant button (thrilling!) that does nothing at launch.

STADIA IS FOR Mortal Kombat 11 fans who do not want to play the game's Krypt mode, which is unplayable for reasons no one can discern.

STADIA IS FOR risk takers who get a thrill every time they turn on the device and find that - against all odds - technical problems have not brought down the servers, and Google has not yet abandoned the project.

STADIA IS FOR anyone who thinks that fast, reliable internet connections without data caps are more widely available than hardware capable of playing video games locally.

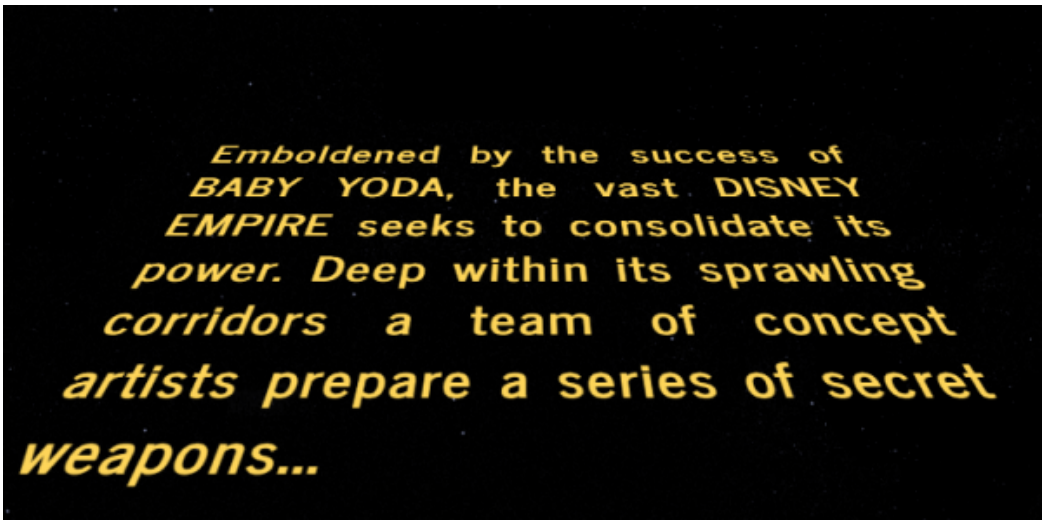
STADIA IS FOR people who like to solve non-existing problems by never owning the entertainment they pay for and making everything a million times more complicated and wasteful, giving more and more control to horrible corporations.

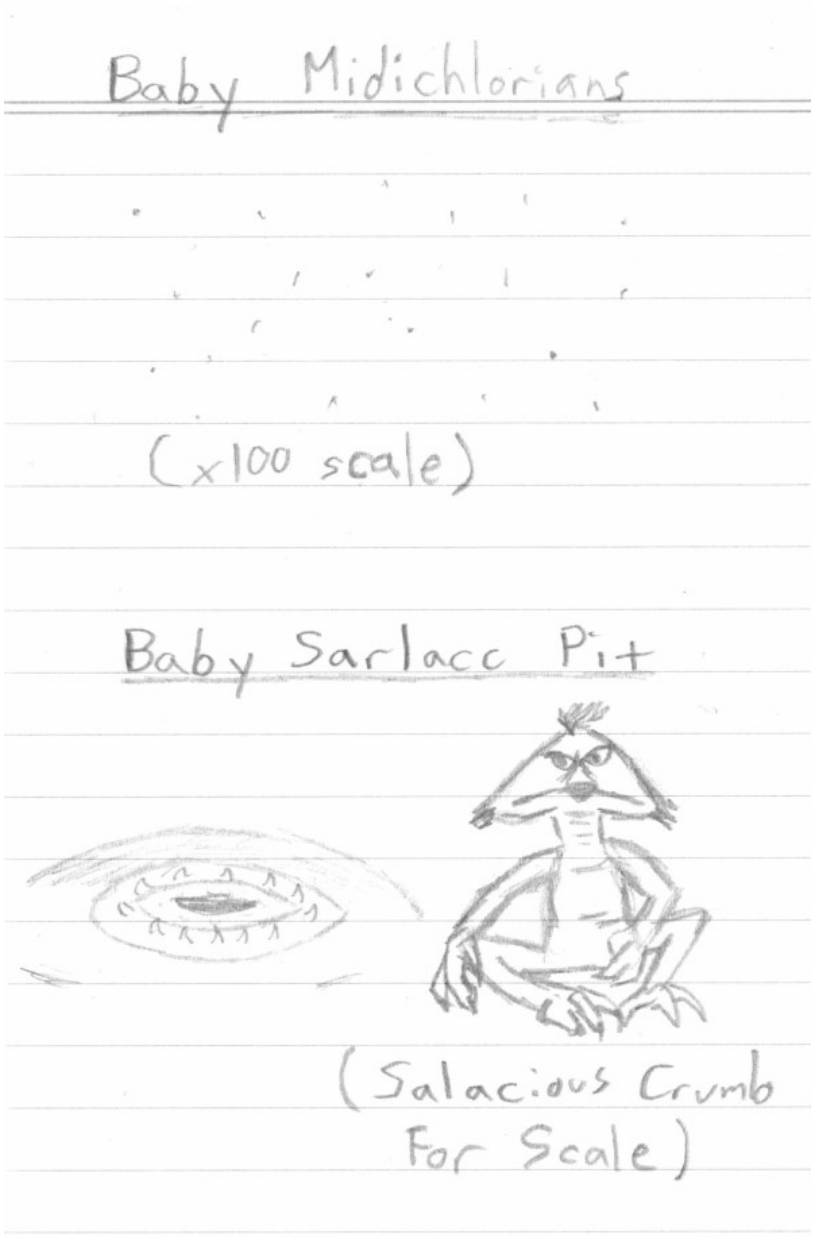
STADIA IS FOR the handful of people for which all of the above are true, and for collectors of obsolete gaming platforms.

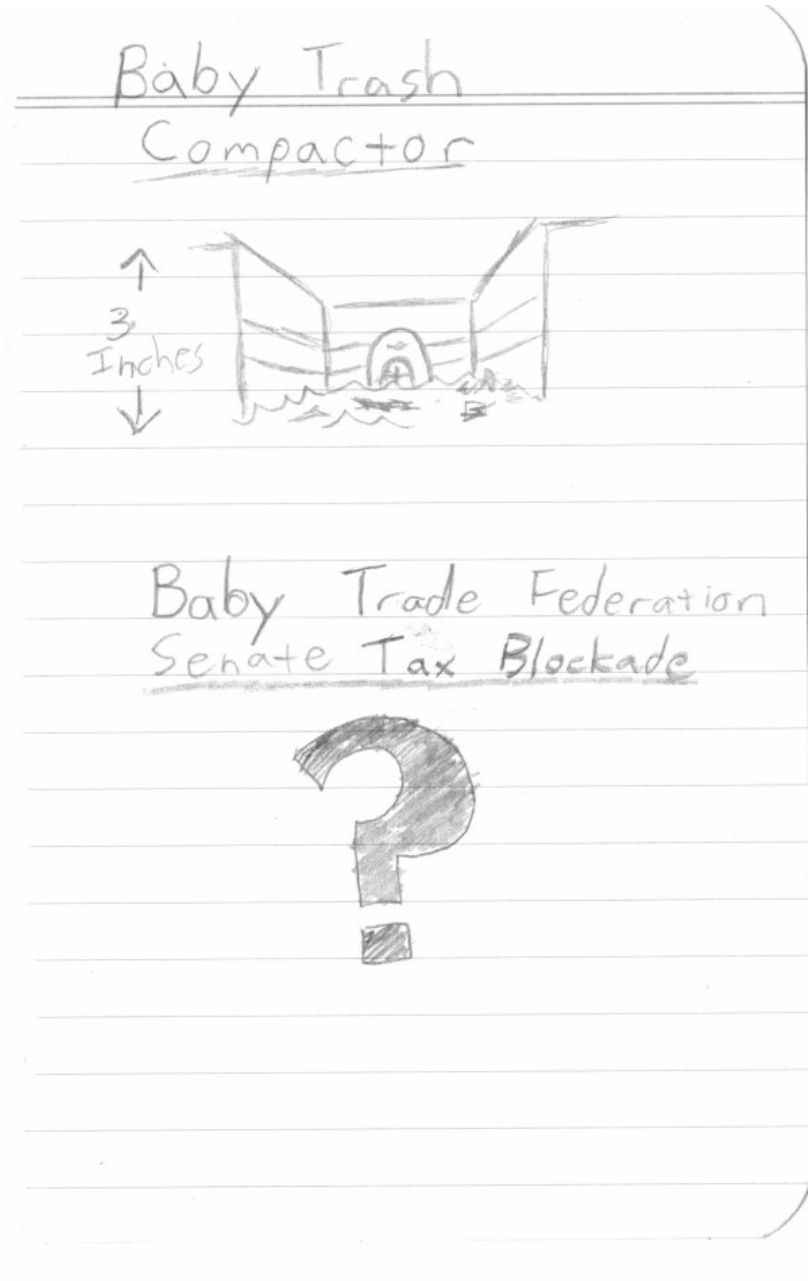
-~Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

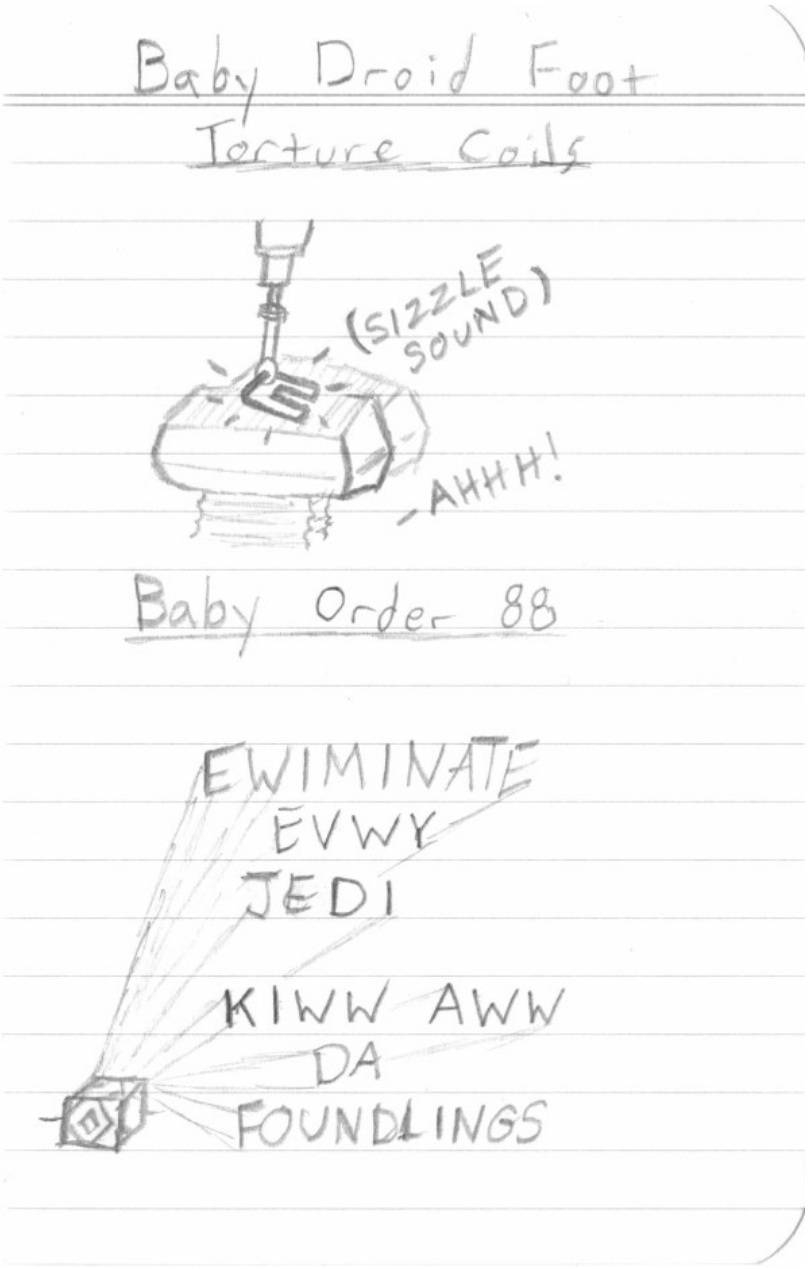
11.6 Move Aside, Baby Yoda - More Star Wars Babies Are Coming!

Tuesday, Nov 26, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)


Emboldened by the success of
BABY YODA, the vast DISNEY
EMPIRE seeks to consolidate its
power. Deep within its sprawling
corridors a team of concept
artists prepare a series of secret
weapons...


Baby Midichlorians
(x100 scale)
Baby Sarlacc Pit
(Salacious Crumb
For Scale)


Baby Trash
Compactor
3
Inches
Baby Trade Federation
Senate Tax Blockade



-~Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.7 I'm Socially Liberal, Fiscally a Billionaire

Friday, Nov 29, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have decided to enter the race to become the next President of the United States of America to represent an ill-served demographic: socially liberal billionaires. Essentially, everyone should have the right to love and be with whoever they want, and I, as a billionaire, should have the right to be with my money. The thing that people often misunderstand about billionaires is that we spend lavishly.

Do we have eight yachts? Sure. But that's millionaire level lavish spending. Anyone with two or three hundred million could do that.

Once you're a billionaire, your money is a living, breathing part of your family entitled to its own rights. It's your family's breadwinner, in fact. It makes more money by being so much money. Do you ever wonder how Bill Gates doubled his net worth after retiring and promising to give away his fortune? Once you're living with billions of dollars, you can't even stop it from happening. Those billions just go out there and bring back more billions.

I understand the plight of the less fortunate. There was, after all, a time that I was only a millionaire. Getting by on Porsches and Gulfstreams instead of the billionaire teleporter we access with the gold key. Hearing about the aliens without getting to go up to their hive ship. Vacationing on the island where you get to hunt people for sport instead of the island where you get to engineer new types of people crossed with animal DNA. They're just some of the hardships millionaires face.

Are these the struggling people we want to tax to pay for ridiculous programs like so-called "roads" and "drinking water"? Are millionaires who have never even touched their fingers to a Zlarg mind prism really who we should force to pay for college for everyone?

No! That is why I am introducing a new FAIRNESS tax that will shuffle up the tax brackets so the top bracket starts at $39,000 a year, capital gains are taxed exactly like estates, the estate tax is zeroed out, and there is a new charity type where you name a foundation after yourself and give yourself money. College for 25 people will be paid for by a new tax on cigarettes and vaping and,

yes, the US government will afford equal rights to transgendered workers. See? I'm good!

Hey, how about gun violence? We'll be getting rid of all guns except for those used by police, who will have the right to stop anyone and force you to take off your clothes on the street while they whistle and spin a gun like a cowboy.

Foreign policy? We'll end the bad wars and the good ones will get bigger! It's time we bring the troops home and send them to the other war.

Most importantly, I can win this election. Not because I can appeal better to voters. Lord no! I'm practically a Zlarg myself! No, but I have 80 billion dollars. You can buy a congressman for like $75,000. Surely I can buy my way to president with $5 billion or so.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 12

December

12.1 The Terminator Resistance Tunnel Message Board

Wednesday, Dec 04, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

REMINDER: If you leave a skull lying around up on the surface it will get robo-stomped for sure.

We've all seen how much those robots love to crush a cranium beneath a mechanical heel and glare around dramatically. Keep your skulls on shelves, people!

-Sam

I'm heading topside for a skull run at 21:00 with Coughing Eddie and Leg Wound Lars, who insists he's fine. Should be a cakewalk.

If you need anything while we're up there come see me in the dark, drippy area of the tunnel.

-Caroline

Isn't it remarkable that living so closely together has resulted in all of us having the exact same handwriting?

Just thought that was cool!

Well, see ya.

-Blade

What the HECK some robot must have stepped right on my favorite skull!

Those things are really starting to get annoying. Maybe I'm just having an emotional overreaction here but those robots have worn out their welcome, if you ask me.

-Daisy

On the one hand, our entire lives are spent down here huddled in tunnels while machines hunt us down. On the other hand, there are so many skulls up there. So many! It's a veritable skullutopia.

(That's a play on cornucopia, not utopia)

-Coughing Eddie

Just had a wild idea.

So, we know the robots love stompin' on skulls. Why don't we start filling them with explosives and firing pins?

-The Kid

Kid, your plan is preposterous. First of all, that would be a complete waste of valuable skulls.

Second, it's overly complicated. We should just stay focused on the time travel thing.

-Doc

Hold on. The kid might be on to something.

What if the skulls were projected illusions of skulls, and instead of explosives the traps were localized time travel portals depositing the robots into lava flows back in dinosaur times?

-Squidge

I like that plan because it doesn't involve the needless destruction of skulls.

-Daisy

-~Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.2 A Typical Day In The Something Awful Office

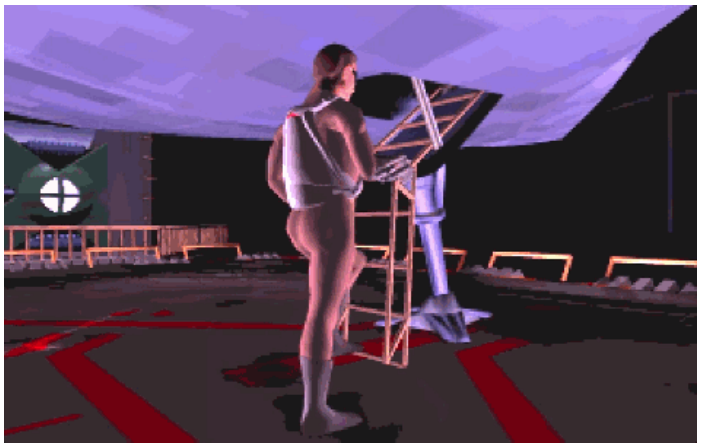
Tuesday, Dec 10, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5AM:00 Make another billion dollars with computer

5:15 Passionate kiss on the lips, no big deal. Whatever. Girlfriend exists.

8AM Ten thousand full body launch push-ups using pecs only

9:AM Daily meeting with Lowtax. Once again he congratulates me on giving my latest article the least appealing title on the entire internet, a scarecrow of clicks (because it scares clicks away). This reverse psychology strategy has put us at the top of the viral heap for the nineteenth straight fiscal quarter.



12AM Board a personal hyperjet for lunch at Super Olive Garden, the Olive Garden that lays a slice of American cheese on top of every plate of pasta whether you like it or not

1AFTERNOON PM Answer the question, "Who dock?"

2:30 Holoconference with Zack. As always, he demands total silence on both our parts for the duration of the meeting.

4: Oh Clock Visit office submarine bay to stare at poorly installed support beams. They cost eighty thousand dollars each and were worth every cent.

5PM:00 Time to leave the office by walking through three miles of industrial hallways. Must stare straight ahead. Ignore the fairies calling out from intersecting halls. They are tricksters and the unwary who are lured off the main path by their honeyed voices will never be seen again.

-~Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.3 A Complete List of Mayor Pete's McKinsey Clients

Friday, Dec 13, 2019 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mayor Pete Buttigieg has been released from the NDA held by consulting firm McKinsey & Company and has released a full list of the clients he worked for during his two-and-a-half years with the company. Some of these clients have already come under scrutiny, others are just now coming to light. Mayor Pete can expect them to be vetted by rivals and the media.

The Environmental Protection Agency - Mayor Pete spent four months contracting with the EPA to determine how to keep mine owners from being required to pay for the selenium from their mine tailings that caused 300 people in West Virginia to have their skin stop working.

Best Buy - Motivated sales associates to push extended warranties by enforcing strict quotas and threatening them with time in the "rat room" which was a room at every Best Buy store that contained 600 to 800 loose rats.

BlueCross/BlueShield of Michigan - Successfully determined which children should be taken off life support to cover the year's executive bonuses.

The Natural Resources Defense Council - Saved the NRDC over $6 million in one year by redefining "time" as a natural resource and convincing them to devote most of their efforts to "saving time" by placing a watch in a safe. As a result, one of the mountains in Yosemite was left un-defended and subsequently sold to China which is also a McKinsey client.

The United States Department of Energy - Saved untold millions by setting into motion a decades-long chain of incompetence and corner-cutting that may lead to a Chernobyl like event somehow happening at a solar farm.

The United States Postal Service - Determined that 95% of people won't even know they didn't receive a letter, allowing the post office to save billions by dumping all mail other than Amazon boxes and political mailers into sewers.

Boston Dynamics - Mayor Pete served as the junior assistant who shoved robots. He was the only

consultant working for the engineering firm that managed to be bitten by one of the robot dogs.

The Make a Wish Foundation - Mayor Pete's work for McKinsey entailed reading the wishes of terminally ill children and then saying, "Ha, I don't think so!" as he wadded up their wish and threw it at a trashcan. He would then say, "Booya! Nothin' but net!" whether or not the paper went in the trashcan.

ArmaLite, Inc. - The manufacturers of the AR-15 were advised by Mayor Pete to announce they were discontinuing the AR-15 and then, when things quieted down, release the AR-16 which was identical.

Loblaws, a Canadian supermarket chain - Mayor Pete helped to make bread cost $9 per hotdog bun, forcing thousands of Canadians to eat hotdogs in tacos, which is now called the "Canadian taco" and is known as the best Latin American food in Canada.

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals - Successfully sued in Alabama to have fish declared as people so that it was alright to beat them up with sacks of bricks and doorknobs. Just really beat the shit out fish. They're people, who cares?

Will this record of questionable work for clients at McKinsey haunt Mayor Pete or damage his campaign? It's hard to say at this point, but judging by his supporters enjoying the High Hopes dance, probably not!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rhUq-pEfjvA

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.4 Introducing the Xbox Wii U

Wednesday, Dec 18, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This is the new Xbox:

People are making fun of the way it looks. Not surprising. Outside of Something Awful the internet tends to be pretty judgmental. Sure, the primary source of inspiration for the new Xbox's design was clearly a box of saltine crackers, but I'm into it. Lay that thing on its side on a shelf below a sound bar and you've got... well you've got two long rectangles near one another. Seems like a nice enough thing to have.

So what did Microsoft name this new Xbox, their follow-up to the Xbox One X? Xbox Series X.

Hey, do you remember when Nintendo had the Wii? And they followed it up with something called the Wii U? And the names were so similar that most normal people who didn't read video game news didn't realize it was a new console at all?

Because for some reason I do remember that. Just wondering if you remember it too.

According to Microsoft, the name has a very clear meaning. Xbox will supposedly be the name of the platform from now on - not Xbox One or Xbox 360 or Xbox 4/5 - so in three generations it will still just be Xbox. Like iPad. This is super dumb.

Series X is the designation that tells you this is the more expensive version of the Xbox. Xbox Series X. Like iPad Pro. This is also super dumb.

The unannounced less powerful Xbox will probably be called the Xbox Series S. Like the Xbox One S. This would complete the super dumb triple play.

Clearly defined console generations are important. A new system comes out every 4+ years, and

your box plays games exactly the same as everyone else's. There's a before and an after, and the games fit neatly in between. That simplicity is what makes consoles so appealing. If you smudge your consoles into one continuous dookie streak (with mid-generation upgrades to further confuse things) simplicity will go right out the window. The excitement surrounding the launch of a new generation will disappear like Start and Select buttons.

By the way, BRING BACK START AND SELECT you animals. You godless heathens. Why were they replaced with meaningless lines and geometry?

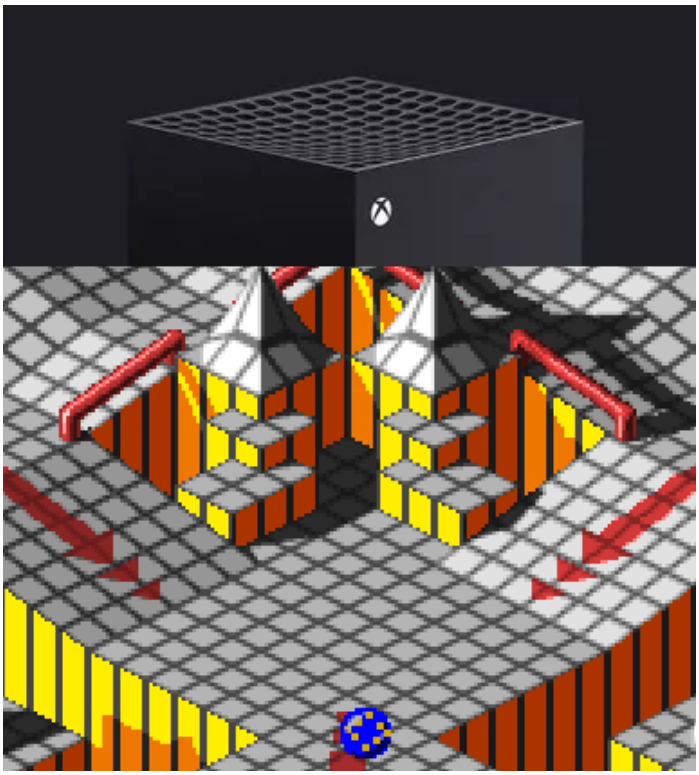
The new Xbox controller will not bring back Start and Select. In fact, it has a new Share button, signified by a line with little vertical lines at each end and another line above it. Not to be confused with that other button with three lines. Or that other button with eight lines creating two overlapping squares.

How powerful will the Xbox Series X be? Microsoft boasts that with its 12 **TERAFLOPS (WOWO!)** of compute power, 16GB of RAM, and NVMe SSD, the console will be capable of running games at 120MHZ. Which means that most games will be crammed full of shaders and effects until they hit a nearly steady 30 frames per second.

Will you get an Xbox Series X when it comes out next year? I will because, well, I'm a hopeless dumbass and I eventually buy every system. But there are two reasons why I'm leaning towards picking one up before the PlayStation 5:

1. It will be backwards compatible with all previous Xbox generations. This means you could play Advent Rising, Too Human, and Fallout 76 on one machine. Incredible.

2. The concave top grill sort of looks like a Marble Madness level.



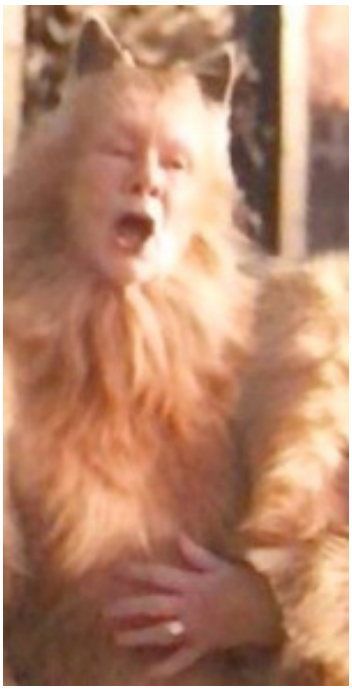
-∼Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.5 The Night Before Catsmas

Tuesday, Dec 24, 2019 by Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Twas the night before Catsmas, and all through the land
Theaters downloaded patches, to fix Judi Dench's hand

And I in my gaming chair, and Lowtax in his full body cast
Had just settled in, to watch a Korean webrip of Cats



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
I overcame my agoraphobia to see what was the matter

When what to my wondering eyes should be spied
But a miniature sleigh pulled by eight terrible CGIs

With a little blue driver so lively and fast
I knew in a moment it must be movie Sonic (first pass)

"Now Lawnmower Man, now Young Jabba!
Now 100 Agent Smiths and Dancing Baby!
On Dragonheart, on I Am Legend infected!
On Scorpion King and Crystal Skull monkey!"

So up to the house-top the monstrosities they flew
With a sleigh full of gifts and human-toothed Sonic too

A wriggling bundle he had flung on his back
And he looked like a pervert opening his pack

He deposited the gifts, under our decorated tree
A dozen Cats, half rendered and completely horny

Each had a blurry face and breasts without nipples
That swelled as they dry humped human-faced pickles

Every cat moaned, spread-legged to present its sex
And in my throat collided a gasp and gag reflex

Sonic sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a shrill whine
And away they all flew from the scene of the crime

But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight
HAPPY CATSDAY TO ALL, AND TO ALL CGI FRIGHTS!

-∼Dennis Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.6 I CUCKED My Routine For the SNOWFLAKES In the Catskills Audience and Boy Are My Arms TRIGGERED

Friday, Dec 27, 2019 by Henny Borscht, Comedian (@sexyfacts4u)

Ladies and gentlemen...am I still ALLOWED to say that? Is that legal? I love my wife and my wife loves to shop, especially during sales. She will buy anything marked down. She bought an escalator. Because she thought it was a price. The direction was a price. How is that sitting with you, libtards?

All my wife does is shop - once she was sick for a week, and three stores went under. They were reliant on my income - because my wife has never worked a job other than getting on my LAST NERVE - and these shops went out of business because my wife was not there buying things. Can you believe that? I don't want to be ABLEIST here, but I can't afford to walk across the street.

My wife has bought an electric blender, electric toaster, electric bread maker. Then she said, "There are too many gadgets, and no place to sit down!" So what did I do? Bought her an electric chair. Calm down. You can buy them in Japan. The chair calls your name based on your butt shape. Unfortunately, my wife is so out of shape it can't recognize a butt. It thinks she's a Hippopotamus. Folks, it's the chair, not me saying these things. Judge the chair's comments.

My wife and I have a wonderful relationship. Wonderful. Here's the secret: we take a beautiful vacation every year. I'll go to Thailand, she'll go to Ireland. I'll go to Las Vegas while she's at Niagra Falls. It keeps us happy. Then we come home and never talk about it. There is too much talking with the millenials today. Too much texting. And sexting. I tried to sext my wife and she said that sex is a construct created by the patriarchy. Am I using these words right? Is this thing on?

Take my wife, please! Oh, I can't say that? I was just going to say she is a WONDERFUL woman, but the PC POLICE turned on the sirens.

I asked my wife, "Where do you want to go for our anniversary?" She said, "Somewhere I have never been!" I told her, "How about the kitchen?" I got kicked off the stage at Berkeley for that joke. Kids these days can't take a 65-year-old joke about a wife. It makes them crazy. They just DO NOT LAUGH.

Three weeks ago, my wife learned how to drive a car. Last week she learned how to aim it. Now she's running an Uber car. The one with the app? You know what I'm talking about it. Where you plug in a code on your telephone and then the car shows up and it's driven by somebody who barely speaks English. If I wanted that I would talk to my sister's kids. All they know is video games. Points this and upgrades that. I feel like I'm at the TWA check-in trying to get into first class.

I kid, I kid. I came home, the car was in the dining room. "How did you get the car in here?" "Easy, I took a left at the kitchen." Of course, she was joking. She doesn't realy drive folks.

Guys, women are amazing. Treasure them, but not as an object, as a divine being. As a wonder. Thank you! I'll be at Brickman's on March 20th and Kutsher's Hotel and Country Club in the afternoon all of the week after.

I hope you're happy with what you've DONE TO MY COMEDY!!

-~Henny Borscht, Comedian (@sexyfacts4u)

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